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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Glad tidings of great joy

DECEMBER
1916

Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by
Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

TEN
CENTS

Corson's
Charcoal Tooth Paste

Whitens Teeth Wonderfully

Everybody is talking about this remarkable Tooth Paste. A prominent Toronto dentist bought two dozen tubes last week for use by his own family—dentists everywhere are recommending it.

Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste combines the three greatest agents ever used in a tooth paste. The first agent absolutely neutralizes acid mouth—the cause of 90 per cent. of tooth decay. The second agent prevents, or cures, in its first stages, bleeding or receding gums—the first visible signs of dread pyrrohoea. The third agent, charcoal, is wonderfully whitening. But to be effective, just the right quantity must be employed. Too much charcoal is difficult to dissolve; too little gives no benefit. Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste contains just the right proportions. It will positively not injure the enamel, yet it takes away like magic the unsightly yellowish tinge, not easily affected by other tooth pastes.

Want sparkling teeth and healthy gums?

Try it. It's nice to use. It's silver grey in color.

25c. Everywhere

"Ask for the Tube in Khaki"

FREE

A Full Sized Tube of

Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste

Of course you want to try this much-talked-of Tooth Paste, and we are anxious that you should. Once you use it we will never need to worry about you again. You'll never use any other.

We have arranged with your druggist for you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE.

Next time you buy a tin of Corson's Pomander or Ideal Orchid Talcum, Perfume, Massage Cream or Shampoo,—or any other Corson product—amounting to 25c or more—present the coupon below, properly signed. Your druggist will give you absolutely free a full sized tube of Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste.

Take this coupon to your druggist—or if he cannot supply you, send it to us direct.

Coupon

To the Druggist

This Coupon, properly signed, entitles bearer upon purchase of any of Corson's Toilet Requisites amounting to 25c or over, to one full-sized tube of Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste.

Tubes to replace those given out will be sent free to druggist immediately, upon receipt of signed coupons.

Purchaser's Signature.....

Articles purchased.....

Druggist's Signature.....

Some of Our Best Known Requisites

Corson's Ideal Orchid Talcum—The most popular Talcum in Canada. Here is a talcum of the finest and purest quality which will not clog the pores. Soft as an orchid's petals, its fragrance is elusively delicate. In white or flesh tints **25c**

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo—Keeps the hair in excellent condition, and is cooling and refreshing to the scalp. It makes the hair thicker, softer and brighter in color. Price **50c**

Corson's Karessa Talcum—This fine talcum in its fascinating frosted glass container makes an Ideal Xmas gift. It is richly perfumed with the most expensive odors. Price..... **50c**

Corson's Adonis Massage Cream—Unlike many other Massage Creams, which leave the skin dry and rough, the Adonis rolls out moist, bringing with it all the dust and grime which have settled in the pores of the face. It produces clean, clear glowing tints and coaxes the weariness from tired eyes. You should keep a jar always on your dressing table. Price **50c**

Corson's Pomander Talcum—A superior talcum with the fragrance of the mingled flowers of an old-fashioned garden. It's the talcum chosen by the discriminating woman for its fine smoothness and the quiet beauty of its soft-toned container..... **25c**

Corson's Ideal Orchid Perfumes—Mabel Taliaferro, noted American actress, writes:—"Your Ideal Orchid Perfume is so delightful I have made it my perfume." Dainty and lasting and pale green, in an exquisite cut glass bottle. Price, an ounce..... **$1.00**

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $1.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Toronto, British and United States subscriptions, $1.25 a year; foreign subscriptions, $1.50 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittances.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

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CAUTION — CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS — Watch for renewal subscription blank which will be placed in your magazine when your subscription expires. By using this blank promptly you will avoid missing any issues. Back copies cannot be supplied.

Vol. VI. No. 6

A Personal Chat with the Editor

DECEMBER, 1916

We Promise You for January the Second Great Instalment of Margaret Anglin's Story of Her Career

THE announcement in the November EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD that this great autobiography would be begun in this issue, created a thoughtful impression amongst those serious-minded Canadian women who follow the achievements of Canada's daughters. We have received many letters complimenting us on our enterprise, and expressing the pleasure with which our readers are looking forward to reading the intimate personal history of this famous Canadian. In the January number, Miss Anglin will write of her early efforts on the stage—how she got there and what kept her there. Now and then with her you will shed a tear, and again you will laugh. This chapter will hold you with a keen thrill of pleasure.

The Texture of Your Boy's Skin Predicts His Life Occupation

PERHAPS you do not know that you can read a person by his skin. But you can. Take a look at your own boy. The texture of the skin of one boy tells you that he will be a machinist; of another that art will be his forte; and of still another that he should be a first class dentist or movie actor, that is if you don't try to make something out of him that he should not be. Of course you must know a little about skins to be able to read character by them, and you can learn something of this by reading Professor Farmer's article in the January number. It is one of the most important of the series. You are invited to write Professor Farmer about your boy, according to the directions given in the Question Chart on page 32. Don't have a misfit boy on your hands.

There are One Thousand Quicker Ways Around the House

YES, there are actually one thousand easy ways of doing things you have been doing the hard way, and you can learn a great many of them in the January number. The whole thousand are described in a clever book just published, which may be procured from EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

The Late Lamented

A CLEVER story by Leigh Gordon Giltner about a girl artist—they call her a spinster, although she is but thirty-five years of age, and young in spirit, anyway. Her town folk gossip about her, so she leaves, goes to a bigger place, makes believe she is a widow deeply lamenting the loss of her husband, but dreaming all the time of her ideal, whom she paints on canvas as her supposed husband. And then something "turns up." Things happen—and you are glad you read this charming story.

A Christmas Fairy Playin One Act of System and Method

YOU don't have to act this play to enjoy it, although it will prove a delight to any one who stages it. It is just as timely at New Year's as at Christmas. Everybody—Bobby, Mary, Father, Mother, Grandmother—will just love it, because it is about a man who did not believe in Santa Claus, and was converted just like Scrooge in Dickens' Christmas Stories.

THE CHRIST STAR

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

A Carol of Christmas Joy and Hope

MYRIAD STARS O'ERHUNG THE PLAINS
OF BETHLEHEM THAT NIGHT.
BUT BRIGHTER FAR THAN ALL THE REST,
ONE STAR FLUNG OUT ITS LIGHT.
THE BRIGHTNESS OF THAT STAR PROCLAIMED
THE COMING OF THE KING.
AND STARTLED SHEPHERDS WOKE TO HEAR
ANGELIC VOICES SING.

FROM OUT THE EAST WITH PRECIOUS GIFTS
CAME WISE MEN FROM AFAR.
TO WHERE WITH FULLEST GLORY SHONE
THE RADIANCE OF THAT STAR.
"HERE IS THE DWELLING OF THE KING!"
THEY CRIED WITH GLADSOME SHOUT;
AND FAR ABOVE THEM THROUGH THE NIGHT
THE HEAVENLY SONGS RANG OUT.

DEAR LORD, WE BRING OUR HEARTS TO THEE—
NOT FRANKINCENSE NOR GOLD.
AS ON THAT NIGHT, WITH HOLY JOY,
THE WISE MEN BROUGHT OF OLD.
ABIDE WITH US, O HEAVENLY CHILD,
OUR SAVIOUR, MASTER, FRIEND·
AND TO THY NAME OUR SONGS SHALL RISE
IN PRAISES WITHOUT END.

How Much Does an Education Pay a Girl?

DO you know that the Canadian College Bred Girl is more in demand to fill big, well-paying positions than any other girl in the world? Employers in other countries are realizing that the Canadian girl is a serious-minded, earnest, honest girl, who is eager to get ahead, and who can always be depended on. In the January number we shall tell you about a number of girls who have graduated from Canadian Colleges, and are doing big things in the world of endeavour. This is the most practical article dealing with the value of an education that has ever been published.

Lady Eleanor: Lawbreaker

THIS is the most talked of story of the year. Everybody is waiting eagerly for the next instalment. The January chapters will keep you more interested than ever.

Who is Elizabeth Burton?

WE never dreamed our readers would be so interested in trying to discover Elizabeth Burton's real name. Here is her picture. She is a prominent Canadian writer. The $5.00 prize goes to the first person naming her. If you live in the Far West, you had better telegraph your guess.

What is a Good Husband?

"I'VE been reading Jean Blewett's articles" writes a reader, "on 'The Good Wife' ever since she has been writing for your magazine, and I enjoy every one of them. But, dear Editor, don't you think you should publish something on 'The Good Husband'?"

A good suggestion! And we ask all our readers to write and tell us what constitutes a good husband. Write just as you think.

In order to make it worth while for you, we shall pay two dollars for every letter we accept for publication.

The Greatest Debt in the World

THE leading men of Canada are agreed that their greatest debt is that which they owe their mothers, and they know that only a small part of it can ever be repaid. In the January EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD they will tell you how they incurred this debt and what they are doing to repay it.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD acknowledges the receipt of $5.00 from "English Widow" for Belgian Relief Fund.

All Merchants Can Now Supply You With Better Shoes Because of Neolin

Neolin makes any shoe a better shoe. It was proved before ever a pair of Neolin Soles left the factory. It has since been proved on over a million pairs of shoes—men's, women's, children's—at many prices. No matter for what purpose you buy shoes, they are better with Neolin Soles.

For nearly a year Neolin has been in the hands of Canadian shoe manufacturers, merchants and wearers. It was an instantaneous success. For nine months we have been unable to manufacture enough Neolin to meet the demand. But now the factory has increased the output tremendously.

Some makers have built their shoes on Neolin since its introduction. These firms ordered more than we could supply. Many others wanted Neolin, but could not be supplied. *All shoe manufacturers can now secure some Neolin for immediate use on shoes going to the merchants now.*

In the same way many merchants up till now have had to do without Neolin. *Whatever may be your favorite make of shoes, if the dealer has not got them built on Neolin soles, he can get them immediately.*

Many brands of shoes are sold with Neolin Soles. Many more will add this betterment now. You should be able to secure Neolin anywhere. But we know the shoes listed below have Neolin Soles, and if you will ask for one of these brands you will be offered a wide range to choose from.

Men's Shoes

Altro
Aristo
Aylmer
Ames-Holden
Beresford
Canadian-Gentleman
Carleton
Corona
D. & F.
Daisy
Derby
Bell
Eagle
Frank W. Slater-Strider
Humphrey's-Goodyears
James-Muir
Just-Wright
Murray-Made
McCready
Reliance
Regal
Trustworthy
Traveller
Leckie
Robert-Taylor
Slater
Wayland
Monarch
Brandon
Paris
Metropolitan

Ladies' Shoes

Altro
Ames-Holden
Bernice
Classic
Corona
Georgina
La Parisienne
London Lady
Macfarlane
Mayflower
Miss Canada
McCready
Onyx
Blachford
Perth
Vassar
Bell

Children's Shoes

Hurlbut

Have Your Winter Shoes Built on Neolin Soles

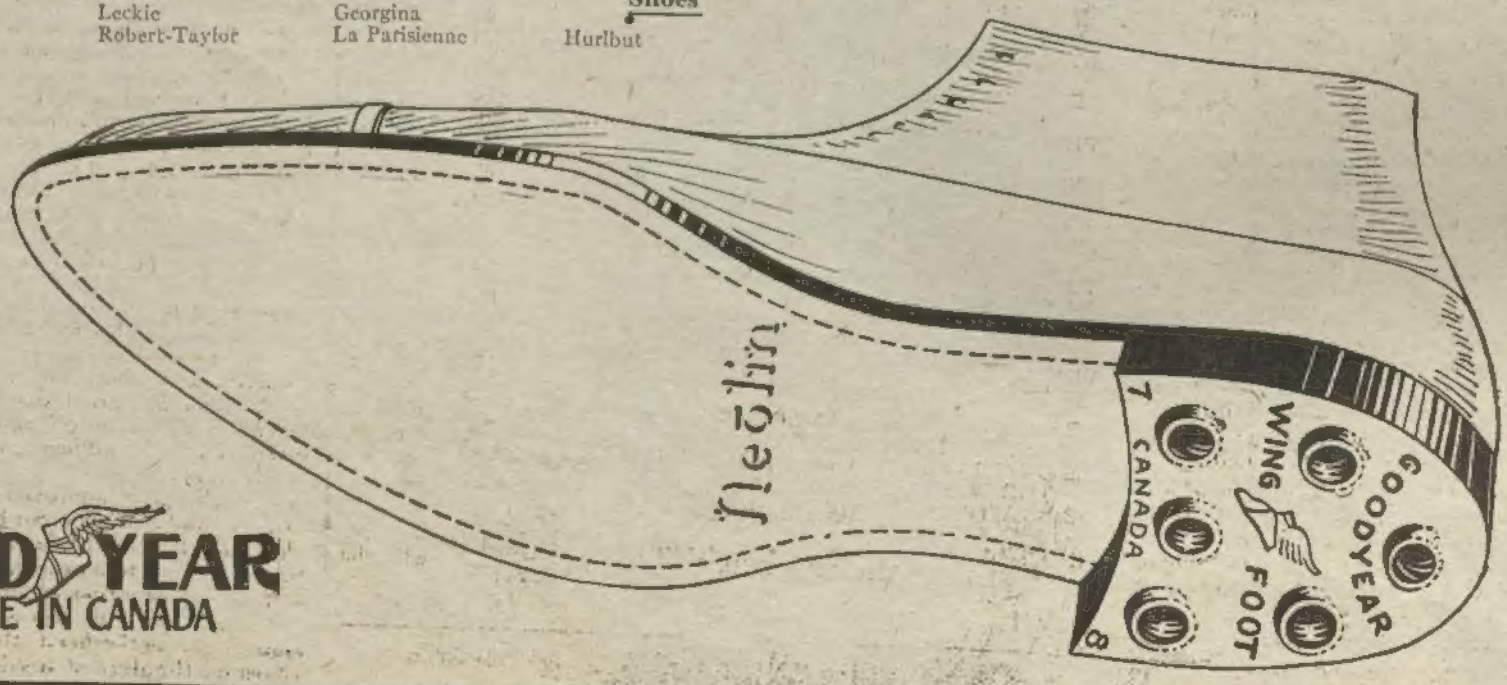
You do not need to wait for Spring for Neolin. See that your next shoes have Neolin Soles.

Neolin is specially desirable on winter shoes. It keeps the feet dry and warm because it is waterproof, prevents accidents because it is slip-proof. It is good for indoors because it is noiseless and will not scratch furniture or floors. It is light and flexible, easy on the feet. Best of all, it wears very much longer than the best leather. It has a distinctive style touch, beauty of finish.

Once more we say "Have your winter shoes built on Neolin Soles."

Neōlin

Every genuine Neolin Sole is branded with the above mark



GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

EDITORIAL

Give Good Books at Christmas

A DOLLAR buys a book: a book which is worthless or a volume which is priceless.

The tangible value is fixed—in the paper, print and binding—and may be bought by any one. But the intrinsic value is within; and to get its full value the book must be known and loved.

Within a good book are the best thoughts of the best men and women who have ever lived, the greatest inventions man's brains have ever conceived; between the covers we may follow the explorer to the ends of the earth, learn the secrets of nature, science and art, study economics of other times and countries; and all this wonderful information we may gather into a very small space—a library shelf.

By the books we love we build our ideals, set our standards, and attune our lives. No good book ever eulogised an unworthy man, or the unworthy motives and actions of a good man.

A bad book has neither an intrinsic nor a tangible value, and to this class belong the yellow journal of cheap, sensational scandal; the novel of weak, vicious wickedness; the boy's "Dick, the Robber" type; the girl's "Lord Algernon" style, and all the rank and file of unhealthy, unwholesome, vitiating stories where the emotions are made to justify the breaking of the moral law.

To feed one's mind on such rotten stuff is to invite all the diseases of the mind which are largely responsible for our asylums, our reformatories, our jails, our orphan homes, our divorce courts; and the sadness of it is that we cannot bear the consequences of it ourselves, but must pass it on "even unto the third and fourth generation."

In this country books are not censored. They are in England and the United States, and therefore the worst class of book never reaches Canada. Books should be censored here—we are too big a nation to depend on others for this very important guard against moral degeneracy. Many books are sold, and sold openly, which are harmful, hurtful, vulgar, vicious, and low; and it is the duty of every parent and guardian to see that such books are not supplying their children with their heroes and ideals.

This duty is not negative only—to keep away that which is bad; but positive, to supply that which is good. Would you like your boy or girl to grow up after the moral tone of the book which is hidden on your approach? Apply that test. See to it that they have the best books for Christmas.

Making Drudgery Divine

WHEN the quaint and saintly George Herbert, three hundred years ago, wrote the immortal poem in which he tells how to make drudgery divine, how to sweep a room in such a way as to give to the exercise something of a heavenly touch, something of the distinction of one of the fine arts, the world of his day laughed heartily at the thought, and called the poet a dreamer of wild dreams, a discoverer of some wonderful elixir of life which would keep the broom divinities from neglecting the out-of-the-way corners.

We, in our day, are coming to interpret the old poet in a more sympathetic way. We are beginning to realize that there is something divine in the commonplace work of life, if we can only find it.

Brahms, the celebrated composer, in his early days was so poor that he was compelled to do the most menial work in order to make a living; and yet we are told that some of his most beautiful musical conceptions came to him when he was blacking shoes. He never allowed any thought of drudgery to mar the harmony of his life and destroy the music of his soul. If we cherish a beautiful thought in our hearts, we shall find that it possesses a marvelous power of making drudgery divine, of transfiguring all the work we do.

Sometimes the beautiful thought which glorifies the commonplace comes to us from our dearest friendships. Alice Freeman Palmer was one of the best beloved women of her day. Her college motto was: "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and she lived out that motto as few have done. Some time after her death a farmer's wife, where the Palmers used to summer, wrote: "I cut Mrs. Palmer's picture out of the paper which brought the sad news of her death, and pinned it on the wall over my kitchen table. I often look at it and in some strange way it brings into my life a joy which gladdens all the work I have to do."

With some good thought in our hearts, which we get from the books we read, from the friendships we cherish, or from the beautiful things about us in God's beautiful world, life can never be commonplace. Norman Duncan, the brilliant Canadian writer, who has responded to the divine call from beyond the hills of time, and has left a lonely feeling in our hearts, has pictured in one of his books a poor little cripple, in a wretched tenement house, whose best friend was a flower, which cheered him up, bringing a touch of joy to his heart, and making life even in that squalid place worth living. Sometimes the voice of God in a flower, or in the green fields and the blue sky, makes music in the soul and transforms a life.

Just David, in the popular story of that name, cannot understand why women do not take time to look up at the blue sky and out at the beautiful flowers, instead of always looking for dirt and feeling cross when they find it. A look at the beautiful things in nature helps us to be sweet-tempered when we come upon the disagreeable things of life, touching our lives with a beauty divine, and enabling us to reveal something of that lovely spirit which James Russell Lowell has pictured in the ideal woman:

"She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seems of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth."

We have just been told by one who has made a special study of this subject that it is the meagreness of rural life which leads many a young person to become dissatisfied with the farm, and to crave the fuller life of the city. The only sure remedy for all this is to educate our boys and girls to see enough glory in the commonplace routine of life to lead them to take a deeper interest in the work which they have to do, to love the birds and the wild flowers, and everything good and beautiful in God's great out-of-doors.

Christmas

CHRISTMAS stands for the fullness of time. It stands for the fulfilment of glorious prediction. It stands for the realization of those burning hopes which made the heroic men of the past. It stands for the coming of the Son of God Himself into our nature. It stands for the glorious past and for the more glorious future. As the dawn holds the full day, so Christmas holds within it the salvation of man, the triumph of right over wrong, and the coming millennial glory of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

When we comprehend the backward and forward reach of Bethlehem, we cannot wonder that all that is grand crowds around the cradle manger. It is worthy of all. Let the Star shine! Let the Magi give gifts! Let the shepherds worship! Let the angel faces flash out from the great dome overhead! Let the church bells chime! Let the sacred harps and organs respond to the master hands that sweep their strings and flit over their keys, turning the common air into praise! Let the Christmas Carols roll over this wide earth and echo among the stars! Let the great Universe of God jubilate! Let everything in Heaven and Earth shout "Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is He Who cometh in the Name of the Lord! Hosanna in the Highest!"

While all this takes place, see to it, O my soul, that thou carriest thyself to Bethlehem, to receive and to love, to trust and to worship. Be thou certainly there; and while there recognize Christ, honor Christ, reincarnate Christ, and call Christ, God.

DAVID GREGG, D.D.

Hosanna in the Highest!

DECEMBER

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

The New Christmas

TO some persons the jingle of money is the only music in the world. It deafens them to all other sounds.

To some the melody of their own name spoken in praise is the only music worth hearing. Their ears seem to open inward. The greedy and the vain shrink the whole world to their own size.

But to those who can hear it, there is a song in every phase of life; fortunate is he who can hear more than a very few.

The whistles of the factories, the roar of the trains, and the rattle of the wagons and cars in the busy streets are clamant discord only to those who cannot hear in them the magnificent orchestration of industry—the overture to civilization.

The cries of want and the wails of despair are hideous, frightful sounds, except to those who can respond in notes that blend into a symphony of brotherly love and helpfulness—a song so sweet that the angels of Heaven must pause to listen.

Sonatas fine and rare, or melodies simple and sweet are in every sound from a human soul for all who can hear aright and whose hearts thrill with understanding and sympathy.

Not all the great hymns are chanted through traceried windows, while Lazarus lies at the doorstep; for never diviner song ascends than when one hand meets another in helpfulness.

There is ever a song somewhere—everywhere—if we will but help to sing it.

Re-Moulding Our Soldiers

HERO worship is a dangerous thing—especially for the hero. It tends to warp his judgment, to sap his self-control, and to make him vain, selfish and self-indulgent.

Temporary discipline, working through precisely opposite channels, tends to precisely similar results when suddenly released.

The privations of war make the luxuries of peace only the more desirable by contrast. These are moral dangers to which this War has exposed Canada's civilian soldiers, and many are becoming the victims of their own worthiness. The army is essentially a man's world, as the home is woman's, and Canadian women must be prepared to retrain their menfolk to live among them, for the War has loosed passions that must be tamed again, not starved. This will take wise love, deep sympathy, infinite tact and self-restraint.

Canadian men have nobly faced the task of moulding themselves into soldiers. Canadian women must, with equal devotion, set themselves to the delicate, but vital, task of moulding them back into civilians; and it will be very difficult after the tense excitement of war to accustom one's self to humdrum civil life. This moral reconstruction is a great war problem that must be faced by every woman who loves a soldier, and individually fought out for his sake in the loneliness of the home.

Silver Crosses For Bereaved Mothers

THE Canadian mother who has given a life to the cause of right on the battle fields of France—a life more precious than her own—the life of her son, over whose grave she cannot place a cross, will wear a little silver cross over her heart that we may know she cherishes a memory that is priceless, of one who faltered not at the call of duty, but willingly and gladly laid down his life for his country.

Sir Robert Borden has approved the suggestion of Mr. W. A. Fraser that a silver cross be given to mothers who have lost their sons in battle—"Somewhere in France"—and it is expected that these crosses will shortly be struck off and distributed.

Canada will thus pay a simple tribute to a courageous motherhood that has laid its sacrifices on the altar of freedom, bearing its loss with splendid fortitude and unfailing courage.

You, too, can have its charm if you will begin the following treatment tonight:

Just before retiring, lather your wash cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Use this treatment *persistently* and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

Send now for this beautiful picture

This new painting of "A Skin You Love to Touch," by Mary Greene Blumenschein, has been reproduced in nine colors, 15 x 19 inches, by a new and beautiful process. No printing or advertising appears on it. Just send us your name and address with 10c in stamps or coin, and we will mail you the picture, together with a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of the "skin you love to touch" treatment given here. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 871 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario, Canada.**

25c a cake. Get a cake today. For sale by Canadian Druggists from coast to coast.

A CANADIAN GIRL'S ACHIEVEMENTS

MY CAREER

BY

MARGARET ANGLIN

I was the only child ever born in the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

As I visited my old nurse in St. John, New Brunswick.

THE earliest incident of my life which stands out most clearly is that, when a wee little tot, I was held playfully up in the air by Oscar Wilde at a garden party. Very distinctly I remember that Mr. Wilde, on this festive occasion, wore a happy smile and a brilliant sunflower in his buttonhole.

Had there been some one then present endowed with the eerie gift of Tennyson's despondent lover in "Locksley Hall," and he had

"Dipt into the future far as human eye could see—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be,"

he might easily have startled Mr. Wilde by whispering in his ear that the small bit of frilly pink and white creation he was so merrily tossing about in his gleeful mood would some day produce his plays.

What an interesting page of coincidences life really is!

At the time of my birth my father was Speaker of the House of Commons, Ottawa, and my parents resided in Chambers in a wing of the Parliament Buildings, and there in these Parliament Buildings I was born. Incidentally, I believe I may properly claim the distinction of having been the only child ever born in that beautiful and historic edifice. And, if that be true, I am also the last. This, in view of the changes made in its reconstruction following its damage by fire.

From "somewhere in early babyhood" to the delectable age of seven years my family lived at St. John, in the Maritime Province of New Brunswick. There my father was the owner and editor of the "Freeman," a publication of no little import and significance in its day.

Recently I revisited St. John, and while there I called on my old nurse. During a delightful talk she related an incident that had entirely passed my memory; for at the time of the momentous—and portentious—event, I was not yet six years of age. One day I had been beyond the range of her sight and hearing for so long a time that she became anxious as to my whereabouts, and particularly as to my whatabouts.

A careful searching tour through the length and breadth and height and depth of the house had revealed no sign or trace of me. Nor yet was I anywhere *en evidence* on paths or lawn or street. So far as the immediate environs of the residence was concerned, there remained only the stables and the carriage house as a possible refuge for the little runaway.

First to the stable, to assure herself that some injury had not befallen me. The frightened squeak of a retreating mouse was the only appreciable sound to break the stable stillness and——

But stay! There came another sound, which at first reached her as the soughing of a harvest wind across fields of ripened grain, then with deeper throated volume, rising, falling, with steady, measured rhythm, now emphasised in sturdy note, now soft, melodious, constant and harmonious withal, yet peculiarly out of harmony with the setting and surroundings.

For the sound was a voice, a voice intensely familiar—and for the owner of which she was then on a hunting expedition.

HAPPILY there was no note of distress in its pleasing *timbre*, and to that extent she felt relieved. Intently listening, she soon determined that it issued from some point without the confines of the stable walls, yet having no definite direction; simply from some mysterious where.

The carriage house was the next most possible, and probable, place of location. So, with due respect to the eloquent outpouring of an evidently joyous heart rapt in the throes of an exalted inspiration, she approached the entrance discreetly and with caution, lest she disturb the soul of the voice and thus dispel the incantation.

And when at last she came upon the scene of the lingual festival, lo! there was I (remember I was little more than five) standing upon an improvised dais constituted of a robe-rugged harness chest, supremely poised in all the radiating glory of fervid enthusiasm and the artless grace of a deliciously unsophisticated childhood, my head and arms and hands mutely, though eloquently, unfolding the spirit

My first part: as Madeleine West in "Shanandoah" in 1894.

When I played in "Helena Ritchie."

of "Pinafore," which with all the sprightly fervor and vivacious abandon of youth I was reciting to an obviously astounded and much bewildered gardener.

Another incident of similar significance may be related as a corollary to the above, and as furnishing additional data as a basis for whatever speculations the reader may be disposed to indulge in concerning the effects of early bents and leanings.

It was shortly after my attempt to hypnotize the unoffending and defenceless gardener with the magic of my voice that I selected another ill-starred victim on whom to practise the witchery of my tragic art. And "tragic" is used advisedly, as you presently shall learn.

Although I am quite sensitively appreciative of the fact that the phrase which I am about to use is not one which the literary purists would unreservedly class as eminently or typically elegant, yet it is an eloquent phrase in that it is so pertinently applicable as to make outstandingly clear the point at issue. Phrased in the vernacular, then — by your kind leave — I "tried it on the dog." It was a *bona fide* "try" and a real dog, as I unhappily was to discover. I shall not say that the dog was either an unbiased critic or an impartial censor. I do know, however, that he stopped the performance. Viewing the occurrence through the light of the years which have passed, I am frank to confess that I do not blame the dog.

At twenty-one I played in "Monte Cristo" with James O'Neil.

Rather I recall the circumstance with a feeling of pity and no little sympathy toward him, both for what he endured before he called the final curtain and for what he later suffered as a result of his rash, impulsive action.

Some time before the eventful day on which I "tried it on the dog," my mother had fallen and broken a leg. During the period of her close confinement following the accident, I have no doubt that I enjoyed many small liberties, through the tacit consent of the family to allow me greater latitude in seeking amusements and pacifying entertainment to keep me away from the sick room. It does not now seem very strange that some of my efforts at self-amusement should find expression in the things which even then seem furtively to have been ingratiating themselves into the developing fibre of my life.

IN my mind's eye I quite distinctly recall the particular dog connected with this incident; a dog of high breeding and noble bearing was this splendid big Dalmatian, whose plebian, yet heroic, name was "Jack." Poor Jack! That he should have been so untimely sacrificed upon the altar of my art!

It was on the afternoon of one of those enchanting days when Nature preens her plumage to make the world glad with dimpling smiles and dancing light and laughter; a day that in itself were paradise enough, *sans* jug of wine, or loaf of bread, or cheery book, or shady brook, or even singing Thou; for it was all of that in one. Small wonder then that I fared forth into the radiant joy of the big out-of-doors to share its bewitching smiles—and to plan the materialisation of my day dreams.

And Jack—poor Jack!—was the first, and only, friendly living object I came upon. There had been for days stored up in my being a great restless Something which now cried for outward expression. Yes, I might as well confess and have done with it, it was a play—a tremendous, soul-moving drama of sighs and tears, of love and hate, of romance and tragedy, the delineative, if not euphonious, title of which was "Dick Dead Eye." You are at liberty to picture for yourself the peculiar character of this particular creation of the dramatist's art. Suffice it to say that it was made up largely of vivid pyrotechnics and continuous action, wild, weird and unrestrained. But it appealed to me. Youth has its eccentricities as well as age.

I had seen "Pinafore" played by professionals, and I had a great and overpowering desire to produce a play of my very own. As to an audience—there was Jack. Again, poor Jack! Impulsively I decided that he, and he alone, should have the distinguished honour to witness the premier performance of this awesome play. And so, upon a sylvan stage conveniently set by Nature among nodding trees and odorous shrubs and shoals of flowers, I tripped lightly down to the centre near where Jack, all serene and unexpectant, was installed in an exclusive and comfortable location on the cool side of a formal posy bed.

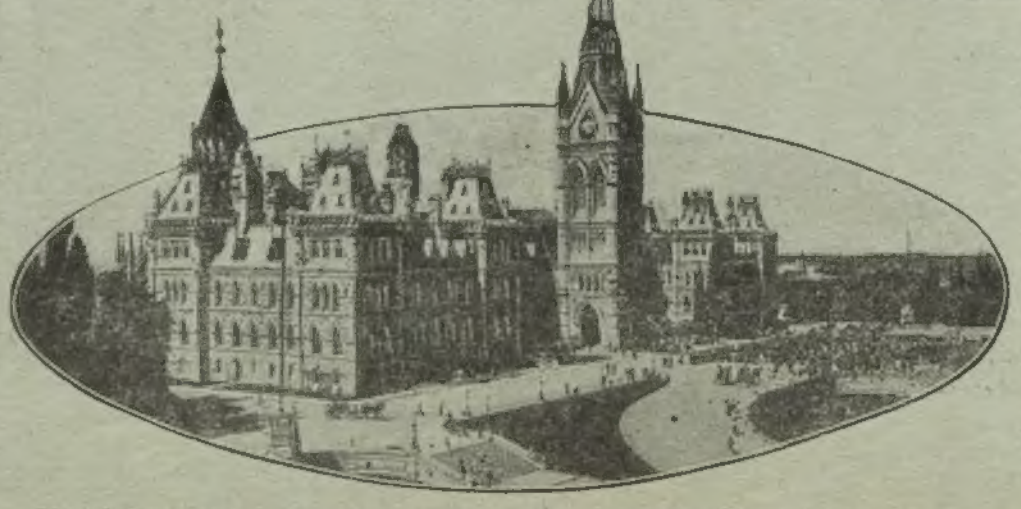
With more of reckless abandon than practised art, I promptly entered into the uncanny spirit of the play, carelessly unmindful of the fact that I did not have it very well in hand, and began giving an interpretation of the lines with more action than skill.

But Jack perversely refused to become enthused, and so I gave accelerated action to the physical demonstration and added a greater emphasis to the lines, directing my whole endeavour to awakening his interest. And apparently I was succeeding. For when I came within reaching distance of him, he smiled—or at least I thought he did—for his lips parted over white rows of teeth, and the corners of his great mouth dimpled pleasedly, just as real people's do when they smile an acknowledgment of your efforts to amuse.

Thus encouraged, I redoubled my striving to touch his callous soul with my fine frenzy. And straightway I was rewarded. For if Jack had only smiled before, he was laughing now. His lips were open wide, his teeth were parted, gleaming white in the summer sunlight, while his face was all puckered with lines of appreciative mirth, hilariously laughing—so I thought.

And it made me very happy and self-satisfied to realize that I was able to exercise that mysterious spiritual power to move an audience, even if it were only our good old dog Jack. I repeat, poor Jack!

(Continued on page 33)



My father was Speaker of the House of Commons, Ottawa, and we lived in the Speaker's Chambers in a wing of the Parliament Buildings, and there, in these Parliament Buildings, I was born.

A Christmas Story

MAM'SELLE

By MADGE MACBETH

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I wrote this story because I believe that every woman has a "Mam'selle" in her life, and Christmas is a good time to hunt her out. I also believe, with Walpole, that it is not life that counts—it is the courage we put into it; and there is nothing which requires more courage than the forgiving of our ill-doers and the purging of our hearts of bitterness. Perhaps you do not think of Christmas in a serious vein. Then you will not like my little story.

Madge Macbeth

EVEN she had her gentle little vanities.

One was that she liked to be called "Mam'selle," although I am certain that her dainty, shabby little foot had never touched French territory, and her knowledge of the French language was so limited that it was absolutely meagre.

She was what I might call an Educational Jobber in our little town, for besides teaching music, she instructed those who applied to her in almost anything they wished to learn, until a more competent teacher could be secured. Then she was cast aside quite as a matter of course; many of those who had employed her even made an apology for having done so, and blatantly denied any possible benefit which might have resulted from her training.

"Dora sketches quite nicely," one mother would compliment another. "Has she had any instruction?"

"Oh, no!" Dora's mother would reply. "I have not gone to the expense of having her properly taught. She has only had Mam'selle."

It might be Lucy with china painting, or Grace with tapestry; it might be Jack with wood carving, or Henry with elocution; they had had no instruction—they had had only Mam'selle.

We "had" her. At her knee we learned our A B C's, progressing through the three R's, drawing, music, needle work to domestic science, and even home nursing. There has scarcely been a day since I can remember that has not brought a gentle tap at our great knocker and some one has not cried—"Oh, it's only Mam'selle."

There were five of us to educate, and Mother discovered ages ago that "a select finishing school for young ladies" was not at all compatible with the Marchmont income, so the best she could do was—Mam'selle. When writing to our relatives in the Old Country, we always called her "our governess."

She did not live at our house. She came at various hours and stayed varying lengths of time, according to our need of her. When any of us was seriously ill, she hardly went home at all, but nursed us back to health and ingratitude, as is the way with children; and I am certain that she was never paid for her extra service. As I look back now, it seems as though people were always anxious that some one else should do the right thing by Mam'selle; it never occurred to them to do the right thing themselves.

I remember Dad once took her to task for getting up at five o'clock to give writing lessons to a labourer.

"And is the fellow paying you adequately?" Dad stormed. "Five o'clock! What will the working classes be demanding next?"

"He is paying what I ask," she evaded, growing very pink.

Even Mother was roused to protest. Mother did not talk much to her or to us at the table. Her idea of maintaining discipline and upholding the Marchmont dignity was to ignore the children and their governess as much as possible. But on this occasion, she addressed Mam'selle directly.

"Does that mean he is not paying you at all?" she demanded. "Perfectly preposterous!"

"Oh, no!" said Mam'selle, softly. "I feel that it is a privilege to help him. You see, there is a girl whose love he is anxious to win, and his ignorance alone stands in the way. If you could see how hard he works and with what sincerity—it is as though her face were before him all the while, goading him to greater efforts."

We older children giggled. Mam'selle in a sentimental mood always convulsed us. Often, when the days were drawing to a close, we would urge her to sing to us; we clustered in a dim corner and shook with derisive laughter while her weak, thin voice played with the words, "When Other Lips," and "In the Gloaming."

SHE would sing only at twilight—another of her little vanities—making, as she must have known, a less inharmonious figure then than at any other time. She was perfectly oblivious to us and our sniggering. Her eyes rested upon us unseeingly, like those of a person in a trance, for she was quite withdrawn from the Present, and we had no place in the Past, into which she gazed with eyes dimmed by tears. We were always thankful for the time between the end of a song and her return to consciousness of her surroundings, for while she was travelling the gray spaces which separated Then from Now, we were composing ourselves and preparing to—hypocritically—thank her.

Ever since I can remember, Mam'selle has spent Christmas with us. She usually came early on the morning of the twenty-fourth and stayed until late on the twenty-sixth, helping Mother during the exciting Prologue to Christmas Day and taking the burden of the tiresome Epilogue upon her own shoulders. If it had occurred to us, I suppose we should have helped her put away the extra linen and china, the ornaments and decorations which were paraded on that occasion; we should have helped put furniture in place and take up the linen carpet which was always spread down in the drawing-room for our holiday dance. But considering that we did not, it is curious how we came to look upon these three days as days of glittering brightness in Mam'selle's life, and we considered ourselves as dispensers of a virtuous Christmas Spirit.

Only last year I began to see Mam'selle in a new light, and now it has grown so dazzlingly bright, that it seems strange the rest cannot see it, too. Yet they do not, and my lips are sealed; I may not point it out to them as one would point to a beautiful star, or a rainbow, or a sunset, or any other beautiful thing in Nature, and say:

"Look, all you poor, blind, stupid people! *This* is the real light—you are seeing only the reflection!"

It was Christmas Eve a year ago. There had been some discussion as to whether we should ask Mam'selle. Alice and Maude were in France nursing, Laura was in Gallipoli, I was twenty-nine, and our baby, Honoria, was eighteen. What excuse had we for Christmas festivities?

"It would be such a relief," I remember Mother said, "to have no one to consider but one's self. We need not feel under obligation to do any entertaining this year, and Mam'selle can go somewhere else. The War offers compensations. Do let us seize them."

"No dance?" echoed Honoria in dismay. "And Quebec will be full of soldiers."

"Let some one else give a Christmas Dance," said Mother. "We have done our share."

"But," ventured Father mildly, "we do no other sort of entertaining, my dear. 'Noblesse oblige,' you know. Why not convert it into some kind of a shower?"

The idea rather appealed to Mother, and she grumblingly gave in. The invitations were issued as usual, except that the words "Cigarette Shower" occupied one corner. Mam'selle printed the words.

She came to the house, as was her custom, early in the morning of the day before Christmas, carrying a small hand-bag which contained her simple needs and the gifts she never failed to distribute amongst us. Magic gifts they were, looking so insignificant as they lay beside the others and proving so indispensable! There was the rubber-lined sponge bag she gave Maude and for which she received but careless thanks; yet to-day my sister can't imagine what she would have done without it in the field hospitals. And Alice has a "hussif" made by Mam'selle's hands, for which she would not exchange her dearest possession, although I blush to remember the day she offered it to me for thirty cents!

And I blush all the way into my soul when I think of the things we used to give her—any odds and ends for which we had no use, hideous things we did not want around the house, presents made us by people who held only to the letter of Christmas, and who knew nothing of the Spirit. All these we, and others like us, passed on to Mam'selle, who accepted them so graciously, reading into them the Spirit of Love which we should have put there.

AND when, confronted by some appalling monstrosity, words of conscientious praise failed her, she would murmur:

"For me? Oh, dearie, how kind of you! It is so eminently—er—*suitable!*"

She washed the china, got out the decorations, helped Mother tie up her gifts, and cut, buttered, iced, baked, jellied, and whipped all the day. She set the table for dinner and hooked us up, before getting into the little gray gown which was as much a part of our Christmas as was the turkey.

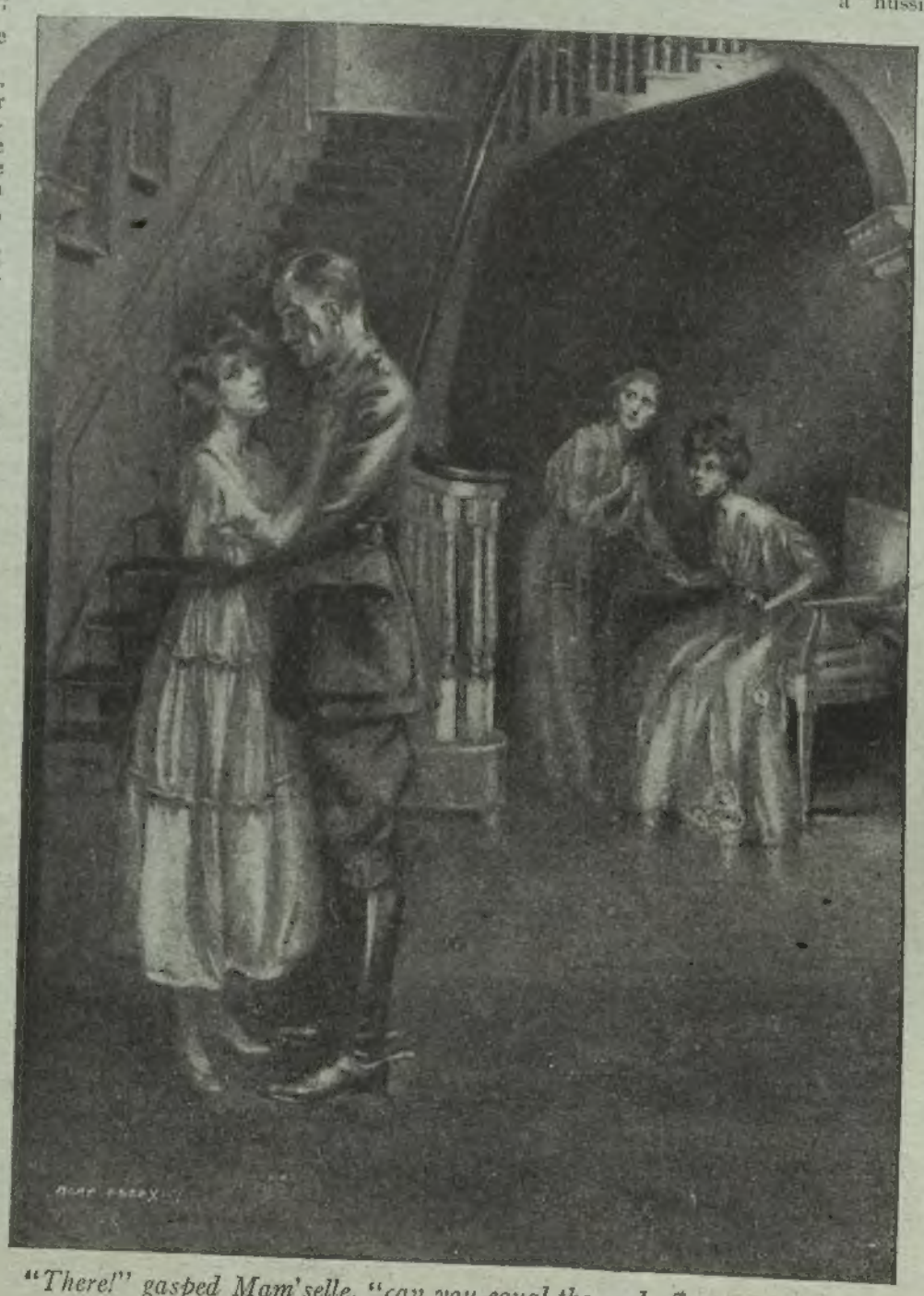
It was not a pretty, silver gray, like the leaves of a poplar tree, nor was it the colour of a dove's breast. It was an utility gray, lending itself to sponging and cleaning, turning and remodelling in a manner just short of miraculous. It was the least gay little dinner dress that one could imagine, and it would have been quite sombre but for a brooch—a pulsing fire opal which Mam'selle always wore with it, and which glowed hotly from the lace in the front of her corsage.

There was a forced note about our levity during the early part of the dinner. Mother was plainly bored; Dad consequently felt uncomfortable; Honoria was disappointed in the two officers we had invited and who were frankly more interested in the meal than in her. We all missed our girls tremendously, and we missed boys with whom we had grown up, boys who were eating bully beef and hard tack "Somewhere in France" that we might still have plum pudding and turkey!

Dinner was perhaps half over when a great clatter at the front door set every one's nerves jumping.

"A very impatient guest," suggested Mam'selle.

(*Continued on page 38*)



"There!" gasped Mam'selle, "can you equal the cool effrontery of that!"

MORE ABOUT THE WOMAN WHO MENDED SEVENTEEN-CENT SOCKS

THE Editor considers, since the discussion on the wisdom of mending seventeen-cent socks has reached such proportions, that it would not be fair to close the subject without hearing from the practical woman—the woman who actually does the work of darning her husband's socks.

Therefore we publish letters from a number of practical housewives, in which they give their actual experience, thus adding weight to their opinions.

Time, and a Cash Value

"I THINK if 'A Troubled Husband' ever needs a housekeeper and will pay fifty cents an hour for her time, h will not need to look very far, as he will be simply swamped with applications; but I think he has made a mistake in the value of a woman's time. All time is of value, but not always of *cash* value, and no paid housekeeper ever receives so much as that.

"Then again, which hours are worth fifty cents—the hours in which she prepares the meals, or the hours spent on the verandah or calling on friends? There are at least seventeen hours in a day, and surely he would not value them all the same, for every one must have some leisure, and sometimes it is a rest to sit and darn a few socks. One is not always in the humour for music or reading, and little boys are not always hanging round waiting for instruction, so if a wife can rest and at the same time save a few cents by darning seventeen-cent socks and making them last another three or four times, she is helping her husband that much; for even thirty dollars a week has an end if not carefully spent.

"Next time your correspondent sallies forth to buy socks, I would advise him to buy something more durable than 17c. socks. There are socks sold for a few cents more a pair which are guaranteed to last at least one month without darning; then he will show his own good business sense and also save his wife's time.

"In another article in the July issue a woman tells how she and her sister succeeded in paying for a home of their own, not in economising in food, but by making over hats, dresses and coats, and by making underwear out of anything that was warm; they mended and darned and renovated *old stockings*, made trousers for the boy out of men's discarded ones, and so on. This woman thought it no waste of time to do these things, and she was a practical woman; and I myself think it part of a wife's duties to make everything go as far as it will, for what a wife can save is what she earns."—*Mrs. J. J., R. R. 2, Apohaqui, N.B.*

17c. Socks are False Economy

"'A Troubled Husband,' in his letter seems to subject his wife's people to some unmerited criticismfor having trained her for the responsible and worthy position of wife and mother, and ,incidentally, housewife. What could be more commendable? Surely they do not deserve the slur which is cast upon them for so doing, and is it not lamentable that under the circumstances he has used the expression 'She has been brought up to mend socks', as though that were something criminal, rather than something which should be taught in every public school.

"If 'Troubled Husband' is so considerate of his wife, why does he pay only 17c. for socks? With about half the wage that 'Troubled Husband' earns, I manage to pay 50c. a pair and find them far more economical than the cheaper sort. Is it a husband's business to say what work a wife shall or shall not do when she has a spare hour to sit down? I consider that 'Troubled Husband' should be thankful that his wife does not spend her time in reading, music, etc., to the exclusion of such duties as making her husband's socks comfortable to wear. If he has ever lived in any of the larger cities in the West, he will probably have seen dozens of wives spending their time in the big departmental stores, till within a few minutes of noon, then rushing to the grocery department to buy ready cooked ham, canned goods and other expensive foodstuffs, rather than stay at home long enough to cook nourishing, appetising meals.

"The modern housewife is all too ready to neglect domestic duties, which, after all, are what the competent wife or mother takes a delight in doing. I am pained to find any man holding his wife up to criticism for so commendable an action as quietly sitting down in her own home to darn socks, planning, maybe, the routine for the next day or week's work. Too few of us, men or women, sit down quietly to face our own thoughts, as this good woman apparently does. Is it not the present day tendency to rush from one amusement to another—from one job to another—to drown our thoughts? The pin money suggestion, commendable as it may be, will never justify any right-minded woman in neglecting her more irksome duties, even at the suggestion of her husband. 'Troubled Husband' should thank Heaven that there are still women who are not given to wasteful methods, which are unworthy of such a woman as he and I are blessed with.

"As to the capacity of the average woman to earn 50c. an hour, I would like to ask 'Troubled Husband' what form of labour will return half this sum and at the same time let the wife rest herself and leave her free to talk or think. If 'Troubled Husband's' wife cannot see the false economy which he has tried to point out, I think I may say that there are thousands more who cannot see it either, and my wife and I are among the number. Does she not do many things every day which are wholly and solely for his comfort, which, reckoned in dollars and cents, would not be worth a five cent piece?

"I feel I shall not have done justice to the subject without telling you that I am acting as spokesman for my wife and several other women who feel exactly as I do on this subject."—*F. B. P., Battleford, Sask.*

Larger Things of Life More Important

"The easiest way to get people to do things they are not inclined to do is to show them plainly the necessity for it, and then leave them alone to choose of their own sweet will. There is a streak in human nature that very much resembles the mule. To be constantly told to correct our weaknesses and failings is to bias us against doing so, while to be placed in circumstances where our own shortcomings show up against the strong characteristics of others is to arouse our mettle, and we put forth every talent we possess to measure up to the standard of those with whom we are associated.

"Now, in the instance cited, Mary's environment is going to have a great deal to do with her seeing the necessity for self-improvement. If her daily associates are those who pride themselves in having every old sock darned, to the detriment of the higher and more important things of life, then Mary, if her disposition is at all inclined to follow that trend, will be sure to fall in line; but place her in surroundings where her associates find real and lasting pleasure in the important, vital things of life, and she will get a vision undreamed of before. Cut off her supply of entertainment from her old associates and she will lose interest in the little things of life, simply because there will be no person to appreciate or applaud her efforts, while her energies, seeking for an outlet, will imbibe the ideas of her new associates. Much can be done to encourage and stimulate her efforts by honest appreciation of the little she accomplishes in the right direction and by simply ignoring the time and energy wasted on useless things.

"We cannot compel any person to our way of thinking—we must draw them—and the strongest personality will win in every case; so 'Troubled Husband' will need to keep busy developing himself, if he is going to be big enough to pull his wife to his way of thinking."—*Mrs. W. H., Edmonton, Alta.*

Simplify Housekeeping

"I confess to a feeling of admiration for Mary. With her, thrift is innate, instinctive. Her conscience would not allow her to discard socks after three or four wearings, and in my opinion she is right. Imagine the moral effect on the children were they to see their father's socks consigned to the rag bag without even one darning. Would they not grow up with the idea that sock-darning is an unnecessary accomplishment?

"I imagine that Mary's home is sweet and clean, her cooking dainty and nourishing, and that she never wastes anything. In the generally accepted sense of the term, she is a thrifty housewife.

"But, notwithstanding her many excellent qualities, Mary may not be as much of a companion to her husband as she should be. From the tone of his letter I fear she is forgetting that we are expected to cater to our husband's mental, as well as material, needs. Surely an all-round thrifty woman should keep herself mentally fit. She should be able to discuss current events, new books, magazine articles, or business problems. She should be his companion, not merely his housekeeper.

"But to return to the socks. How can Mary darn and still have time for music and mental improvement? It would be more conducive to real thrift if 'Troubled Husband' were to buy socks of better quality—socks that will not need darning so soon and that will be more worth it when the time comes.

"But leaving out this particular instance and speaking of housekeeping in its broadest sense, could we not simplify our work? Could we not eliminate from our homes many articles that are neither useful nor beautiful, and by having simple furnishings, simple meals, and simple clothing, make time for the things that are most worth while? Do we not sacrifice too much time on non-essentials?

"I should like to pass on to the readers of your excellent magazine a sentence bearing on this point which I read not long ago: 'When there are so many interesting places to visit, so many charming people to meet, so many constructive things to do, and so much inspiring literature to read, it is a pity that women burden themselves with the care of costly bric-a-brac.'

"Let us banish some of the bric-a-brac from our lives, no matter in what form it may exist, and learn to put first things first. Simple living would surely tend to both mental and material thrift, and also leave time to darn socks for the best man in the world."—*M. A., R.R. 3, Oshawa, Ont.*

Buy Socks of Better Quality

"If 'Troubled Husband' exercises as little thought in all his purchasing as he did in buying those socks, it was certainly a blessing that he provided himself with a careful housekeeper. If he had any idea of the usual price of socks or their wearing qualities, he would scarcely be so proud of his bargain, nor would he have indulged in twelve pairs of such rubbish. If any one has any doubts about the bargain, his next words will dispel them. 'After I had worn them three or four times, they were beyond mending.' Had he bought six pairs of a thirty-five or fifty-cent quality, they would, with careful laundering, have lasted through the entire season.

"I do not wonder that the busy, economical wife tried to make his foolish purchase last as long as possible. If there is to be an expenditure of $2.00 a month for socks, and other articles proportionately, she will need to consume much personal energy to make the wheels move smoothly and comfortably on thirty dollars a week.

"This brings me to the real gist of the matter. We should give more thought to our purchases, both food and clothing. The rash expenditures in so-called bargains, and careless buying in every way have more to do with the highcost of living and the hurry and friction in our homes than any other six subjects you could mention.

"If the heads of families would become familiar with prices and general qualities of food and clothing, and instruct their children in the secret of detecting a good bargain from a cheap imposition, there would be more time for pleasure for Mother—and Father, too—and less friction than at the present high pressure of making both ends meet."—*A Mother.*

"Why did the man bring home such cheap socks? I don't know the circumstances of that home, but this I do know—and I'm just as careful as any woman—that I'd be darned if I would darn seventeen-cent socks for any man. He is a cheap guy, anyway. Doesn't he know yet that it pays to get the best at any time? Perhaps he is a newlywed, but you might tell him for me that it is hardly worth while talking about it. I'm sorry, too, for the woman, if she has to be put in the papers for being careful enough to darn seventeen-cent socks. I would like to live with that seventeen-cent man just one week! I think he would change some. I wonder what his next subject will be!"—*Mrs. W. E. H., Box 487, Truro, N.S.*

Old Ideas of Economy

"The woman you represent as spending a valuable hour of her time trying to mend a pair of seventeen-cent socks is only typical of hundreds of our women to-day, who have been so thoroughly schooled in the old-fashioned ideas of household economy that they are rapidly losing the larger vision of life, and are missing a great deal of the intellectual expansion and uplift which come from social intercourse with their fellow beings and sympathetic interest in the world at large.

"I do not think the fault in the case of the socks lies entirely with the wife. I do not believe that the man who invested in a dozen pairs of seventeen-cent socks, which needed mending the first week of wearing, displayed very much business ability or sagacity. If he had purchased six pairs of really good socks at thirty-five cents, he would have received much better value for his money and saved his wife several hours of drudgery. No thrifty housewife likes to see a pair of socks discarded after the first week of wear, and her natural and commendable instinct is to save them if possible. But, on the other hand, most modern housekeepers spend far too great a percentage of their time within the confines of their houses, forgetting that the making of a home involves something a great deal broader and more significant than can be acquired in any four-walled structure.

"The call of the age is to woman. Never have possibilities for her development and achievement been so great; and the outcome of the present world-struggle is infinitely more vital to woman than to man. A great responsibility is resting on woman to-day; and the call is not for expert housekeepers, laundresses, or needle-women—these are but minor accessories. What the world demands is sane, broadminded, liberally educated, capable, reasoning wives, mothers and sisters, willing and able to shoulder their burden of responsibilities and ready to take their part in the development and maintenance of a pure and upright humanity.

"To-day children are receiving an education so much broader, and entering upon life with ideas so different from those of their forefathers, that every mother who wishes to retain the confidence and guidance of her children must strive hard to keep up with them in their mental and social development. The problem of efficient motherhood is not easy. The modern woman must not only be a systematic and capable housekeeper, but she must be a sympathetic

(Continued on page 31)

This is the Letter About Which Our Readers are Writing

"I am a fairly contented married man, having taken to wife the daughter of a fairly well off Alberta family, who had brought up the girl to think of nothing else but future marriage. I thought at that time that this was excellent, but since then I have been thinking a little differently. I earn thirty dollars a week, which manages to keep us both quite comfortably. I love my wife. She is a good housekeeper so far as I can see, but in the light of certain things she is somewhat a little unbusinesslike in conducting her home.

"About three months ago I went to town and brought home a dozen pairs of half silk and lisle socks, which cost me 17c. a pair, which is a very reasonable price as socks go. But after I had worn them three or four times the feet developed pretty big holes, and my wife will persist in darning these 17c. socks. The last pair she spent a whole hour over, yet I keep telling her, 'Mary, surely your time is worth at least 50c. an hour. Why spend 50c. to save 17c.?' And I tell her that if she has an hour or two on her hands, instead of darning 17c. socks why doesn't she use that hour to improve her mind by reading some good book or studying her music, or devoting it to teaching our eldest kid, who is seven this coming August, or devising ways of making pin money for herself in accordance with the suggestions in your valuable magazine. Still, she can't seem to see the economy of that kind of thing. She can only see that she has been brought up to mend socks and so she is going to save those 17c. socks even if it takes 50c. worth of her time."

"God!" John heard him breathe, "Thy judgment!" "Are you hurt?" John asked. At the sound of the familiar voice, the minister struggled to his feet. His face was dead white. "You!" he gasped, and stepped back.

GIVING THE BEST THAT IS IN US

LITTLE JOHN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

By GORDON ROGERS

Illustrated by HOWARD EDWARDS

"LITTLE" John MacLean, six feet two high and two feet six broad in his coonskin coat, pulled up his spirited black mare before the leading jeweller's shop in Farmington on Christmas Eve, and for such a "little" man stepped very nimbly from his smart red sleigh.

A pedestrian greeted him with "Merry Christmas!" and held out a friendly hand, wincing in the next moment at the grip of the strong fingers hastily unmittened by John. Another, with the same greeting, but more tact, punched "Mac" ineffectually, but none the less sincerely, in the ribs. Smiling, in his slow way, John paused before entering the shop to look into its western window, where the star dresser, Mr. Herb Midge, had displayed with much care and taste the jeweller's most alluring wares. Here was a veritable mine of precious stones set in platinum or gold, gleaming and glittering in the window's softly shaded lamps. But they showed nothing, John thought, nearer to being worthy as a Christmas gift to the "little girl" at Apple Hill than the "trinket" for which he had now come.

The proprietor—himself the Grand High Floor Walker of the Busy Season—with an ingratiating smile came forward when Little John loomed large between the plate glass doors. For Little John and his wife-to-be were not only well-off, but popular, and there would be a good deal of money spent in this shop in wedding presents for the prospective Mrs. John MacLean of Apple Hill.

"Your order is quite ready," advised the jeweller, and sent a clerk away for "the pendant for Mr. John MacLean."

"The prettiest piece of work my shop has turned out this year!" he declared, when the clerk had handed him a little satin-lined case. With a flourish he held a pear-shaped pendant of flawless pearls and diamonds daintily aloft between finger and thumb, challenging John's approval with an appraising eye.

It was certainly a pretty thing, John conceded heartily; and it would look prettier still, was his thought, at Dorothy's white throat. He nodded his satisfaction; and from a deep inner pocket of his overcoat drew a cheque book, while the jeweller very politely proffered a fountain pen. At the same moment John became aware, through the medium of an oval mirror at his elbow on the show case, that he was being quite frankly inspected by a woman who was leaning over the case a few yards away.

"'Little' John MacLean, of Apple Hill; a farmer, and rich," communicated Mr. Midge softly, as he placed a tray of trinkets before the woman, and showed his gold-filled teeth in an ingratiating smile. She was a rather handsome woman of about thirty, somewhat made up, but dressed in good taste in well-fitting black, relieved by her white boa, her white gaiters, her black-stitched white gloves, and the white wings in her smart toque. She was tall, and her figure—as Mr. Midge had appraisingly noted—was decidedly good. But it was her rich, low contralto voice, somewhat out of harmony with the hardness of her black eyes, that had at once charmed Mr. Midge and made him instantly curious as to who and what she was. She had, as he mentally and somewhat shrewdly phrased it, "the professional air."

"For a farmer, 'Little John's' taste seems to be pretty good," she remarked.

"Sure thing!" smiled Mr. Midge. "Little John knows a thing or two. His house and library and horses are what you call famous around here."

"How interesting!" John had returned his cheque book to the deep inner pocket of his coonskin coat, and was slipping the jeweller's package after it; and Mr. Midge noted that John himself seemed equally interesting to the woman in black and white, even to his broad back as he buttoned up his big coat. "He is—a bachelor?" she inquired softly, using her eyes on Mr. Midge.

"Just for a while," cooed the shop's star dresser. "He's to be sacrificed on the altar of matter o' money in June."

"Oh? And the beautiful pendant is a Christmas box for the bride-to-be? Lucky girl!"

"It cost him three hundred bucks," volunteered Mr. Midge.

"And who is the lucky lady in the case?"

"Little Dorothy Snow, of Apple Hill, Madam."

"Dorothy Snow, of Apple Hill! Sounds like something cool and good to eat, don't it?" There was a little jarring note in the woman's low laugh. "And is she a beauty or an heiress, little Dorothy Snow?"

"Both. She's said to be the most beautiful girl in Farmington when she comes to town; and she's the daughter of Cyrus Snow, who is as well fixed as big Mac. Their farms adjoin."

"I see! An alliance of interests, eh? Or is it a love affair?"

"On Little John's side I guess *yes*. But they say—" Mr. Midge leaned nearer to his customer and toyed with the trinkets in the tray. And the lady with the "professional air" leaned sympathetically nearer to him, and displayed marked histrionic ability in the critical inspection of a brooch. "They say that Dorothy is badly gone on the young chap who will likely marry them—the new minister at Apple Hill."

"How romantic! And how tragic, too! And he—the new minister—?"

"I've heard he's as hard hit, too. And I believe it, though he don't show it and give it away like she does, when I've seen them here together in town, and about church fairs and things at Apple Hill. He only went to Apple Hill three months ago. It was a case of 'first sight', I guess. Of course, it's only gossip; but people will talk, you know."

"Of course. But this big man, Mr. MacLean—doesn't *he* know?"

MR. MIDGE shrugged, and smiled his golden smile while he held a trinket up between finger and thumb, in imitation of his employer.

"It would be pretty hard to guess or find out what Little John thinks about anything till he expresses himself," said Mr. Midge. "But it's been a sort of understood thing, ever since she was a tot, that he would marry Dot when she grew up."

"I see. He's loved her ever since she was a baby."

"That's about it, I guess," agreed Mr. Midge. "Little John was twenty-one when Dot was born, though he wasn't any littler then than he is now. But"—Mr. Midge leaned forward again, and dropped his voice still lower—"it's odd to me that Francis Page don't—why—why. . ."

"Who—who did you say?"

"Francis Page, the Reverend Francis Page, the young new minister at Apple Hill. Do you know him, Madam?"

THE lady in black and white had quickly recovered her composure. She laughed her low laugh, but it was somehow rather unpleasant to hear this time, Mr. Midge thought.

"Oh, yes! I know him; quite well! He's a very old friend." Mr. Midge wondered. "What did you say is the name of the place where Mr. Page *preaches?*"

"Apple Hill."

"Ah, yes! Apple Hill. Are his *sermons* said to be very *good?*"

"Very classy, and he's very popular. Did you say that you would care for this?" Mr. Midge indicated a trinket on the tray.

"No, thank you! Yes, I think that I should like to hear Frank preach; a Christmas sermon, all about *giving*. Is it far from here to this Apple Hill?"

"About seven miles; an hour's drive."

"I see. I could get a driver, I suppose?"

"Why, yes. There's a very good livery in connection with the Commercial Hotel."

"I'm stopping at the Commercial. Yes, I think I would like to pay my dear Father Confessor, the Reverend Francis Page, a flying visit; and perhaps he will take me for an angel." Even Mr. Midge smiled at this, as he suspected that the attitude of mind of the strange lady toward the new minister at Apple Hill was not perhaps altogether angelic. Mr. Midge's natural curiosity was very much aroused.

"Perhaps John MacLean, who will likely be driving back to Apple Hill soon, would be glad to give you a seat," suggested Mr. Midge. He looked about the shop; but Little John's head, over all, was not to be seen.

"That is really a good idea!" approved the lady, laughing, as she adjusted her boa before a case mirror.

"He always stops at the Commercial for dinner when in town; keeps a room there, in fact, right along," said Mr. Midge, his arms upon the case again, as he more openly admired the strange woman, with his eyes. "It isn't our classiest hotel, of course. But it's the oldest house, and comfortable, and the grub is good. I feed there myself."

"Then perhaps I'll see you again—feeding! If I don't eat my Christmas dinner at Apple Hill—who knows?" She lowered her black fringed lids and gave the little clerk a "professional" look from her bold black eyes that caused his susceptible heart to suddenly beat quite fast.

"Sure thing!" he managed to whisperingly articulate. "And—say! You can 'phone Mr. Page from the hotel. The line to Apple Hill's open till eight."

"Now, that is really an inspiration, Mr. ——"

"Midge," capped that gentleman promptly. "Herb Midge."

"Mr. Herb Midge. Yes, I think instead of that cold drive to Apple Hill I'll 'phone Frank to come to me. And thank you, Mr. Midge, for all the information you have given me."

"Oh, not at all, Miss—er—Mrs. ——"

"Mrs. Wall." She bent over the tray of trinkets again. "Yes, I will play Santa Claus to-night. I'll take this little silver cross for Frank. He will be so surprised and pleased! How much is it?"

"Two dollars," said Mr. Midge blithely. He was already looking forward to Christmas dinner at the Commercial with Mrs. Wall. Perhaps he would learn a good deal more about Frank Page. And wouldn't the boys be surprised to see him dining with this classy dame! She

(*Continued on page 20*)

OF the utmost interest to parents is the article, "The Greatest Debt in the World," appearing in January. In it Canada's leading men tell you what home influences affected their lives most; and you will know if YOUR boy or girl is receiving the right kind of home influence.

No. 1—The forehead prominent at the base indicates the keen observer, and the practical man having very little use for theory, unless it can be applied in a practical manner.

No. 2—This shows the frontal sinus which is seemingly designed by nature as a sounding board for the voice and—in the ridge formed—a protection for the eyes.

No. 3—Prominent at the base and full at the top marks the scientific man who observes, and reasons back to the "why" of things, but who forgets events and stories.

No. 4—The literary man has a forehead well rounded in the centre which gives him the memory necessary to the writer and author—the memory for events, stories, happenings.

No. 5—Fullness in the upper part shows the reflective man; the man who reasons, thinks, and theorises, and is more interested in the reason of things than in the things themselves

YOUR BOY'S EYES AND FOREHEAD: HIS CHANCE OF FUTURE SUCCESS

By ARTHUR B. FARMER
Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto

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"THAT boy sees everything," is an exclamation frequently heard, and, as a rule, his bright, keen, alert eyes do see everything. Probably the family sometimes wish that he did not see quite so much. That's one way in which we consider his eyes.

"He's got his mother's eyes, bless him!" murmurs grandmother, and that's the other way his eyes are considered. Nothing more. And yet the eyes are not only the windows of the soul—as the poets fondly declare—but they are a clear indication of character and of health—both important. When the doctor asks to see your tongue, he gives a keen, sharp look at your eyes also, and reads as much from the one as from the other. Most people know that the white of the eye shows health or the reverse, but very few know that the iris—the coloured part—clearly and surely indicates the condition of the whole body.

Health is shown by a clear, unmarked white, which in inflammatory conditions becomes reddened; in liver troubles takes on a yellowish hue; and in anæmia will be quite blue. The coloured part should be a perfect mother-of-pearl blue or a clear brown, according to race. Inflammation is indicated in the iris by white lines or clouds; inactive, catarrhal, or tubercular conditions by dark patches; and loss of tissue by black marks. These marks are definitely located to correspond with the part of the body affected.

Persons of the greatest physical and mental energy are invariably described as having bright, clear, blue eyes. In public speakers a dilatation of the pupil often takes place as a result of intense excitement, causing the eyes to appear to be black for the time.

Different Types of Eyes

EYES differ in prominence, form, position, slope, slant, and expression, and each difference and variation has a distinctive meaning, which may be read by any one who is willing to give a little time and thought to the study.

PROMINENCE.—Eyes are prominent or deep-set according to the development of that part of the brain that lies directly above and back of the eye socket; if this portion is well developed, it pushes the eye down and forward. This part of the brain is generally recognized as the seat of the power to understand and use words; and just as a large muscle can work harder and longer than a small muscle, so a person with a large speech centre can talk longer and more vigorously than he whose speech centre is small. Send the person with the large speech centre to the woods to live, or anywhere where there is no one to whom he can talk, and he becomes morose and melancholy, talks to himself or to the birds and animals. He must talk to some one or something, and will talk all day. His tongue is "hung in the middle," and he uses both ends, turn about. The quality and worth of what he says depends on the development of other parts of the brain and on his general attainments.

A little girl of this type, who had astonished her friends by passing an examination for which she was not prepared, explained it by saying, "I just put down everything I knew." Such persons often tell a good deal more than they know.

The over-loquacious boy should be taught to weigh carefully the exact meaning of every word and to be sure of the absolute accuracy of every statement. Carelessness of speech, amounting to exaggeration, and even untruth, is his danger. If he cannot be cured otherwise, make him stand by his statements and take the consequences. He should join a debating club, where the discussions are taken seriously and are on grave subjects, so that he is obliged to read and think deeply and thus learn to have something worth saying.

The boy with the deep-set eyes has very little to say and usually has difficulty in saying that little. Frequently he is told that he is "tongue-tied" and exhorted to "speak up." But this only adds to his inability to express himself. He should be encouraged to join in all conversations and, without drawing attention to his backwardness, should be given time to say all he can, and should neither be teased nor laughed at. This boy should join a debating club, too, and should take an active part in all discussions. Nothing rubs off sharp angles and turns defects into assets so quickly as the merciless criticism and keen comments of other boys.

When the great physical energy and activity of the convex blonde is found in combination with prominent eyes, we have the irrepressible talker and, in extreme types, the irresponsible. The wise parent will endeavour to correct this in childhood. The deeply set dark eye shows a person of few words, who prefers working to talking.

The prominence of the eye should be judged by comparison with the cheek below the eye and not with the forehead, because an extra large development of the forehead does not necessarily mean that the language centre is weak—it merely makes the eyes appear less prominent.

No. 1—Mental concentration causes perpendicular lines between the eyebrows.

No. 2—Authority draws the eyebrows down and into a straight line.

No. 3—Surprise elevates the eyebrows, giving a wide-open effect.

No. 4—Pain raises the inner corner of the eyebrow and lowers the outer.

IF you have a boy in your home, why not find out for what he is best fitted? Write to Professor Farmer, filling in the Chart of Questions on pages 32 and 54.

FORM.—If you notice the shape of the eyes of the people whom you meet, you will find that they fall into two classes; those that are bounded by straight lines and those that are outlined by curves.

The straight line indicates the straight path. The eye bounded by straight lines shows a sense of duty and is the eye of conscience. The lower lid of this eye is almost straight, and the upper lid is of two lines, which form the other two sides of the triangle, whose obtuse angle is over the eye, with the acute angle at its outer edge. This is the eye to be trusted. In the other extreme, concealment instinctively tends to partly close the eye, thus eliminating the straight lines that give the conscience eye its triangular form. Credulity gives a form to the eye, between these two, opening it somewhat wider than the conscience eye, but without the characteristic triangular form. Chinese of a particularly good moral fibre, have the triangular eye, but as a rule the element of concealment is dominant in the character of placid John, and his eyes show the rounded rather than the triangular form.

POSITION.—Most of us are prejudiced against eyes set close together, though but few can give any satisfactory reason for this attitude of mind. When the eyes are very close together, the person lacks the ability to judge distances, has poor sense of proportion, and is devoid of perspective. The position of the physical eye makes it impossible for him to see as *far around* any object as he could were his eyes farther apart. Try the experiment of holding a pencil six inches from the eyes and looking at it with one eye only. You see but half-way around and cannot tell with certainty if it be round or flat. Looking at it with both eyes, you see more than half-way round, and the farther your eyes are apart, the farther around you can see. From this simple illustration it is clear that the wider apart the eyes are, the better one can judge of forms, distances, and perspective. The physical characteristics of this position of the eye appear to affect the mental processes, and usually the person with eyes close together is unable to see both sides of any question or to put himself into any one else's place, in order to get their point of view. He sees things only as they affect himself, and his horizon is bounded by his own circumstances and interests. We call him narrow-minded, selfish and self-centred, and in life and business he is handicapped by being unable to grasp the other man's point of view and ideas. The parents of this boy should do all they can to make him see things

(*Continued on page 30*)

No. 1—Width outside the outer corner of the eye shows a sense of value.

No. 2—Want of width outside the eye indicates an inability to keep accounts.

No. 3—A drooping upper lid shows inself reuce.

No. Interest is shown in well opened eyes.

No. 5—Excitement causes the eye to open widely

No. 6—Scrutiny raises both lower and upper lids.

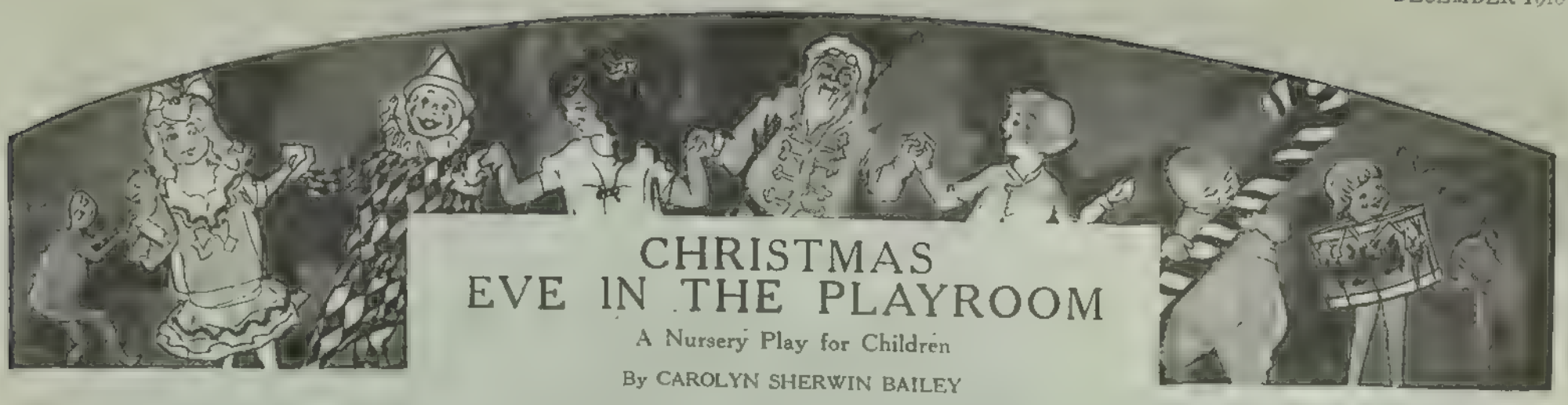
No. 7—Wonder is shown in the round, full eye.

No. 8—The triangular eye is to be trusted.

No. 9—Secrecy tends to close both lids, long and narrow.

No. 10—Narrow between the eyes shows a tendency to narrow-mindedness.

No. 11—Width between the eyes indicates broad-mindedness.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE PLAYROOM

A Nursery Play for Children

By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Cast of Characters

ELEANOR—A Nursery Child.
JACK—Eleanor's Brother
THE OLD DOLL—A Very Little Girl.
HARLEQUIN—A Boy.
BILLIKEN—A Fat Boy.
THE DRUM—A Very Small Boy.
SANTA CLAUS—An Older Boy.
SOME BROWNIES—Smaller Children.

Costumes

ELEANOR: A long, white night gown.

JACK: Pink flannel pyjamas.

THE OLD DOLL: Very ragged and soiled gingham dress. She wears only one shoe, one stocking is hanging. Her hair is snarled and her face smudged with charcoal to make it dirty.

HARLEQUIN: Red and yellow cotton clown suit, torn. One arm is done up in a sling, and he wears a bandage around his head. His face is whitened with powder and lined with red crayon, or he may wear a clown mask.

BILLIKEN: A toy shop Billiken suit and mask. It has holes cut at the knees, elbows and toes, through which the stuffing is coming out.

THE DRUM: The drum foundation is two toy hoops fastened together with a strip of cardboard. Heavy wrapping paper or canvas covers the top and bottom. There are two holes in the bottom for the child's legs and one in the top for his head. The drum is painted to represent a real drum, but the top is torn and the straps hang loose at the sides. The child has to be sewed into the drum.

SANTA CLAUS: A red flannel suit trimmed with white cotton batting

THE BROWNIES: Tight fitting brown flannel breeches and short jackets. Pointed brown shoes, and pointed caps made of the same material as the suits.

ACT I.

Place: A nursery. Two cribs stand in one corner, in which Eleanor and Jack are tucked, fast asleep. In another corner there is an untrimmed Christmas Tree. The light is dim. A clock strikes nine, very slowly. The Old Doll and Harlequin enter softly on their tiptoes, looking cautiously around. Eleanor and Jack waken and sit up in bed, wonderingly, but do not speak.

The Old Doll: "She hasn't come yet?"

Harlequin: "Who, my dear?"

The Old Doll: "The New Doll, of course. She's expected. That's the reason I was put up in the attic this morning, but I just couldn't stand it a minute longer." She shivers, and walks toward the Christmas Tree with little mincing, doll steps. "The mice! Ugh! I can hear them now—the ill-bred creatures—dancing and squeaking, and pointing their paws at me. And such a wind! I'm nearly perished with the cold." She crosses to the fireplace, warming her hands and pulling her skirts about her. "The New Doll will sit on the very tip top of the Christmas Tree. I sat on top of a Christmas Tree once, but that was a year ago, before I was dragged about by my heels and chewed by the baby and left out of doors by Eleanor, and scalped by Jack, before I was 'The Old Doll'."

Harlequin dances softly about and tries to turn a somersault, which he is unable to do because of his broken head. "Cheer up, my dear. It's all in a toy's life. Suppose you had slept last night in the wood shed, in the puppy's basket. That's where Jack dropped me after he broke my arm. I haven't a whole bone in my body. I've been pounded, and cuffed, and made to do tricks when I didn't feel like it. I thought I'd just drop in for a minute to see this old circus ground before the new clown comes. Of course, it's my last night. Why, bless my pantaloons, who's this?"

Billiken enters in such haste that he falls down. He picks himself up and looks furtively behind him, wagging his head from side to side all the time as though it were loose and about to fall off. "I got away from him. He didn't eat me up after all. He had as many stripes as a tiger, and a roar like a lion, and the teeth of a dragon, but I escaped." He paces nervously up and down.

The Old Doll: "Who?"

Harlequin: "Who?"

Both together: "*Who?*"

Billiken: "The Tommy Cat! I'm left in the cellar every night now, and the Tommy Cat came in by way of the window. He chewed me here."

He holds up one hand.

"And here!" He holds up the other hand.

"And look at my head! He sat on me and the stuffing left my neck." He sits down, cross-legged, on the floor. Harlequin hurries over and pats him on the back.

Harlequin: "Cheer up, old man! You're safe here, anyway."

The Old Doll, taking Eleanor's work bag from a nail in the wall, and crossing to Billiken's side: "I will sew up your rips, sir."

Billiken, gratefully: "You're very kind, I'm sure, but don't be long about it."

He looks at the Christmas Tree.

"I'll have to be moving on soon. This isn't the right place for me. I'm not fit, now. I'm an old toy."

The Drum enters, and looks about; "I won't stop for long. I'm on my way to the barn. I was sent there this morning by Jack. He says I'm no good now."

Speaking to Harlequin: "Would you mind pounding me a little, sir, to see if I *bang?*"

Harlequin beats The Drum. Billiken and The Old Doll beat him also, but he makes no sound.

The Drum: "That's what I thought; I'm burst. The barn for me!"

He starts toward the door.

Harlequin: "Wait a bit, old chap!"

Billiken: "You see, we're all going there!"

The Old Doll: "Yes, we'll go with you. We can't stay here. We're the old toys, and the new ones will be here presently."

Jack, jumping out of bed and turning on the light: "Oh, I say, don't go. We jolly well like you. We're sorry we treated you so."

Eleanor, jumping out of bed, too, and taking The Old Doll's hand: "Oh, Jackie dear, I'm terribly sorry for them. What can we do?"

Jack, pompously: "Why, there's only one thing to do."

Eleanor: "Oh, what, Jackie?"

Jack: "We'll take them to Santa Claus!"

ACT II.

Place: Santa Claus' work shop, with tables, work benches, and a candy kettle over the fire. The Brownies are seen, all very busy. One stirs candy, another is painting a doll's house. Some are seated on the tables, putting in dolls' eyes and painting toy animals.

The shop door opens, Eleanor enters leading The Old Doll, and Jack follows with Harlequin. Billiken and The Drum bring up the rear. Santa Claus enters *left*. The Brownies jump down and huddle together at the right.

Santa Claus, lifting his spectacles, and speaking in a gruff voice: "This is preposterous, absurd, unpardonable, unwarranted. Such an intrusion was never heard of before in the history of Toyland. Do you know the penalty for entering my workshop on Christmas Eve?"

Jack, bowing very low: "We're sorry, sir, but we had to come. We've been rather bad—at least—that is—*I* have."

He leads Harlequin forward.

"Here's a perfectly good Clown that I broke, sir!"

He points to The Drum and Billiken.

"I beat *him* with a ball bat, and he broke. I left Billiken in the cellar, and the cat got at him. Do you think there's any little thing you could do for any of them, sir?"

He nudges Eleanor, speaking to her, aside. "Go on, 'fraid cat. I can't say any more. My teeth rattle so."

Eleanor, making a curtsey and taking The Old Doll up to Santa Claus: "Please, we are so very sorry. Jackie didn't do it all. This was the *beautifullest* doll, last year. Weren't you, Lucinda?" The Old Doll nods her head. "But I haven't combed her hair for weeks, and I lost her other shoe. *Could* you fix her up like a new doll?"

Eleanor goes closer to Santa Claus, and sees the twinkle in his eyes. She drops The Old Doll's hand and hugs him. "Oh, you dear old thing! You look just like your pictures."

Jack follows Eleanor and begins to tweak Santa Claus' beard.

"Yes, you do. You look nicer than your pictures."

Santa Claus, trying to speak sternly: "But there's a penalty. No chocolate drops for two weeks, and you will have to be good to your toys for a whole year!"

Jack: "We don't care!"

Eleanor: "No, *we* don't care!"

Jack, dancing about the shop and singing: "No more candy, but we don't care."

Eleanor: dancing, too, and singing, "Darling Lucinda shall have new hair."

Jack: "Billiken, gay as he used to be,"

Eleanor: "Shall smile and smile for the dolls to see."

Jack: "Harlequin, dance, as you used to do."

Eleanor: "Little Red Drum, *bang* loud and true."

The Brownies at a motion from Santa Claus change The Old Doll's dress, wash her face, comb her hair, tie on a fresh ribbon; mend The Drum, sew up Billiken, and remove Harlequin's bandages. Billiken beats The Drum in time to a real drum behind the scenes. Music is heard, and the children, Santa Claus, the Toys and the Brownies dance.

"This is preposterous, absurd, unpardonable, unwarranted. Such an intrusion was never heard of before in Toyland. Do you know the penalty for entering my workshop on Christmas Eve?"

Tableau

Jack and Eleanor are asleep, and the nursery is dark. The clock strikes five, and the room is lighted slowly. In the corner stands the Christmas Tree, decorated with balls, bells, and silver cobwebs. On the top of the tree is a real doll, dressed like The Old Doll after the Brownies had made her new. A toy Harlequin hangs beneath her, and on the floor stands a red Drum and a Billiken.

Jack and Eleanor slowly waken, rub their eyes in astonishment, and then jump up, clapping their hands in delight.

Do You Know These Babies?

Their Dispositions, Not Their Names

THIS boy would make a successful business man, but will find his greatest happiness and usefulness in the medical profession.

GOOD physique; serious and religious disposition; love of mechanics; very orderly and systematic. Likes to handle big things. Succeed in farming.

THOROUGHNESS; strong sense of duty. Can assume responsibility; likes admiration and will enjoy work of a public nature.

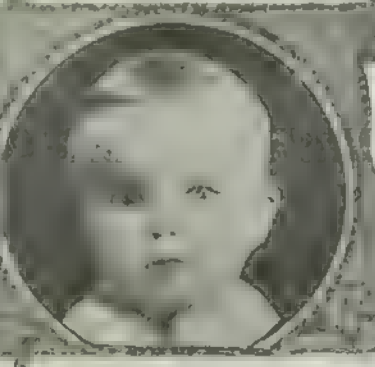
INTELLIGENT, quiet, fine. Likes home pursuits, such as gardening and poultry. A good listener and listens to advantage.

GOOD constitution, a well balanced intellect and good business ability. Rather conservative. He will succeed well as a retail merchant.

HERE we have the successful lawyer, although he would make a good business man. Intelligent, high strung, strong sense of duty.

A BORN leader; ambitious, optimistic, self-reliant, self-confident. Will be in business for himself, and give rather than take orders.

VERY strong sense of duty and can be counted on to do what is right once she is convinced. Strong independence; loves an argument or contest.



A VERY wholesome little girl, fine disposition and good intellect. Not very robust and will need care in what she eats.

GOOD practical intellect, great thoroughness, independence and energy. Likes responsibility and leadership. This baby girl will want to be "on her own."

SPLENDID constitution, fine intellect, lovable disposition; original, ambitious. Good public speaker. Love of machinery and of artistic design.

VERY practical, quick to make up his mind and tenacious in holding his own opinion; likes an argument, but listens much and says little.

BABY ECONOMICS

By KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

THE baby is coming into his own! His own and rightful place in the economics of the nation!

It costs far less to bring up a healthy child than one who is delicate.

We shied away from considering him from an economic view-point; it seems so sordid and material to think of him in terms of dollars and cents—but if we write it dollars and *sense*, we include both the monetary and the practical.

Health is the greatest gift parents can give a child; it means a fair start in life, and lays the foundation for the development—mind, body, soul—to the fullest limit of his possibilities.

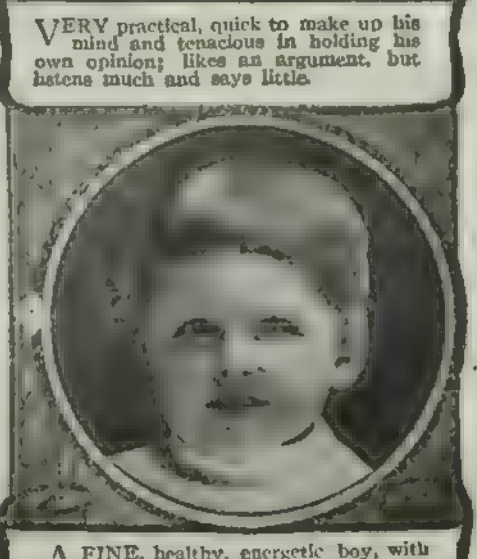
A healthy child costs the parents but little in actual cash, anxiety, care, and gives them much in happiness, cheer, contentment and the knowledge of duty well done.

A strong, healthy baby is the nation's greatest asset. Science, art, literature, politics, business—all yield to the man strong and wholesome in body and mind. He fills his place to its fullest extent, he does his work with efficient ease; he lives his own life in a broad-minded, whole-souled manner that makes for the strength and resourcefulness of the nation.

HEALTHY BABIES PAY!

Editor's Note: These photos were sent in by parents, and the readings are *bona fide*. See Chart of Questions on pages 32 and 54

THIS little girl is unusually intelligent and ambitious, fond of animals and children; would succeed in work that brings her before the public.

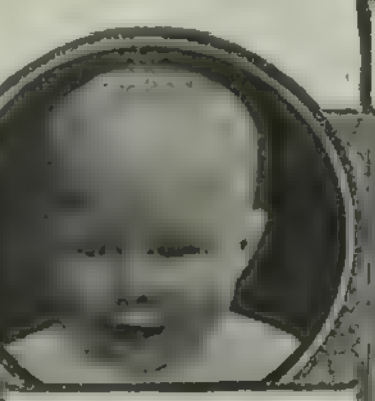


A FINE, healthy, energetic boy, with plenty of good spirits and the capacity for making friends; natural sense of ownership and business instinct.

AN unusually well balanced boy, will make good in the business world. Good sense of values, remembers prices; acts promptly and with tact.

A BRIGHT, happy little girl of good disposition and an inquiring turn of mind. Optimistic with religious tendencies.

A VERY attractive little girl, ... marked ... ability ... to recite in public ... d will succeed as an elocutionist or reader. Refined, artistic, sympathetic and unselfish.



BRIGHT, active boy; great ambition and confidence. Quick to make decisions, determined and thorough. Good salesman.

AMBITIOUS, strong religious tendencies, artistic and musical. Good head for figures. Not very strong, needs plenty of exercise, sleep, and fresh air.

AMBITION, the ability to imitate, love of admiration, variety and change mark a strong natural dramatic talent. Needs plenty of sleep.

GREAT courage and sociability mark this boy. Large capacity for making friends and likely to become an organizer and leader either in business, engineering or politics.

GOOD business ability, especially in high grade artistic goods, like jewellery, where reliability counts. May be attracted to the law and would succeed. Has self-confidence and likes leadership.

DECIDEDLY superior physique and mentality. Quick, sensitive, impressionable, affectionate, and independent. Musical talent, violin or vocal.

Lady Eleanor stepped forward to intercept the clerk, but Brandon stood before and stopped her.

LADY ELEANOR: LAWBREAKER

A stirring tale of ye olden days

By ROBERT BARR

Illustrated by ESTELLE M. KERR

New Reader Start Here:

Lord Brandon had, during his life-time, so strongly disapproved of his son's association with player-folk that he had disinherited him, and, in a new will, had left Brandon Hall to his niece, the Lady Eleanor Beaumont. Lady Eleanor considered this unjust, and looked upon herself as usurping her cousin's rights. This last will and testament could not be found, although but three persons knew where it had been deposited—Lord Brandon, Lady Eleanor, and Mr. Sharp, of Sharp & Clipper, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn. Lord Brandon died, Mr. Sharp had not removed the document; and the Lady Eleanor—?

The new Lord Brandon is in need of ready money to purchase Drury Lane Theatre, in which to produce "The Rivals," a play written by Dick Sheridan, who is to act the leading part. To accomplish this, he must sell Brandon Hall, and he visits the office of Sharp & Clipper on the same morning as the Lady Eleanor. Thus they meet for the first time since childhood. He greets the lawyer and his cousin, and brusquely asks what Brandon Hall will bring at auction. Before the lawyer sufficiently recovers from his surprise to give this information, Dick Sheridan, Kitty Clive and other player-folk, with servants bearing hampers of food and wine, come in. They have followed Charles to celebrate his accession to the title, but more particularly to the estate. They take possession of the office and set out the feast, despite the protests of the lawyer.

Lady Eleanor dispatches a messenger and a murmur, "Wait for the, for me."

Lord Brandon invites his friends, the player folk, to his country house to talk over their plans at their leisure. The Rivals." Mr Sharp sends his clerk, Humble Sycamore, up from London with documents for Lord Brandon to sign. Sycamore takes this opportunity to make love to Miss Chaffers, Lady Eleanor's aunt, and persuades her to promise to marry him on the assumption that he is coming into a fortune of two hundred pounds a year.

Lady Eleanor's maid, Sophia, tells Miles, the butler, that she has the late Lord Brandon's last will, and proposes that they extort money from Lord Brandon as the price of their silence and for giving up the will.

"SIR, you are mistaken. You mistook me then, and you mistake me now. I do not love you, nor can I ever love again."

"Again? Surely, Nell, you once cared for me, and surely your eyes, that were lit with the glow of Heaven, illuminating the lawyer's dismal den in London when we met a week ago, gave token you had not forgotten? Nelly! Nelly, you are quenching that conceit with which you taunted me. I am not the monster of self-esteem you think me. The lesson is not needed, Nell; a new fear tugs at my heart. Your cold words—your distant manner—Nelly, my girl, do not torture me. I have always loved you, and you know it."

"I know nothing of the kind, Lord Brandon. If I thought this new fancy, born of a moonlit evening and surroundings that appeal to what you call your heart, was not as evanescent as the moonlight, I should be sorry for you. As it is, I trust this transient emotion will fade quickly from your memory when you are again in London. You may be certain it will not linger in mine."

"You say you never loved me?"

"Never."

"As a girl you never loved me?"

"Your vanity finds that incredible, no doubt."

"Vanity! I have none. But love of you thrills every fibre of me. You say you never loved me. I must take that as true and am indeed deluded, but it was no vanity that misled me. Such love as mine loomed so huge that it seemed impossible that it could not draw forth its like from you. Great passion calls for great. But though deeply disappointed, I am not cast down—"

"I knew you would not be."

"You are harsh with me. I will win you yet, Nelly."

"Never."

"I swear it. I shall become the man you would have me be. I shall make myself worthy. My o'ertowering passion shall compel your love."

"It cannot. Never again will my heart beat to the promptings of love."

"Again? Twice you have used that word, which now takes on a sinister meaning. Again! Why do you say 'again'? Do you love another?"

"If you must know it, I have loved another."

"Who is he?"

"That you have no right to ask. Yet it matters little now who knows it. Like you, he went to London; but, unlike you, he cannot return. My only lover died in London; judge then how bitterly I hate your vaunted town."

"Eleanor, you break my heart. You loved another, and I, fond fool, never suspected it. Curst luck is mine. But, Nelly, your young heart is not forever sunk in an untimely grave?"

"It is."

"It must not be. 'Tis against nature. I, living, protest against the monopoly of the dead. Let me teach you to forget."

"You cannot. To me my lost love is more real than hosts of living men. Were I to tread the streets of London, his wan ghost were at my side, the only vital being in the throng to me, the multitude vanishing from my sight in his dear presence. Dead! you say; all else is dead, and he and I the sole survivors. I swear to God in Heaven that none but he shall ever call me wife."

"Then may God in Heaven spare a thought for me! None of His creatures need it now so sorely. Nelly, it is for your grief I should sorrow, but I am indeed selfish, as you charge me, and it is my own woe that fills my thoughts. Him you love is dead, yet, dying, loved you. My love lives, but turns from me with loathing."

Sinking into a chair, Brandon flung his arms on the table before it and buried his head in them. Eleanor turned away silently, then impetuously whirled round, taking a step toward him. But her footfall made no sound on the soft grass, and the man with his face hidden guessed nothing of her impulse. He remained motionless, while the girl, checking herself, let her outstretched hands fall to her sides, and went slowly across the terrace, and so into the house.

CHAPTER IV

MILES viewed his arrangements of glass and decanters with a critical eye, but his thoughts were not exclusively on his task. From the dining room adjoining came shouts of laughter and the clinking of glasses, indications that the banquet was progressing merrily. Miles was making preparations in the sumptuous withdrawing room for coffee and liqueurs, in readiness for the conclusion of the repast. He paused, listening to the sounds of festivity.

"What a rum world this is, to be sure," he soliloquised. "You may laugh—" and he waved his hand toward the curtained door "—but you wouldn't laugh so hearty if you knew the brink you are standing on. With one little push Sophia and I could send you whirling. Lor! To think of it! Young Brandon in all his pride is but a pauper, if he only knew it—a begging pauper!"

"Who's a pauper, Miles?"

Miles, startled, became aware of Humble Sycamore's unobtrusive entrance, and retorted:

"You are, for all I know."

Sycamore helped himself to a glass of wine, and smacked his lips.

"That's what you don't know. Why, I'm just coming in for a thousand a year when I marry Miss Chaffers. No pauper about that, Miles."

"No; she'll be the pauper then."

"You're witness to our arrangement, Miles. Remember that. I'll do something proper for you and Sophia the day I'm married. Sophia saw her in my arms, and I'll warrant you were looking on, too."

"Yes; thank 'ee, sir. We'll remember, and we'll witness till we're blind, sir."

"No, keep your eyes open. A blind witness is little good in law, Miles. I've been a-dodging of her since nightfall, for I think somehow she wants to break her bargain."

"Couldn't want that, sir, with a gentleman gent like you."

"It doesn't seem reasonable, does it? Breach of Promise, in that case, and heavy damages. You're witnesses, you and Sophia, remember, and I'll do something handsome the day of the verdict. Now, where's Lord Brandon? My horse is saddled, and all ready, and I must be in London to-morrow morning. I want him to sign these papers, and then I'm off."

"Beautiful night for a ride, sir."

"Yes; but where's Lord Brandon, so that I can begin to ride?"

"He's in there," said Miles, pointing to the dining room, "but not likely to come out while drink's a-flowing."

"But there's—"

Miles held up a warning hand. "Hush!" he interrupted, hearing footsteps he recognized. "'Tis Miss Chaffers coming." But the clerk had no time to escape.

"Villain!" was the lady's bitter salutation.

"Miles? A villain?" questioned Sycamore.

"No, *you*, Humble Sycamore!"

"You hear that?" cried Sycamore, appealing to Miles. "I'm a 'villain.' You heard it. That's good for a hundred pounds any day before a jury, if it's not proved."

"Brazen thief!"

"Me—a thief?"

"Yes, you, *you!*"

"Defamation of character in its harshest form. Anywhere from one fifty to three hundred. Go on, madam, go on."

"Serpent!"

"Doubtful [illegible] —say twenty-five quid," said Sycamore, with a pencil noting the statement on his writing tablet.

"Cut-purse and midnight robber!"

"One moment—'robber!' Yes, madam?"

"Crawling under false pretenses into a virtuous home!"

"'Virtuous home!'" Writing. "Prosecution will not deny the home is virtuous, but will dispute the crawling. I rode here. Continue, madam."

"You shameless liar, saying you had in prospect seven hundred a year."

"I can prove that I had. 'Shameless liar,' I think you said? Quite so." He added it to the list on his tablet. "Universally recognized as a phrase provocative of assault. Madam, be thankful you are not a man, and are thus safe from my just fury. Proceed, madam!"

"*Your* fury! You cowardly cat!"

"Ah that's a new term. Value uncertain—it may form a precedent. Sycamore *versus* Chaffers—'cowardly cat' rated by intelligent jury at fifteen pounds, let us say. You were about to remark, Miss Chaffers?"

"I was about to remark that I have learned, since I saw you, all about your deep duplicity."

"'Duplicity?' Thanks. Admirable word, imputing sneaking dishonesty. Anything more?"

"I scorn your contemptible attentions."

"And refuse to marry me?"

"Most assuredly I do."

Sycamore snapped shut his tablets and sighed deeply.

"How prone is the lay mind to exaggeration of expression! You should never enter into a discussion of this 'sort, madam, without a solicitor by your side, and should use no term unsanctioned by him. Madam, you have stirred me to the depths of my nature."

"You mean scoundrel!"

HASTILY Sycamore pulled out his tablets again, and made an entry.

"'Scoundrel!' Tut-tut-tut-tut! Probably the most costly word in our language. See Bayles *versus* Johnson. Yes, madam?"

"You thought I had no protector!"

"The law protects us all, madam. Yes, you'll find that to be the case."

"What do you mean?"

Sycamore struck a dramatic attitude, hand thrust into the bosom of his coat.

"You have wounded a tender heart, madam; you have imputed to me the basest of motives, madam; you have made use of appellations of contempt and calumny, madam, whose seriousness will be more fully explained by your solicitor when you repeat them to his shuddering ears, madam."

"You are a shuddering ass, sir!" retorted Selina, scornfully.

Sycamore hurriedly abandoned his statuesque pose to make another note.

"That's something new," he commented. "Another precedent, by the Chancellor! This will be a celebrated case. Is an ass that shudders worse than one that maintains an immovable calm? [illegible] a point for the jury. I think so. I do so."

"And yet—and yet—" faltered Selina, wavering perceptibly, "if you could convince me 'twas not avarice that tempted

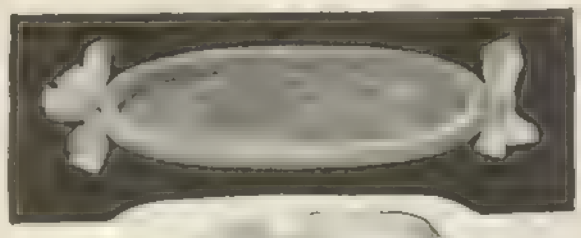
(*Continued on page 28*)

THE LITTLE ODD GIFT

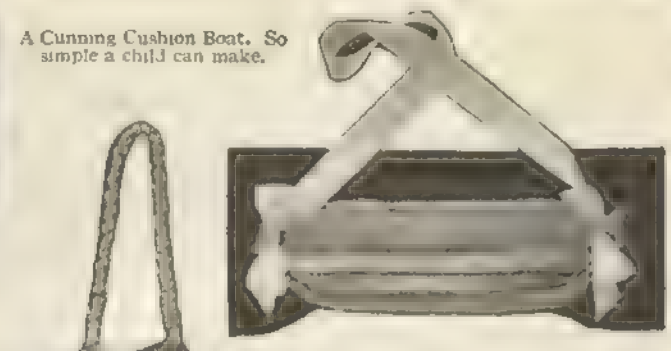
THAT ALWAYS PLEASES THE RECIPIENT AND COSTS LITTLE TO MAKE

DESIGNED BY CAROLYN V. MOWAT

Broom Bag—otherwise a Stocking Bank



Embroidery hoops, ribbon and brocaded satin make this novel Pin Tray.

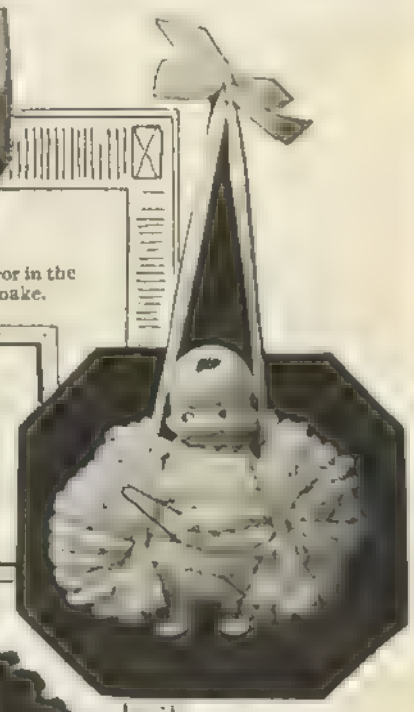


A Cunning Cushion Boat. So simple a child can make.

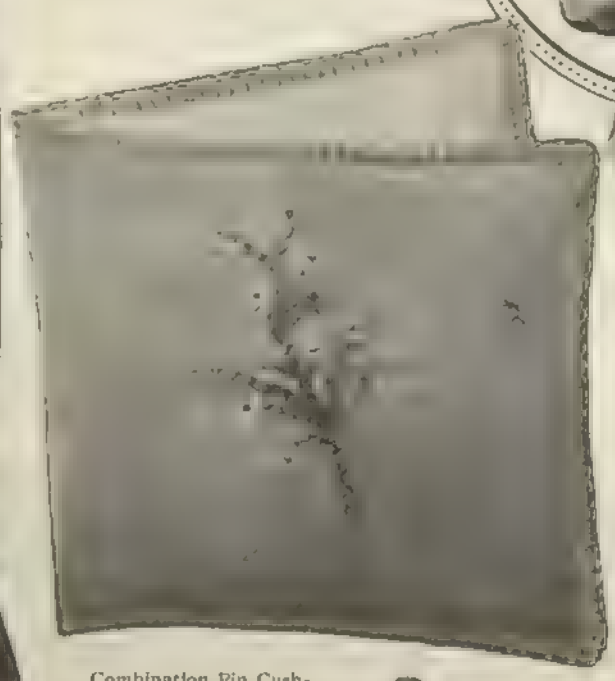
An Unusual Hat-pin Holder made of wide and narrow ribbon, and a small wine glass.

Basket Shaped Vanity Bag. It has a mirror in the bottom. Costs next to nothing to make.

A little "first aid" Work Basket.

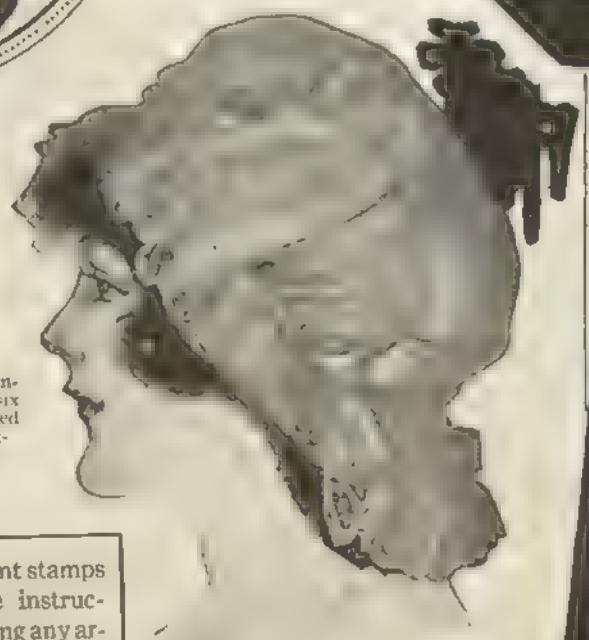


Hairpin Holder. Made of a small Kewpie doll.



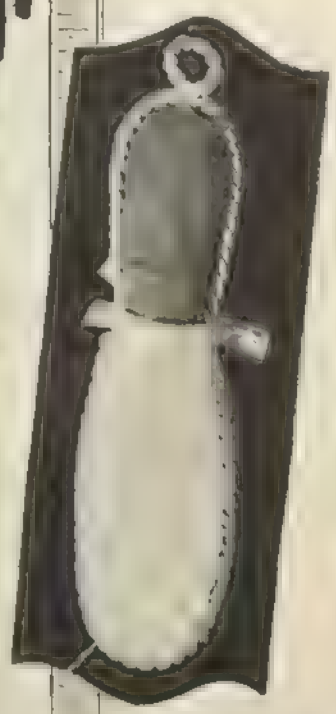
Combination Pin Cushion and Handkerchief.

A new idea in Pincushions, made of six penny dolls padded with cotton batting and bagged in silk.

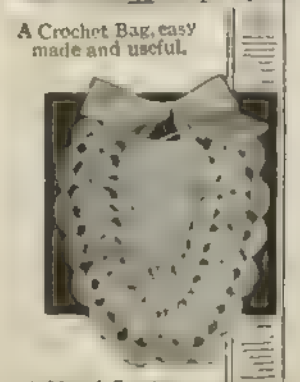


Send 3 two-cent stamps for complete instructions for making any article shown on this page

A different Boudoir Cap of shadow lace.

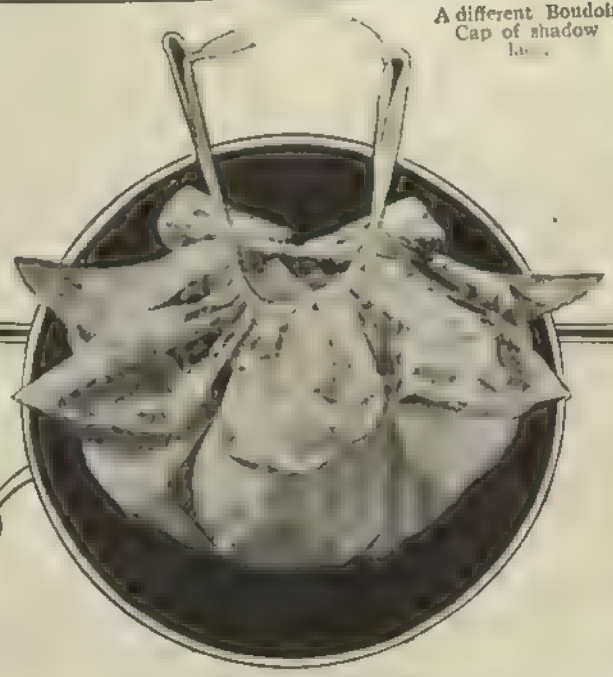


Powder Puff for bath use. Made of a slipper sole.



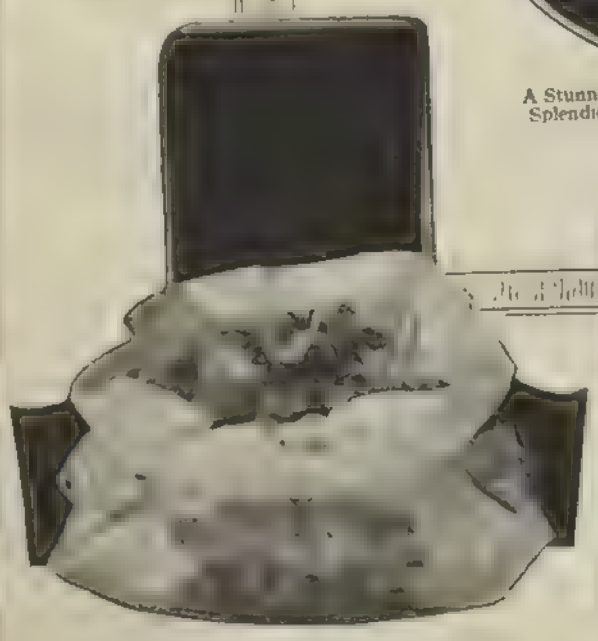
A Crochet Bag, easy made and useful.

A Stunning Square Bag. Splendid for handkerchiefs.

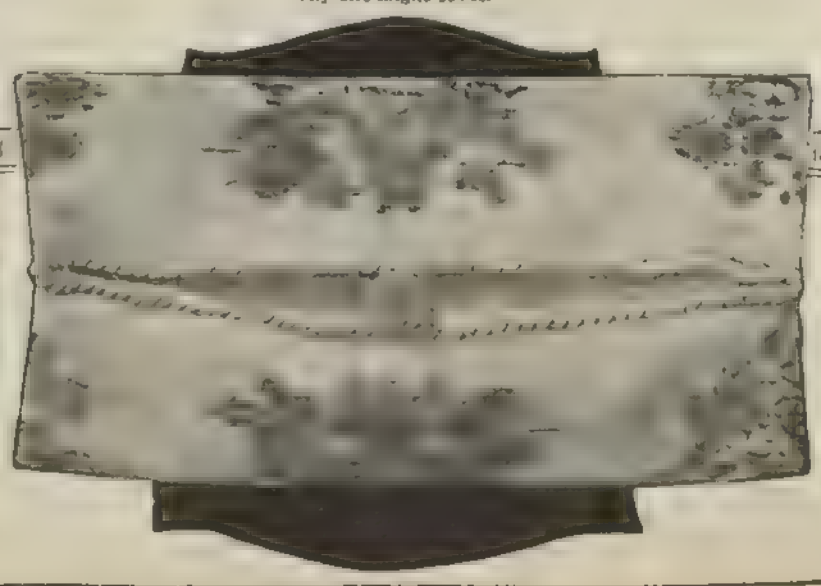


Another Beautiful Bag. One of many uses.

Sachet Pillow. A little gift with a a big welcome.

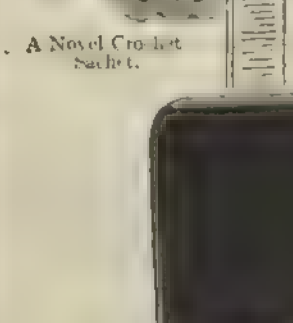


A Bag to hold Milady's hair when not coiffed on her pretty head.



An Original Glove Case that any one might covet.

Net Lingerie Ribbon Bag. You can make several for fifty cents.



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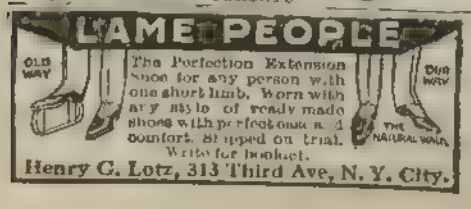
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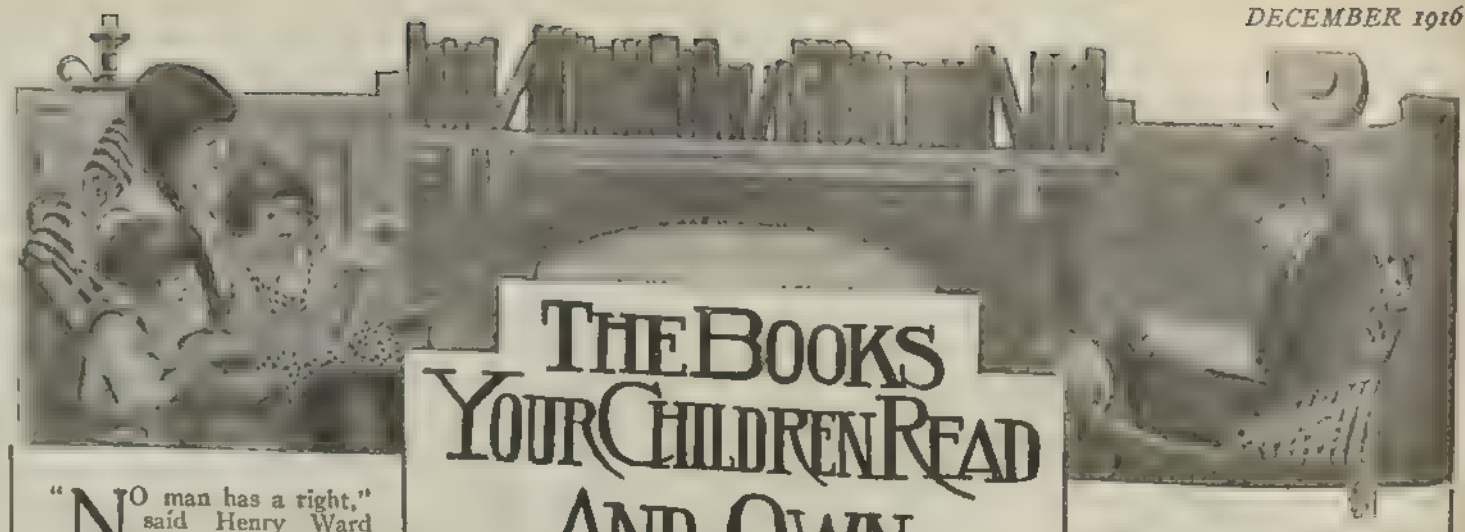


THE BOOKS YOUR CHILDREN READ AND OWN

By MARY L. R. BISHOP

"NO man has a right," said Henry Ward Beecher, "to bring up children without surrounding them with books. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out—a home without books is like a room without windows."

A liberal education in itself, the reading habit becomes a big factor in a child's mental development if parents use tact and judgment in suggesting good books to the boy or girl whose literary tastes are still unformed. Children brought up in a literary atmosphere take naturally to books. But beware of the juvenile dime novel, whether it be paper covered or bound in a neat, innocent, cloth binding. With the very best literature so cheap that it is within the reach o all, there is really no excuse for the lurid, impossible stories, which so many children read. Such books are useless rubbish. They stunt the taste for wholesome reading and drug the imagination, making it difficult to enjoy stories dealing with real people and real life.

The Boy Scouts have done good work in condemning books which they consider bad, and in suggesting good books instead.

Choose gift books for your children, as you would choose friends. These book playmates should be diversified in character—fiction, history, practical books on needlework, drawing, gardening, care of bees and flowers, wood carving, carpentry, metal work and electricity; books of play and books of work—but all selected with care and judgment to fit the individual tastes of the particular child for whom the gift is intended.

Theodosia's Heartstrings
BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL
(William Briggs)

After three years of wandering up and down the world in search of something to interest her, Miss Theodosia Baxter comes home to find it on her own front porch, in the form of a very much surprised child holding a baby on her lap. They were the Flagg children who lived in the poor little house next door—Baby Elly Precious and his little sister-nurse, Evangeline. "Isn't he a little darlin' dear?" she asked Miss Baxter. "Wouldn't you like to look at his toes? Elly Precious' toes are as pink as anything—an' six—yes'm. I've made considerable money out of his toes."

The eldest of the Flagg children, Stafana, undertakes to "white wash" Miss Baxter while her mother is away, in order to keep her washing from going elsewhere. Miss Theodosia, finding her delicate white dresses almost ruined, "sees red" for a moment, but remembering the poor child's burned thumbs and tired little back, her heart softens, and she surreptitiously washes out the starch and irons the things over.

How the quartette of youngsters in the little home reached the heart of Miss Theodosia, and brought romance into her life, makes a very charming story. Those who have read Mrs. Donnell's "Rebecca Mary" will welcome this new story, and be ready to love the ambitious Stafana, the irrepressible Evangeline, and Baby Elly Precious—christened Elihu Launcelot.

Mary Louise
BY EDITH VAN DYNE
(Reilly & Britton Co.)

THOSE who enjoyed reading "Aunt Jane's Niece" will welcome this new book by the same author. While distinctly a girl's book, "Mary Louise" will appeal to the older folk as well, for the heroine is a character whose personality makes a strong appeal. Mary Louise could not understand why "Gran'pa Jim" should be hiding, nor why he should have enemies. The more she thought of it, the more mysterious it seemed.

In this story there are all the elements of suspense and unexpectedness, without the sensational. It holds the reader's attention from the first page to the last.

Patriotic Canadian Plays
BY EDITH SELEAN
(William Briggs)

FOUR patriotic plays for children—"A Canadian Fairy Tale," "The War on the Western Front," "The Making of Canada's Flag," and "The Key of Jack Canuck's Treasure-House,"—suitable for patriotic entertainments for young people and children.

Hollyhock House
BY MARION AMES TAGGART
(Musson Book Co.)

THIS entertaining story, by the author of "The Little Gray House," and "Daughters of The Little Gray House," tells of the daily life, joys and adventures of three young girls.

When Florinel, the youngest of the three "Garden Girls," was just a year old, their mother, who before her marriage had been a singer and entertainer, elected to respond to the call of her art, and went to England, leaving her children to the more efficient guardianship of the Garden relatives, their legally appointed guardian, and the devotion of Anne Kensington, the housekeeper. The girls had never thought much about their mother, but they had gathered the impression that she "did not amount to much," and as time went on, they decided she must be dead. Then she loses her voice and comes back to them, as it were from the the dead.

The story of the regeneration of a mother who, realizing all she has missed through separation from her charming, clever little daughters, resolves to do her best to be a real mother.

Manual of Play
BY BYRON FORRUSH
(G. W. Jacobs & Co.)

HOW few parents enter into the play-spirit of their children! Yet this sympathy with a child's little plays and games tends to a richer home life. The "Manual of Play" begins with suggestions for fitting up the home playroom and the home yard and gymnasium. It tells how children may express themselves freely in play, how they can play with their parents, and how their parents can help the children to play by themselves. It gives a carefully graded and annotated list of the best standard toys and occupations with approximate prices. The mental, social and moral value of play in the development of the child is emphasised.

The Canadian Girls' Annual
(Cassell & Co., Limited)

THIS year's "Annual" excels itself in articles and short stories. The long complete story by Violet N. Methley, "The Little Countess of the Revolution," describes the adventures of a young girl caught in the whirlwind of the French Revolution. Other features are "A Father's Letters to His Daughter," "How to Choose a Career," "How to Choose a Hobby," "The Stamps of the Great War," and "The Schoolgirls of Jane Austin."

Jinks and Betty
BY MYRA T. REED
(Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.)

WITH their two dogs, trusty Mike and mischievous Robin Hood, Jinks and Betty have many joyful escapades. These two little playmates are simply bubbling over with fun all the time—but it is right-minded fun with the right influence. Each of the sixteen complete stories teaches some little lesson of obedience and kindness that costs the youthful heroes anxious moments. The thirty-nine charming illustrations are as interesting as the stories.

The King's Highway Series
(The Macmillan Company)

THIS is a series of books containing stories and readings selected for their bearing on the vices and virtues as peculiar to the age of children of the different school grades. Two new volumes have recently been added to this series, "The Way of the Rivers" and "The Way of the Hills." Many of the excerpts will be enjoyed by children if the very evident moral does not defeat its own end.

The Work and Play Books
(Gundy)

ELEVEN books with interesting things to do and to make, that are fun for every boy and girl. Each book gives interesting stories of what little groups of boys and girls have done, and leads the reader from point to point, until he has unconsciously imbibed the fundamental principles of many arts and crafts. These books, which contain a perfect mine of information, are, "Needlecraft," "Home Decoration," "Gardening," "Carpentry," "Electricity," "Mechanics," "Outdoor Work," "Working in Metal," "Guide and Index." The complete set is an encyclopædia in everything but form.

NEW BOOKS FOR LITTLE TOTS

The Graymouse Family
NELLIE M. LEONARD
(Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)

MOTHER GRAYMOUSE and her six children lived in a cosy attic. Father Graymouse had lost his life some time before, but the mother managed to provide food for her little ones with the assistance of their jolly uncle, Squeaky, who always brought them something good to eat on his frequent visits.

This story is for the younger children, and is told with a good deal of humour. The mice have many adventures, and the story ends on Christmas Day with the mice dancing round a little cedar tree singing,

"Jolly little mice are we,
Happy all day long,
So we shout and sing with glee
Our gladsome Christmas song."

Rinkitink in Oz
BY L. FRANK BAUM
(Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.)

THE hero of this new story, from the wonderful land of Oz, is Inga, the Boy Prince of Pingaree, who sets out to rescue his parents, who have been carried away by the cruel warriors of King Gos. To aid him in his search, he takes along Rinkitink, Bilbil the goat, and three magic pearls, which he promptly loses. The trials which follow prove too much for the brave boy, but Princess Dorothy of Oz and the Little Wizard arrive on the scene in Emerald City just in time to save the situation.

Like Mr. Baum's other stories, Rinkitink In Oz is full of wholesome, good-natured fun from start to finish.

Two New Windermere Books
(Rand, McNally & Co.)

RAND, McNally and Company have brought out two additions to the popular Windermere Series, superbly illustrated in colour: "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll, and "Andersen's Fairy Tales." The ever-popular Carroll stories, with such splendid illustrations by Mr. Winter, make an acceptable gift for both young and old, while the Andersen Fairy Tales will prove attractive to both parents and children. Each book has fourteen full page illustrations in colour.

Other titles in the Windermere Series are: "Arabian Nights Entertainments," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Robinson Crusoe," "A Wonder Book," "Treasure Island," "Tanglewood Tales," and "Gulliver's Travels."

At The Dance

AVOID all the unpleasantness and annoyance of excessive perspiration at the dance, by the application of

NO-MO-ODO
Toilet Water

It will correct excessive perspiration of the arm-pits, feet and hands, keep the affected parts dry; and your gowns, hose and gloves will be kept unstained, fresh and dainty. Besides, it does away with sanitary dress shields.

The extreme perspiration from which so many suffer is usually due to over-sensitive nerves which affect the sweat glands of the body. NO-MO-ODO is odorless and perfectly harmless. It does not retard the natural action of the skin pores, but has a soothing, tonic effect on them and dispels all disagreeable odor.

Get a bottle of NO-MO-ODO and begin its use to-day! You will get complete relief from the annoyance and inconvenience of excessive perspiration.

NO-MO-ODO is appreciated by the men because of its beneficial results when used on the neck, hands and feet. It prevents wilted collars and saves gloves from stains and stiffness.

Keep A Bottle Handy To Use

If your own druggist cannot supply you with NO-MO-ODO, send 50c to us direct, and we will send you prepaid, one regular full sized bottle.

WM. H. LEE, Druggist
Dept. E.W. - TORONTO, CAN.

HOME BILLIARDS
A REAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

One of our Home Billiard Tables

A present which will live for many years, giving more and more pleasure as time goes on.

Every one of us needs recreation and amusement for our spare hours. Keep the family in the home—Have your children's friends meet them in your own home, where you can keep in touch with their associations and help to control the development of their friendships.

One of our **Home Billiard Tables** will do more for you along these lines than anything else possibly could.

Every one of the family will be benefited and entertained, and good fellowship promoted. Our Home Billiard Table is a present to the whole family rather than to the individual.

Write at once for details and prices in order to get delivery by Christmas Day. Easy terms arranged if desired.

Our Home tables are equal in playing qualities to the full size tables which have made the name of Samuel May & Co. famous throughout Canada, and a full equipment of the highest quality is provided free with every table purchased.

One of our customers says: "We all enjoy it thoroughly and our friends appreciate it as much as we do ourselves."

And don't forget our Parlour Lawn Bowls mentioned in the November issue of Everywoman's World. They provide possibilities of really scientific play in the house. $8.00 per set, all charges prepaid to your address.

Made in Canada by Canadians for Canadians

Samuel May & Company
Dept. A
102-4 Adelaide St., West - Toronto

GIVE YOUR CHILD A NURSERY FOR CHRISTMAS

A child's room should accustom him to beauty and should express his own individuality

WE are beginning to understand more and more that it is the first years of a child's life that count most—that the impressions then received are those which most influence him and remain with him longest, and that we can instil and develop a love of beauty and orderliness by his surroundings more effectively than by any amount of exhortation and precept. It is not enough that the nursery should be sweet and clean; it should be unmistakably the child's own room, stamped with his own personality, and containing only those things which appeal to and stimulate his imagination in the right direction.

In this bedroom the walls are a restful, neutral tone of rather deep green-blue, which does not detract from the few pictures. The rug harmonizes with the walls in colour and has but little design. The furniture is of a lighter tint, lined with the darker shade, and decorated with quaint little pictures calculated to make the child smile as soon as he opens his eyes.

This playroom is done in a beautiful creamy tint, with a rubbed-down finish, which will stand washing. The straight hangings on the windows harmonize with the straight lines of the mantel book shelf, and each of the cabinets on either side is provided with deep shelves where toys are stored when not in use. The decorations and pictures are nature studies, and the low rocker gives a homy, cosy look.

This nursery contains a complete set of strong, serviceable furniture for each child, and the chest of drawers is designed to hold dolls and their wardrobes. The walls and furniture are washable, and the pictures are of story book favourites. Plenty of light is admitted through two large windows, which are draped with straight-hanging casement curtains. Each child has her own toys and her own part of the room. Much of their fun is in "going visiting" and "calling on" each other, and in inviting the dolls to tea. Sometimes members of the family are also invited and must accommodate themselves to the low chairs and tables.

This beautiful room owes its charm largely to the very obvious fact that it is really the children's room. Grown-ups are only visitors here.

"VIYELLA" (REGD.) Flannel

Winter Designs for 1916.

"Viyella" is especially adapted for children's and infants' wear.

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading retail stores.

Look for the name on the selvage every 2½ yards.

Avoid Substitutes

Does not Shrink

Send us your name and address and we will send you

FREE

a liberal sample of

Bias Tape

Then Let Us Know on what garments and in what ways you use it.

For Each New Suggestion sent in with the request for a similar sample, signed by one of your neighbors who is interested in sewing, we will send you an additional 12 Yard Package of BIAS-TAPE Free of Charge...

Write Now To

Narrow Fabrics Mfg. Co.
419 King St., West - - Toronto

The Corset Without Laces

Made entirely of porous woven [illegible] web, which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure [illegible]

Ideally Suited to Fall Fashions

and lends grace with absolute comfort at all times. Our patented methods of construction, and the character of materials used, make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear, and make unnecessary the use of corset laces. Made in short and long lengths, white and pink. [illegible] $5.00 to $8.00. If your local dealer cannot supply you write for illustrated free booklet [illegible] Sanitary garments.

EISMAN & CO.,
Sole Licensees for Canada Toronto

Give a Gerhard Heintzman Piano for Christmas

It is a gift that will not only last a lifetime, but can be handed down to the second and third generations.

For more than fifty years, the Gerhard Heintzman pianos have stood for the finest in piano manufacture, and the same integrity of construction and materials which established the reputation of these pianos fifty years ago is maintained to-day.

REMEMBER—We take your old piano in part payment, and arrange terms to suit your convenience.

Send for our beautiful Art Catalogue, giving full description of our Grand or Upright pianos, or Self Player.

Our only Toronto Salesrooms are

Gerhard Heintzman

LIMITED

41 43 Queen St. West, Opposite City Hall TORONTO, CANADA

Here are Two O-Cedar Mops

Either of them will make a most acceptable gift for any woman who takes pride in her own housework

75c. and $1.50

Think how this woman will appreciate a Mop—and your originality and thought which suggested it—when she views the heap of useless trumpery presents she is sure to get this Christmas.

$1.00 and $1.50

An O-Cedar Mop lightens housework. Thoroughly efficient itself to do the work at long distance—its long handle banishes forever the back-breaking bending

Make Some Woman Happy with a "Practical Present"

Have You Tried **O-Cedar Polish**

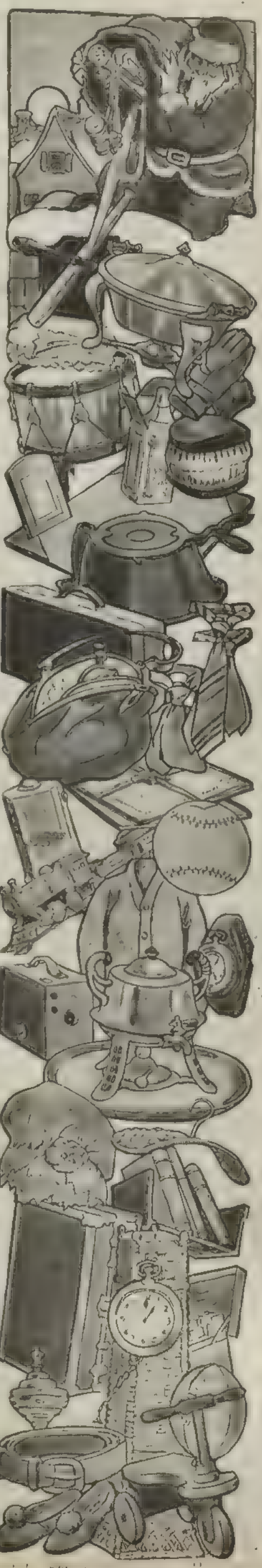
Thousands of women, all over the continent, feel that they couldn't keep house without it.

O-Cedar Polish quickly cleans every speck of dust and grime from fine furniture, and imparts to this clean surface a hard, lustrous finish as gleaming as glass. In short it "cleans as it polishes." Dampen a cheesecloth duster with equal parts of water and O-Cedar Polish. Shine up with a soft, dry cloth.

25c. to $3.00 sizes at all dealers

Channell Chemical Co., Limited, 369 Sorauren Ave., Toronto

OUR EVER READY CHRISTMAS GIFT LIST



For Mother

Set of Furs	$50.00 to $200.00
Veil Pin	.75
Set of Beauty Pins	50c to 3.00
Brooch, Maple Leaf or other design	5.00
Silk Kimono	5.00
Quilted Satin Slippers	1.50
Score Pad	.40
Telephone Memorandum Pad	.50
Shopping List	.10
Twine Box	.25
Dress Forms	$1.25 and up
Box Note Paper	50c to 2.00
Box Correspondence Cards	50c to 1.00
Bottle Toilet Water	.75
Neck Ruche	50c to 2.50
Rubber Gloves	50c and up
Cretonne Glove and Handkerchief Boxes	.50
Cretonne Desk Blotter	.50
Lamp with Cretonne Shade	3.00
Fitted Hand Bag	$1.00 to 4.25
Books	$1.00 to 1.50
Fern in pot	1.00
Magazine Subscription	$1.00 to 3.00
Piano	$200.00 and up
Hand Embroidered Bed Spread	$10.00 and up
Electric Washer	$80.00 and up
Art Squares	$8.00 to 50.00
Box of one dozen Handkerchiefs	1.50
Card File for Recipes	1.25
Willow Chair	5.00
Japanese Towelling Table Runner	.50
Japanese Luncheon Cloth	1.00
Hand Embroidered Napkins, one dozen	6.00
Pair of Hand Embroidered Pillow Cases	2.50
Fancy Afternoon Apron	1.75
Flower Bowl and Flower Holder, each	1.00
Imported Jar of Preserved Ginger	.40
Box of Favourite Candy	1.00
Glass Water Pitcher and Six Tumblers	3.00
Egg Set with Toast and Egg Racks	7.50
Carafe for Iced Water	4.50
Electric Iron	3.00
Electric Percolator	8.00
Electric Water Heater	5.00
Electric Toaster	3.00
Electric Heater for Bedroom	$4.50 and up
Half Dozen Silver Teaspoons	4.00
Wood Serving Tray	1.00
Water Set, white enamel wicker stand, tray, and six tall crystal glasses	6.75
Casserole	1.50
Six Ramekins	3.00
Glass Baking Dish	1.60
Six Custard Cups	.20
Vacuum Carpet Sweeper	9.00
Nickel Plated Serving Tray	.50

For Father

Sectional Book Case	$15.00
Electric Flashlight	75c to 7.50
Combined Comfort Toilet Articles	.50
Memorandum Book with place for pen	1.00
Calendar and Fountain Pen Holder	.50
Gold Mounted Fountain Pen	3.50
Bathrobe	$3.50 and up
House Coat	$3.50 and up
Suspenders in box	.50
Silk Garters in box	.50
Folding Umbrella in leather case	2.95
Felt Slippers	1.50
Portable Electric Lamp	2.00
Brass Book Rack	1.00
Leather Key Case	1.75
Leather Bill Fold	1.50
Collar Box with holder for studs, etc.	3.75
Fitted Travelling Case	17.00
Ascot Steamer Rug	5.00
Leather Match Box	.25
Box of Hosiery	1.50
Box of One Dozen Handkerchiefs	1.50
Six Coat Hangers in leather case	1.00
Folding Manicure Set	2.00
Fitted Dressing Case for travelling	5.00
Gold Cuff Links	9.00
Books	50c. and up
Magazine Subscription	$1.00 to 3.00
Adhesive Outfit	.25
White Rubber Drinking Cup	.25
Automobile Rug	4.00
Upholstered Folding Chair	1.50
Leather Cushion	90c. to 2.50
Automobile Trunk	5.75
Mirrorscope	.90
Storage Battery	6.50
Tail End Lamp	1.69
Trouble Lamp	1.25
Glengarry Wool Robe	3.95
Eight day Clock	3.00
Automobile Basket	$5.00 to 50.00

For Grandmother

Individual China Breakfast Set	$4.50
Silver Nepsun Cup	.25
Individual Carafe and Glass	1.00
China Bouillon Set	3.50
China Egg Set with Toast Holder, Salt, Pepper, Etc.	3.50
Nickel Teapot, 1 lb	.25
Nickel Tea Infuser	.25
Tea Strainer	.25
One-pint Vacuum Bottle	1.75
Teaball Urn	7.50
Silver Lorgnon	6.00
Silver Lorgnette	10.00
Ivory Paper Cutter	.50
New Silk Shade Electric Lamp	2.00
Air Pillow, morocco	7.75
Medicine Case	2.75
Spectacle Case with Silk Polisher	.25
Quilted Silk Bathrobe	4.00
Crocheted Shawl	2.50
Shoe Paddel Coat Hanger	.50
Crocheted Jabot	1.00
Paint	50c and up
Envelope Purse	1.50
Gloves	1.50
Screen, to keep off draughts	3.75
Felt Slippers	1.50
Silk Puff Comforter	4.00
Box of Favourite Candy	$1.00 and up
Magazine Subscription	$1.00 to 3.00
Books	$1.00 and up

For Sister

Set of Furs	$40.00 to $150.00
Boudoir Cap	50c. to 2.00
Lace Camisole	$1.00 to 3.00
Silk Stockings	75c. to 3.00
Silver Mesh Bag	5.00
Silk Sweater	15.00
Kodak	$5.00 and up
Wrist Watch, pigskin strap, gold buckle	5.50
White Washable Doeskin Gloves	1.50
Vanity Case	2.00
Chocolate Set	3.00
Coin Purse	.75
Recipe Book	1.50
Solidified Alcohol Chafing Dish	4.50
Desk Blotter	1.25
Magazine Subscription	$1.00 to 3.00
Books	50c. and up
Wardrobe Trunk	15.00

OUR EVER READY CHRISTMAS GIFT LIST

For Sister—*Continued*

Gold Thimble	$3 00
Chiffon Scarf	4.50
Rhinestone Slipper Buckles	2.00
Satin Slippers	6 00
Crepe de Chine Negligee	7.00
Pin with Pearls	5.00
Elbow Bracelet	15.00
Manicure Set, in leather case	1.75
Engraved Visiting Cards	1.00
Rubber-lined Travelling Case	.50
Lingerie Clasps	1.00
Ostrich Feather Fan	1.50
Silver Stiletto	.50
Silver Plated Photograph Frame	1.00
"Friendship" Bracelet	12c. a link
White Enamel Candlestick, with Shade	$2.00
Leather Writing Case	1.50
Taffeta Vanity Bag	2 00
Ice Skates	4.00
Hand Embroidered Slip Waist	3 00
Camera	10 00

For Big Brother

Collar Pouch	$2.75
Leather Toilet Case, fitted	8.00
Pigskin Coin Purse	.85
Leather Watch Fob and Guard	4.00
Folding Photograph Case	2 50
Hockey Shoes and Skates	10.00
Self-Filling Fountain Pen	3 50
Folding Leather Hat, for travelling	50
College Pennants and Cushions	5.00
Adjustable Shaving Glass	2.00
Safety Razor, in metal case	1 50
Small Clock, in leather case	1 25
Date Book	25
Pair of Silk Socks	1 00
Leather Belt	50
Scarf Pin	5 00
Gold Cuff Links	8.00
Brass Book Ends	1.00
Books	50c. and up
Magazine Subscription	$1.00 to 3.00

For Little Sister

Toilet Set for Doll	$ .50
Dinner Set for Doll	2.00
Laundry Set for Dolly's clothes	1.25
Small Sewing Machine	5.00
Box of Watercolours	1.00
Painting Book	35
Perfume Set	25
School Bag, Note books, Pencil Box	60
Pencil Box, fitted	50
Cereal Set	35
Small Mesh Bag	1 25
Paper Doll Outfits	50
Box of Paper Dolls	05
Correspondence Cards, small size	35
Nature Study Books	25
Slipper Case and Slippers	2 00
Umbrella	1 00
Vanity Case	25
Kiddie-Kar	$1 50 to 2 50
Egyptian Beads	25
Rose Beads	25
Books	10c. and up
Magazine Subscription	50c. and up
Silver Thimble	50
Small Rocking Chair (reed)	6 00
Small Table	1 75
Blackboard	2 50
Desk	5 00
Hair Ribbon	1 00
Bathrobe	3 50
Manicure Set	2 00
Napkin Ring	1 50
Roller Skates	2 00
Doll Carriage	5 00
Reed Basket-making Set	2 25

For Little Brother

Construction Toy, with which five hundred things can be made	$1.00 to $25 00
Folding Pocket Kodak	9 00
Indian Suit	25c. to 3 00
Boy Scout Suit	3 00
Boy Scout Fishing Outfit	1 50
Boy Scout Solidified Alcohol Cooking Outfit, in leather case	2 15
Compass	1 00
Drinking Cup, metal case	35
Small Suit Case	1 25
Indoor Baseball Game	2 00
Pigskin Watch Fob	1 00
Boy Scout Bible	1 25
Boy Scout Testament	75
Toy Metal Soldiers, six in box	65
Typewriter	4 50
Small Electric Lantern	1 25
Boy Scout Knife	1 00
Folding Knife, Fork and Spoon in leather case	2 00
Tool Sets	$2.00 to 3 00
School Bag	1.25
Football	1 50
Roller Skates	2 00
Sweater	$2 00 and up
Bicycle	25.00
Mechanical and Electric Railway Systems	$1 00 and up
Midget Coat Hanger, in case	.25
Set of Silk Flags of the Allies	75c and up
Slippers	1.50
Watch	$1 00 to 2 00
Puzzles	25c. to 1 00
Top	15
Marbles	10
Drum	1 00
Leggings	1 00
Rubber Boots	2 50
Revolving Globe	30
Baseball	50
Bat	1 00
Baseball Glove	65
Baseball Suit	3 00
Irish Mail Cart	$3 00 to 8 00

For Baby

Portable Bathtub	$3 00
Crocheted Coat, with belt and pockets	2 50
Crocheted Cap	75
Crocheted Bootees	50
"Baby" Bathmat, Towel and Face Cloth	1 00
Felt Slippers, Fur Trimmed	.75
Mother Goose Plate	.50
Mother Goose Cereal Set	65
Baby Record Books	.50
Baby Chain and Charm, one initial	.50
Celluloid Bank	1 00
Celluloid Comb and Brush	.25
Hot Water Bottle	1 00
Solidified Alcohol Bottle Heater	1 25
Sandals	.25
Kid Shoes	.75
Powder Box	.25
Gold Safety Pin	4.00
Kimono	2 50
Stockings	25
Unbreakable Doll	.50
Creeping Doll	1 50
Walking Dog, Bear, Elephant or Rabbit	1.50

Attractive Dresses for the Home

will please the ones you care for most, and brighten work itself. At the same time they will be practical, serviceable and not at all expensive if you make them of

"Steelclad" Galatea

(Made in Canada)

This is the cloth we make especially for house dresses and aprons—school dresses for the girls—waists and suits for the kiddies—nurses' uniforms—and such purposes where service is necessary, and attractiveness is a decided advantage.

"Steelclad" Galatea has plenty of body, is perfect in weave and texture, and the colors are fast to sun and tub. It wears—and wears—and wears—till the purchaser feels that she has more than got her money's worth. It has well earned its reputation as "the most useful cloth around the house".

We Manufacture and Guarantee

Organdies, Challies, Delaines, Crepes, Ducks, Galateas, Kimona Flannels, Curtain Scrims, Drills, Art Ticking, and white and grey Cambrics, Sheeting, Longcloth, Towels, Ducks, Diaper Cloth, Pillow Cases, Sheets, Cotton Blankets, Bed Spreads

Dominion Textile Co., Limited

106 St. James St., Montreal

SALES OFFICES AT TORONTO AND WINNIPEG

A Xmas Gift for Mother and Baby

A COMBINATION CRIB, PLAY PEN AND BASSINET

The most complete article ever invented for baby. In use every minute of babyhood, indoors and outdoors. Folds instantly to carry anywhere. Weighs 35 pounds complete. Saves mother TIME, WORRY and FOOTSTEPS For baby HEALTH, HAPPINESS, SAFETY

Write to-day for free folder and 10 day trial offer.

Dealer's name appreciated

LEA-TRIMBLE MFG. CO.

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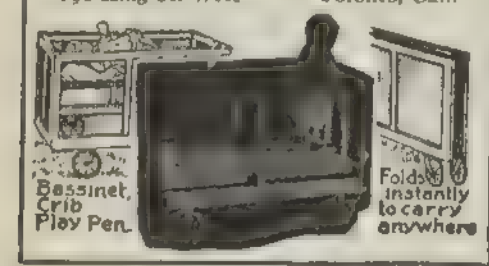
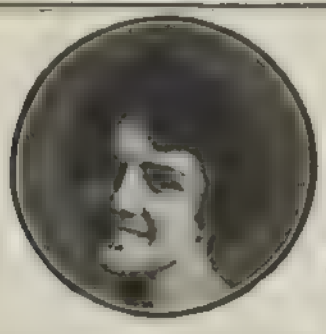




DELATONE

Removes Hair or Fuzz from Face Neck or Arms

DELATONE is an old and well known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growth—no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water; then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hair will be gone. When the skin is washed it will be found to be smooth and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

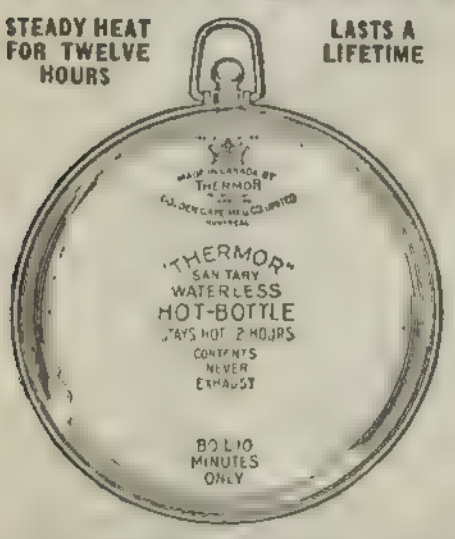
Druggists sell Delatone; or an original one ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL COMPANY
559 So. Wabash Ave. Dept. CV Chicago, Illinois

The WATERLESS Hot Bottle

THERMOR

STEADY HEAT FOR TWELVE HOURS — LASTS A LIFETIME



The THERMOR Hot Bottle, once heated, retains a uniform heat for twelve long hours, and at the end of the twelve hours is just about as hot as it was in the beginning. Then, and then only, it grows cool. No hot *water* bottle ever made could do this.

The THERMOR acts on an entirely new principle. It gives a perfectly dry heat, and has no equal as a bed warmer, or as a foot warmer in autos, baby carriages, or for invalids.

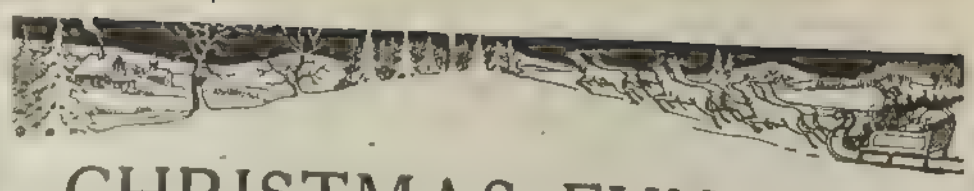
To prepare the THERMOR bottle for use, simply allow the water in a pan to come to a boil, place the THERMOR in the boiling water for ten minutes. It will then be ready for use, and you can take it out and use it for twelve hours at the same heat you start with.

CAN YOU IMAGINE A MORE IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

We will ship your THERMOR to you, or to your friend, anywhere in Canada, all charges prepaid, for the sum of $4.00, and we give you an absolute guarantee of satisfaction with every bottle sold.

Send for your THERMOR Bottle now! If you get one from us quickly you will want to get more before Xmas for your friends.

Golden Gate Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
Dept. 25, Youville Street - MONTREAL



CHRISTMAS FUN FOR THE KIDDIES

By GRACE LEE DAVISON

A Christmas Tree Party

AFTER the family gifts and treasures are removed from the Christmas Tree, the boys and girls may give a very jolly party by redecorating the evergreen as a hobby tree or a joke tree and inviting their friends to gather around it and share the jokes.

The idea is to prepare a package for each guest containing either a very simple gift, a joke, or something which suggests a hobby. Such a plan causes a lot of merriment.

On the outside of the package put the name of the person for whom it is intended and a verse or quotation.

For a little girl you might have a cooky doll and the verse:

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair."

If a boy or girl has a pet cat, the present might be some dried catnip, picked in summer. A joke package prepared one Christmas for a cat called Tom Peter had this rhyme:

"Tom Peter is a gay old cat,
He once was thin, but now is fat.
His mistress brought
him from the East:
And now he nothing
does but feast.
So here's some catnip
for Tom Peter,
That his life may be
still sweeter."

For a person fond of poetry, cut some good verses from a magazine, put them into an envelope, and write on the outside

"Since poetry is to
your mind,
I send you the best
I can find.
With my compli-
ments please take
it—
I clipped it 'cause I
couldn't make it."

With a snapshot the rhyme might be:

"This was boldly "snapped"of you.
'Twas a nervy thing to do.
If returned where it belongs,
Don't I blot out all your wrongs?"

Of course these are but samples showing how funny, foolish little rhymes can be written about almost any commonplace thing and used for the tree. To name the gifts that could be used would be impossible without knowing the boys and girls for whom they are intended, but in every group some boy or girl can be found to write the rhymes, and some one to select an appropriate gift.

After distributing and enjoying the jokes, play some of the games described below, and then serve refreshments.

The invitation to a Christmas Party might be written as follows:

"While high hangs the holly,
With its red berry,
Pray come and be merry
And jolly with me.
The real Christmas spirit,
Do let us all share it
With games and good wishes,
Around the green tree."

Christmas Social. 4 Downs Street.
Xmas Day, at 8.30 p.m.

A St. Nicholas Party

TO those who have worn out all Christmastide inspiration long ago, the idea of a Dutch Christmas Party, embodying some pretty European customs connected with the feast of St. Nicholas, may be welcome.

Decorate the rooms with crepe paper in Dutch design or with pretty windmills and other figures cut out from paper and stiffened with cardboard. Cotton snow, silver bells, and silver tinsel make a charming setting for the event. The scenery will interest and amuse the children until all have arrived.

When all are present, some grown person, having gathered the children around her, sitting on the floor, relates in brief the legend of St. Nicholas, explaining how once a year in Belgium, Holland, and other parts of Europe, the children set out their wooden shoes on the eve of his Feast and find them in the morning filled with gifts. Before they rise from the floor, let the children carry out the custom of the little foreign children by shouting for St. Nicholas to come and visit them. All the children shout simultaneously, "Come, St. Nicholas!"

Before the children arrive, hide whatever gifts you plan to give the little folk around the room. Puzzles are cheap, and likewise Japanese balloon balls, which can be obtained at any Oriental store.

Now count out the children, and as each child is counted out, let him leave the room, returning to hunt for a gift. When he has discovered the treasure, another child is counted out. If it is thought more exciting, hide but one gift at a time, and let the children who are in the room try to find a difficult place for it while the child for whom it is intended is outside.

The same party can be given with a little change in the programme by those who want Santa Claus to figure in person. When this is preferred, omit the gifts and let Santa Claus come in, ringing a bell and carrying a large pack on his shoulder. As each gift is delivered, the Saint, foreign fashion, gives a few words of good advice couched in terms to make the children laugh, but practical nevertheless.

When all have received their gifts, comes the climax of gift-giving. It is explained, when the children have been recalled to the room from which they are sent in a body, that St. Nicholas has meanwhile descended and in some spot of the room has left a Little Dutch Doll. They are asked to stand near the spot where each thinks the doll was left by the Saint, and when the little ones have scampered into various nooks and corners, a doll dressed in full national Dutch costume is brought out and presented to the lucky guesser.

When the children are very little tots, it is better to hide the doll in some nook and have the children search for it. Where the doll itself is not hidden, a piece of paper represents the spot chosen for it.

The next half hour will pass delightfully with the puzzles and the Japanese balls which inflate themselves by being thrown in the air. A group of little folk playing ball with these brightly coloured toys is a pretty sight, and they never fail to fascinate the child-guests.

Have the table trimmed with Dutch favours and other trifles, with a wooden shoe filled with candies or popcorn balls for the centrepiece; and for place cards use little Dutch calendars and write the name of the child who is to occupy that particular seat on each. Have snapper-caps and bonbons with Dutch figures on them.

If ice cream is served, have it moulded in the shape of little Dutch maidens, or placed in paper cases made from Delft paper napkins. If ice cream would make the repast too expensive, make little baskets with crimpy edges from orange-skins, tie the handles with ribbon, and fill with gelatine and whipped cream, or with a sponge cake and whipped cream.

Merrymaking for the Toddlers at Christmas

WHEN very young children are entertained, the party is necessarily a mother's party also, as the mothers will be obliged to accompany the wee guests, so that something must be provided for their enjoyment also.

To begin with the little ones: when they first arrive, try to have some music, for they all love that and will delight in playing ring-around-a-rosy, or other musical games, and in marching several times around the room if led by an older person. An older child or two can often direct the pastimes for the very little guests, and thus will allow the mothers to relax and enjoy themselves together.

Whoever becomes stage manager should group the tots in two rows facing each other and let them roll pretty red balls of paper back and forth. Afterward each is allowed to take a ball for his own and open it and to keep the paper favour it contains. If a paper hat or other such

(*Continued on page 53*)

In the Letter to Santa Claus

THERE'S SURE TO BE

(Patent Applied for)

KIDDIE-KAR Trade Mark Reg.

Every healthy, happy youngster wants one, and it is good for him (or her) to have one. Good all the year around indoors and out.

Strong and well made, with rust-proof bolts and with no sharp corners. Guaranteed against defects, or parts replaced. Look out for cheap imitations that are cheaply constructed. Look for the trade mark.

Three sizes for different ages.
$1.50 $2.00 $2.50

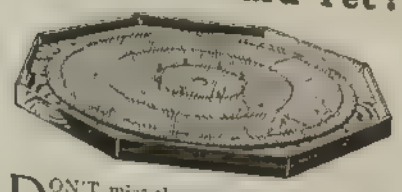
Your dealer probably has the Kiddie-Kar. If not, we will send direct.

The Canadian K. K. Co. Limited
ELORA Sole Canadian Rights ONT.

TO DEALERS—Prices and terms on application. Prompt delivery guaranteed.

Kiddies!

Have You Got Your Crokinole Board Yet?



DON'T miss the good times you will be able to have this winter with one of our fine mahogany finished Crokinole Boards! We are sending lots of them out now.

To each boy and girl who buys one of these Crokinole Boards and who also wins one of the six prizes which we are giving in Uncle Peter's Bunny Club Competition this month, we will give a New Two Dollar Bill.

Buy your Crokinole Board Now! Then try for your prize! If you win, you have the Crokinole Board, the prize, and the Two Dollar Bill.

Even if you don't win a prize, you will have a fine Crokinole Board and lots of fun out of it this winter!

The Schultz Brothers Co.
Limited
Brantford Ontario

Homes for Millions!

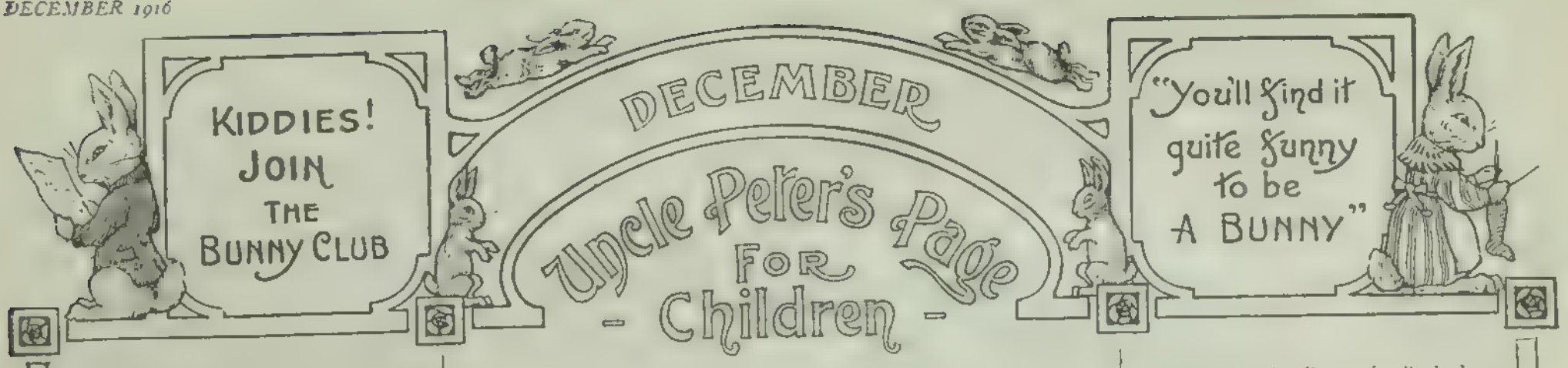
IS it not worth your while to investigate the merits of a new land nearby—so near to us and near to railroads and markets that it is not prized as its worth demands? 20,000,000 acres of the finest agricultural land awaits settlement in

Northern Ontario

Northern Ontario offers you and your family your choice of millions of acres of virgin soil, obtainable at only 50c an acre, out of which you can make for yourselves an independent home and call no man master upon earth! Thousands of farmers have responded to the call of this great fertile country and are being made comfortable and rich. Here, right at the door of Old Ontario, a home awaits you!

Will you send for full information as to terms, regulations and settlers' rates? Write to

H. A. Macdonell, Director of Colonization,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.
Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Minister, Lands, Forests and Mines.



Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

Letters from the kiddies are coming in quite fast, and yet not fast enough to please your Uncle Peter. I do want *all* your little friends to join The Bunny Club as soon as possible. The more Bunnies we have, the more we shall be able to do when our Club is really made up.

Our October competitions have now been decided. The first prize for the best letter up to October 12th was won by John Murray, Qu'Appelle, Sask.; the second by Frances A. West, Pickering, Ont.; and the third by Dorothy Evelyn Chant, 11 Harbord St., Toronto.

The names of the winners of Uncle Peter's twenty little extra prizes will be found on page 42. Uncle Peter has sent these prizes out to the Bunnies who won them.

The first prize for the description of "How a Seed Grows into a Plant" was won by Andrew Waechter, Walkerton, Ont., and the five other winners' names are on page 42 also.

The prizes for the best letters received up to November 30th will be mentioned later on.

I am very pleased to see how many of my little Bunnies try to be useful to their parents in every way they can. The letters I have had have been very interesting and they have all been answered. How did you like the Bunny Club paper? Uncle Peter thought you would all be pleased with it. When you show your badges to your little friends, I am sure there will soon be hundreds of other kiddies writing to Uncle Peter to join The Bunny Club. Don't forget to tell them that they must send the entrance fee of three cents with each letter, or they cannot possibly win a prize. No Bunny who forgets this condition will be awarded any prize whatever.

Uncle Peter is only able to write his "*Special*" letters to some of the Bunnies. It would take too long to answer them all separately, so he answers the best ones. The better your letter is, the more chance there will be of getting a "special" reply.

I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Lots of people have things that make them sad this Christmas, but I hope all my Bunnies may be happy, as well as good.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,

Uncle Peter.

Bunnies—Attention!

There will be six nice toys given as prizes for the six best letters telling over again the story of "How John Bunny took Mr. Brown Fox's picture," in not more than 150 words. If several letters are equally good, the *shortest ones will win.* These prizes are very kindly given to the Bunnies by The Schultz Bros. Company, Brantford, Ontario. See if you can win one of them.

These will be especially nice prizes, very well worth making a special effort for, and they will be six lucky Bunnies who get these prizes for Christmas.

Letters must reach Uncle Peter not a day later than December 20th.

John Bunny gives Mr Brown Fox . . . . a Christmas Present.

Come, listen to my Christmas Tale,
A story of Mr. Fox
Who tried to be funny
Till old John Bunny
Tied him up in his own Christmas Box!

NOW just about Christmas time it began to snow so much that John Bunny had to get busy one morning and shovel the snow away from his front door.

He had just finished when up walked Mr. Brown Fox. He had a very nice smile that morning.

"I've been thinking, John, that I would like to give some presents to the little Bunnies this Christmas," said Mr. Fox. "I can be Father Christmas for them, and they will have a good time."

"How are you going to work it?" asked John, taking thought. "The little Bunnies are rather afraid of you for some reason," said he, "and it might spoil your good intentions."

Mr. Fox explained that when the Bunnies came out on Christmas morning, they would find a big box in the field, with a lot of nice presents round it. They were all to join hands round the box, and say this verse:

"Mr. Fox has brought us gifts in a great big box.
We are glad to have them. Thank you, Mr. Fox!"

"After all the little ones have got their presents," said Mr. Fox, "you can open the box, and you will find your own special present inside."

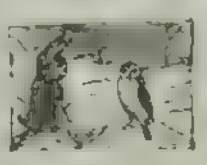
To all of which John Bunny agreed. Mr. Fox said good-bye and went home.

On Christmas Eve, as John Bunny was sitting in his front hall, thinking of the next day and wondering how it would all turn out, he heard a knock at the door. Mr. Owl was outside sitting on a stone. John opened the door, and Mr. Owl said:

"I've come out to-night to say—Beware of Mr. Fox
When you go out on Christmas Day—you'll find him *in the box*"

As soon as Mr. Owl had said this, he flew away. John went inside again. He reached down a coil of rope from a shelf. Next he took a can of black paint and a paint brush from another shelf. Then he went to bed.

John was out early the next morning. Sure enough, there was the box. He had told the little Bunnies to wait inside until he called them. Pit-a-pat went John very softly over the snow. Taking the end of the rope in his hand, he burrowed quietly through the snow underneath the box, and up on the other side. Then he passed the rope over the top of the box, and *presto*—in a twinkling he had the lid safely tied down. There was a great commotion inside. Mr. Fox's present seemed to be a very lively one!



John gathered up the presents and took them inside. Then he called the little Bunnies out. Hand in hand, as they danced round the box, they sang:

"Mr. Fox has brought us gifts in a great big box.
We are glad to have them. Thank you, Mr. Fox!"

Mr. Fox, tied up inside, did not seem pleased. He even said things which should not be said in front of little Bunnies, so John sent them all home to see their presents.

Then he got the pot of black paint and the brush. He painted these words on the box:

"Mr. Fox is in this box."

While John was doing this, Mr. Fox begged him to open the box.

"Do let me out, John," said he. "I will promise never to try to catch any of your family again."

"I don't know whether to believe you, Brownie," said John, "but it is Christmas time; and although you have been so mean to me, I'll make you a Christmas present of your life and let you go. I shall put my little pocket knife through that hole in the top of the box, and you can cut the rope from the inside and get out."

Then he slipped the knife through the hole and raced for home as hard as he could go. No, he wasn't taking any chances!

It did not take Mr. Fox long to get that rope cut, as he could reach it quite nicely through the hole. No Bunnies were in sight. Mr. Fox went home. He even left John Bunny's knife where he could get it again. Mr. Fox really *was* grateful to him this time, and he was glad it was Christmas, because that was the reason why he had been set free. He knew very well that if he had been left in the box, Mr. Smith and his dogs would soon have found him.

At home, the Bunny family had a great time, with heaps of presents, not only from their own friends, but also the nice ones Mr. Fox had brought them.

I wonder whether Mr. Fox had really intended to run off with any of the little Bunnies? What do *you* think? Perhaps he only wished them to have a good time. We shall never *know* what he really meant to do, so we must give him the benefit of the doubt. Christmas is no time to think badly of any one, even of a fox.

Safe at home, John Bunny, sitting opposite to Mrs. Bunny, with all the little Bunnies gathered round the big table, recited this verse:

"Bunnies, it is Christmas time—cold and wintry weather—
But how fine and warm we are, sitting here together.
Mr. Fox was very kind—after weeks of strife
He gave you your presents, and *I gave him his life.*
You are thanking Mr. Fox—Mr. Fox thanks *me.*
Christmas time is just the time we *all* should thankful be."

And Uncle Peter says to all his little Bunnies of the Bunny Club:

"Merry Christmas! Bunnies, wherever you may be;
Many other happy ones may you live to see!"

Uncle Peter's next story will tell of John Bunny's New Year resolutions.

Uncle Peter will give six prizes for the six best selected letters from new Bunnies who join The Bunny Club between November 30th and December 20th. Get all your little friends to join, now, before Christmas.

To the Mothers of the Bunnies

Uncle Peter wants you to write and say how you like the Children's Page, and to make any suggestion you care to which will help him to make it a great success.

The writer of each of the three best letters will receive one of those fine new Thermor Waterless Hot Bottles—made by the Golden Gate Manufacturing Company of Montreal, and presented by them to the winners in this competition. Say *exactly what you think* of the Children's Page; the prizes will be given to the writers of the best and most helpful letters *whatever their opinion may be.*

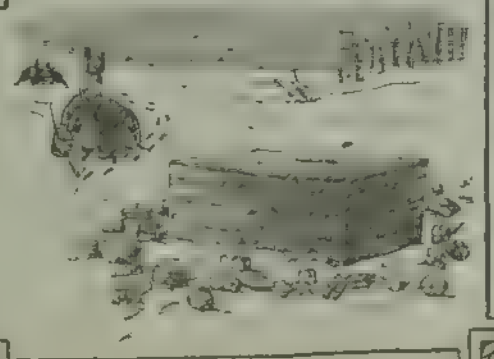
Letters must be received by Uncle Peter not later than December 20th.

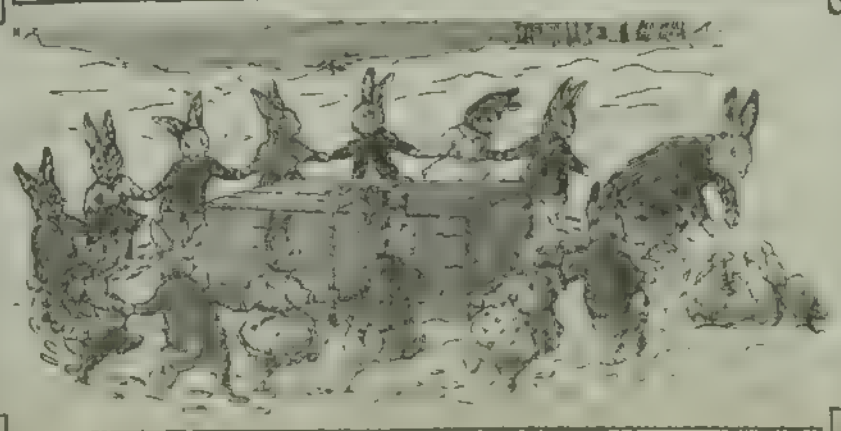
Bunnies !

Show your badges to your little friends at school, and the letter you got from Uncle Peter. Let them ALL join The Bunny Club. Uncle Peter wants every single one of them to join; there are lots of badges ready, enough for every kiddie in Canada.

So point your ears this way, Bunnies, and write to Uncle Peter and join The Bunny Club as soon as ever you can, which is NOW.

Uncle Peter.





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The **D & A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES** are scientifically designed from perfect standard to fit the figure faultlessly, and they are made in such a wide variety of styles that there is a model perfectly suited to every figure.

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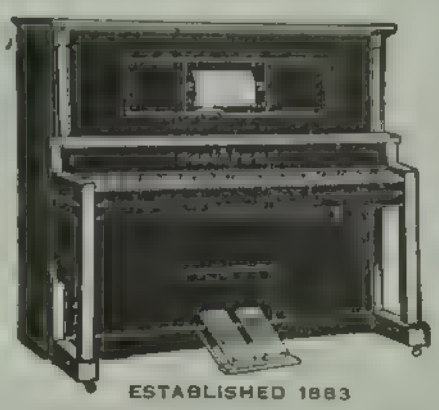

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Do You Want to Earn $10 a Week or More, the Year Round, at Home?

The Hosiery Trade is Booming, and the Demand Far Exceeds the Supply. We Gladly Take All the Goods You Can Knit

We must have more workers at once to help us keep pace with the demand. Industrious persons will be furnished, on very favorable terms, with Auto-Knitter Machines, and all yarn needed, also full instructions how to knit socks, etc. Fixed rates of pay. Work either whole or spare time. No skill or experience needed; distance or location is no hindrance

The Auto Knitter makes thousands of stitches a minute—faster than a sewing machine. This pleasant work has brought prosperity to thousands of workers in their own homes, and will do the same for you.

Write to-day, enclosing 2c. in stamps, for full particulars, fixed rates of pay, and see what you and your family can now earn at home.

Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited
Dept. 102 A., 257 College St., Toronto

GIVING THE BEST THAT IS IN US

(Continued from page

was some loo'e and dresser, too, when you came to look He would take her for a drive, out Apple Hill way He had promised another girl but that was nothing! Mr. Midge came up to earth to find the lady in black and white and slipping extra crisp ten dollar bill which he was holding daintily toward him between the first and second fingers of a white kid gloved hand

Come out of it!" she murmured, in the low, rich voice that had charmed him. And Mr. Midge shot the money and his slip over the wire to the cashier, and exchanged glances with his classy customer as he put the little silver cross for the Reverend Francis Page into a dainty box

"Au revoir, Herb!" murmured Mrs. Wall, just loud enough for only "Herb" to hear, as he bowed her out of the shop. And Mr. Midge returned to his case with his mind on anything but present business

"I'll double cross Mr Fraud!" muttered the lady in quite another tone, as she walked briskly toward the Commercial Hotel "What luck! I'll make it 'A Merry Christmas', for him'"

Driving a head of her by many minutes to the same destination, Little John puzzled over the woman's face Where had he seen it? He was still trying to "place" her when he reached the hotel.

HE knew that Dorothy and the other girls wanted him at the church at Apple Hill. He was so handy, they said, to reach up and tie things without having to stand on a chair. But he was robustly hungry, and he knew his mare was, too, and that they would both enjoy the seven-mile drive, under the stars and moon and over a white, hard road, after dinner much more than before. So he stabled the mare, and went to the room which, as Mr. Midge had said, he retained, at the end of a quiet wing corridor in the old house. And on his way along the corridor, from his room to the dining room, he met the woman whose face had been bothering him ever since he had seen it in the jeweller's shop.

He gave her a civil but keen glance, which she returned with a cool stare and the faint flicker of a smile. He was a fine figure of a man, in his well fitting dark blue clothes. He did not know that she paused and looked back at him until he turned into the main corridor and out of sight.

John went to the office desk; but the name of Mrs. Julian Wall, Chicago, as explained by the old clerk, did not help him to remember. He was half through his dinner before Mrs. Wall appeared in the dining room, and took a seat at a table alone across the room from John, and wearing a black and white striped silk blouse, her street skirt, and the smart little toque. John knew something about clothes, and that this woman, whoever she might be, was dressed in good taste But he was given little chance to try to recall the elusive "something" about her, through studying her profile, for the old clerk came hurriedly to his elbow and whispered that he was wanted urgently on the 'phone by Apple Hill. Mrs. Wall watched his tall figure as he strode from the room, the old clerk pattering after. Her colour rose a little under her make-up, but as the minutes went by and John did not return, she continued to eat her dinner with composure

John went at once to the 'phone booth, where the wire was open for him to Apple Hill. As he had instinctively guessed, it was Dorothy.

"Oh, John!" her sweet girlish voice breathed. It was wonderfully sweet to Little John. There was anxiety but equally evident relief in its tone. "Something has happened to—to the minister!"

"Happened, Dorothy? How?"

"We don't know! *I* don't know! We can't tell! But he got some message or news from the hotel where you are now, only a little while ago, and he was terribly upset. Central here says he looked awful when he came out of the booth where I am now. Are you listening, John? And he has driven off, without a word to any one of us, at a simply furious pace, over the road to town. John, you must do something! He is in trouble, can't you see?"

"It may be a call, some one very ill—"

"Oh, no, no! I'm sure it's some trouble of his own!"

"Well, well, little girl, I—"

"What will you do, John?

"I—"

"Can't you find out, where you are, who it was—the person who 'phoned him and what it was about"

"Yes, yes, I'll do all I can, you may be sure. You must not worry. It will be all right. All's well that ends well, and it may be nothing."

"OH, but every one here is quite upset! It has changed *everything!* We were all at the church, decorating, and wondering what you were coming, when—he got the message to go to the 'phone. It must be something very serious, and *mysterious*, you can't come back to tell us. Just what could it be?"

"I'll drive out toward home so that I cannot miss him, and that will bring me nearer to you, little girl." John paused, but the word he hoped for was not spoken. "He might not come here to the hotel," he went on, evenly, "and in that case if I waited here I might not see him at all."

"Yes, yes, that is so! He might—oh, he could not be *going away*—like that!"

"Nonsense!"

"You must help him all you can, whatever it is that has upset him and made him rush away so madly without a word to—to any one of us. If there's need of money, John, remember I—"

"No need to talk of *money*, Dorothy."

"And 'phone me, John, if you meet him and

For her morning cup of delicious

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

She knows that it is good, even if she doesn't appreciate, as the older members of her family do, the importance of our guarantee of purity and wholesomeness.

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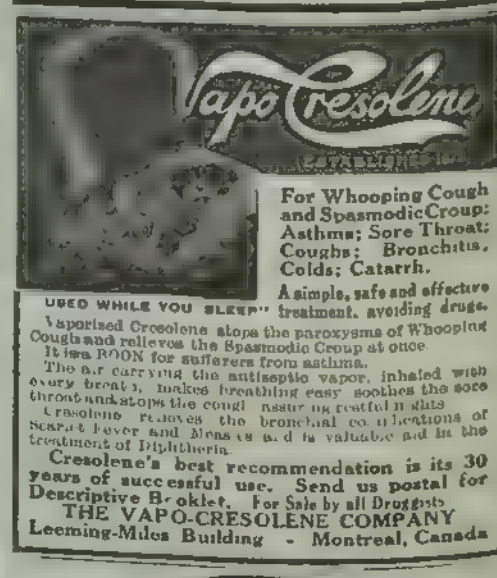

For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronchitis. Colds; Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

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Egerton Burnett's "Old Country" Clothing Fabrics have won the favor and appreciation of thousands of Ladies in Canada and other parts of the world, Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, the late Queen Victoria, the Empress of Russia and many others of the crowned heads of Europe included.

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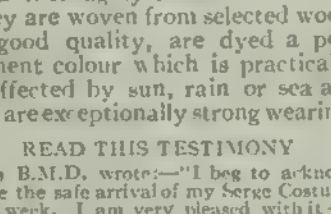

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he [illegible] But you may bring him back"

"Yes, little girl."

When Little John had [illegible] he sat in the [illegible] strong hand [illegible] thus [illegible]

Had he been in the dark all the time? Had Love been blind?

He stood up, to his fullest height, in the little cabinet, his head almost touching the roof.

"I'm a fool!" he thought. "And a traitor too! A man must trust blindly and believe until he knows—until he knows!" He passed the back of a big hand over his eyes roughly, as though brushing away a cobweb, and the spirit that had spurred, quickened, the phone operator noted that the strong mouth of his square jawed, clean shaven face wore a curiously grim little smile.

"Can you tell me, without breach of trust," he asked the girl, "who it was that called the pastor of my church up at Apple Hill from here? What lady registered here—Mrs. Wall?"

"Yes, Mr. MacLean. Dressed in black and white [illegible] from the dining room now."

John stood a moment in thought; then thanked the girl and strode briskly to the stairs. After all, he decided, as he ran up three steps at a time, while the operator's gaze followed his stalwart, [illegible] figure with interest, he had no direct business with this Mrs. Wall. He had taken her measure in the jeweller's shop. She was no fool. And she would make a fool of him if he would make a fool of himself, and she would add an extra high finish, if he attempted to get anything out of her. He had nothing on her. If only he could remember! Her face—where was it he had seen her? He knitted his heavy dark brows in a vain endeavour to bring her back, as he strode along the corridor.

IF he were to keep his promise to Dorothy, his business was with the young minister.

He drew the hotel key on its brass tag from his coat pocket and unlocked the door to his room at the wing corridor's end. As he picked up his sealskin cap from the bureau on which he had tossed it, he bent forward a moment toward the glass, and in the bright electric light, he noted how gray over the temples his hair was getting to be. He stood for some moments with bent head and narrowed lids, deep in thought; then suddenly threw up his chin with a grim little hardening of the lines of his mouth, slipped hurriedly into his coonskin coat, drew on his cap and switched off the light.

As he stepped out of the hotel, he met young Mr. Midge, hastening hungrily to a hurry-up dinner.

"Herb," said Little John, placing a big hand gently on the little fellow's narrow but immaculately clad shoulder, "remember that woman in black in the shop a while ago, when I was there?"

Mr. Midge started, and was conscious of a thrill. What was Little John MacLean after now, he wondered.

"Sure thing!" he said, after a moment's pretended remembering pause, which John took due note of. "I remember her."

"Ever seen her before?"

"No. Stranger to me."

"Yes? I thought perhaps she was an old friend of yours. You seemed to have lots to say."

"Got to be civil to a customer, John." Had Little John been talking to this "Mrs. Wall," Midge wondered. Had she asked John to drive her to Apple Hill, after all? Or had she told him—

"Yes, I suppose you do have to gossip a bit to a good customer," assented John. Mr. Midge started.

"I'm in a hurry, Mac," he said. "Got only half an hour off for a bite. The rush is fierce."

"Well, I'm in a hurry, too, Herb, and I won't detail you long." But Little John still stood between Mr. Midge and the entrance door. "I'm a pretty good customer, so you can gossip to me. What did she say about the pastor of my church at Apple Hill—Mr. Page?"

"Oh, said she knew him—quite an old friend of hers." Mr. Midge breathed a bit more freely.

"Anything else?"

"She asked if he lived in Farmington," lied Mr. Midge glibly, "and when I told her his parish was Apple Hill, she said she thought she would drive out there."

"I see. And she said she was an old friend, eh?"

"Sure thing! Quite an old friend!" Mr. Midge spoke breezily. He felt quite on Easy Street now. It was plain that John knew nothing of the counter gossip about himself and Dorothy Snow. "Yes, she spoke of him as Frank, and blew herself to a Christmas present for him—a little silver cross. Cost all of two dollars—though she seemed to be flush. Paid for it with a yellow boy—a tenner, you know; nice new one, too."

"That's all, Herb. Sorry to have kept you from your hard-earned dinner. Good-night and Merry Christmas!" Mr. Midge hastily entered the hotel much relieved in mind, but wondering mightily what Little John's catechism meant concerning the lady in black. Being naturally a gossip, Mr. Midge was curious in the narrow sense of the word. Before going in to dinner he looked over the register. Mrs. Wall had come to Farmington on the late afternoon or early evening train.

"Say, Ella," he said to the 'phone operator in a manner he considered irresistible, "did Mrs. Wall—a friend of mine stopping here—call up the new minister at Apple Hill?"

"Friend o' yours, eh?" sniffed the girl. She disliked Mr. Midge as much as she liked Little John. "Better ask her yourself, Herb. You just missed her in the dining room, but she's upstairs now, if you're looking for a marriage license."

Mr. Midge retired to the dining room, huffed,

(Continued on page 22)

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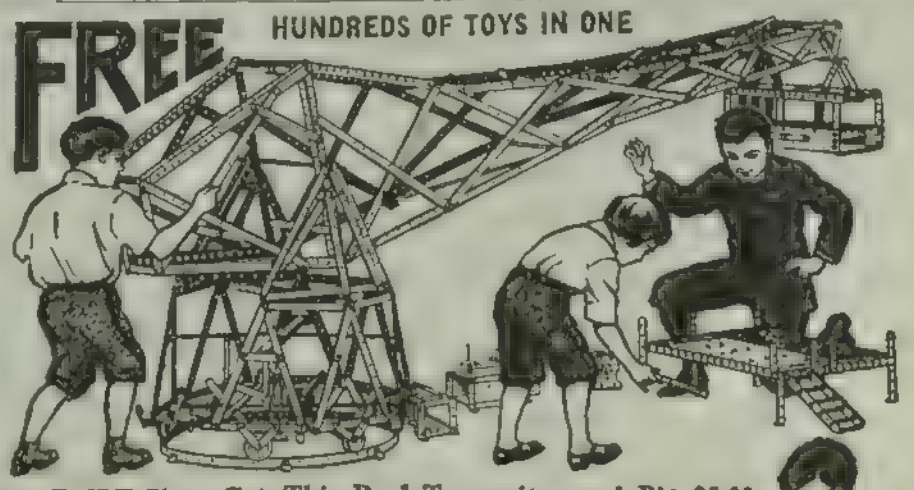

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Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

PENETRATES WITHOUT RUBBING

GIVING THE BEST THAT IS IN US

(Continued from page 21)

but pondering. He had not missed the sarcasm of the girl's tone. He decided that perhaps he had better go easy about Mrs. Wall.

John's black mare needed no urging to make a fast pace over the road to Apple Hill. It was a cloudless, crisp, Canadian winter night; a moonlit night of bewilderingly beautiful white fields, with a sort of bloom over them, and dotted by the cosy lights of homes; a night of bracing air, and brilliant stars, with Vega electric-blue in the zenith.

Two miles out of Farmington the straight road running south to Apple Hill takes a sharp turn to the left through a grove of pines. As John approached this point, his blooded mare trotting fast with jingling bells, he was roused suddenly from the reverie into which he had fallen by the sound of rapidly approaching galloping hoofs. He drew quickly well to the right and checked his mare. This must be the pastor's horse, he thought, coming indeed at a "furious pace," as Dorothy had said. And in a moment, it seemed, he was aware that the approaching horse and cutter had burst into view around the turn; in the next that the cutter had partly overturned. Then righted again, it flashed by John as the frightened horse, now a runaway and unchecked, sped on like mad over the straight white moonlit road to Farmington.

NO need to call out now, John knew. Jumping from his little red sleigh, he ran to the road edge of the ditch where the minister lay motionless, huddled in the snow.

"God!" John heard him breathe. "Thy judgment!"

John leaped down.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

At the sound of Little John's familiar voice the other struggled to his feet in the ditch. His face was dead white.

"You!" he gasped, and stepped back.

"Happened along just in time," said John cheerily. "Come!" He took the young pastor by the arm.

"Not that one, MacLean," said the younger man gently. "I think that perhaps I've sprained my wrist." With an effort he climbed unassisted to the road, and stared over it toward the town. His runaway horse was already a mile away, a moving minimum of visibility on the moonlit road. Then, without a word to John, the minister started to run toward the town.

John, in a few giant strides, was at his heels.

"Hold on! Not so fast!" John put out a detaining hand.

The minister faced him fiercely, his glance wild. He was very handsome in the moonlight.

"I've got to get into town now!" he cried. "I've—I've an imperative call!"

"Then get into my sleigh," said John briskly. "I'll drive you in."

"No, no! They need you at the church, MacLean!"

"They can wait. You may need me more."

"No, no!"

"There's your arm to think about. You are hurt. And we must find your horse. Come!" John's tone was gently imperative.

"My arm is nothing, but—yes, there's the horse. It belongs to the parish!" Without further protest the pastor stepped into the little red sleigh.

"Now," said John, as his mare, to her surprise, was turned and headed toward Farmington, "I want you to think of me only as your friend to-night."

The minister seemed to shrink suddenly into the corner of his seat, away from the bulk of the big man.

"I don't want to be at all curious," said John, "but— what's the trouble back of this imperative call? If it's a matter of money—"

"No, no, there is nothing needed, MacLean! I implore you not to question me in—in this matter!"

But John made no protest against this plea. In a flash his train of thought had switched to another track along which it was now speeding. Money—his cheque book—the pendant for Dorothy that woman's face in the jeweller's shop as he had seen it reflected in the oval mirror of the show case there. Now memory of her face had come back—her face in a newspaper three months ago! Her face—her name—and the story!

He had a pretty good memory for details in the end, after all.

Instinctively he unglove[illegible] his right hand and slipped it under his coonskin coat and into its deep inner pocket. His cheque book was there, but the package with the pendant—his Christmas gift for Dorothy—was gone.

They were in Farmington now, and as though about to speak, the young minister stirred. He stretched his left hand across to John's arm, for the spirited mare was going strong and John was driving with both hands, when a man hailed them and John pulled the mare up. The minister's horse had been caught, and was stabled at the Commercial Hotel. The hotel was but half a dozen blocks away.

THE young minister threw off the buffalo and before John could detain him had stepped hastily out.

"I'm deeply and humbly grateful to you, MacLean," he said, in a voice that sounded unfamiliar to John, "for what you have done and for—for what you have said." He looked nervously away, and John noted that it was in the direction of the Commercial Hotel.

"How's the arm?" said John, considering. "Hadn't you better see Doc Andrews, and have it looked at right away?"

"I will, as soon—as soon as I have done what I must do first." John knew that he was in pain.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls cold water 5 minutes. Mix 2 cups granulated sugar and ¼ teaspoonful cream of tartar together; add ½ cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir soaked gelatine through syrup quickly and turn in a pan to cool, but do not scrape pan. When partly cool add 1 teaspoonful peppermint (scant measure) or vanilla, and beat until creamy and stiff enough to form in centres. Place small pieces of confectioners dipping chocolate over hot water until melted. Remove and drop centres one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper.

THIS year make candy for home use or put up gift boxes for your friends. Here are two good candy recipes. There are many more in our book, as well as recipes for Jellies, Desserts, Salads, and a wholesome, easily digested CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING, which would be a treat for your Christmas dinner.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

CHRISTMAS DAINTIES

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1½ cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part ½ teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add ½ teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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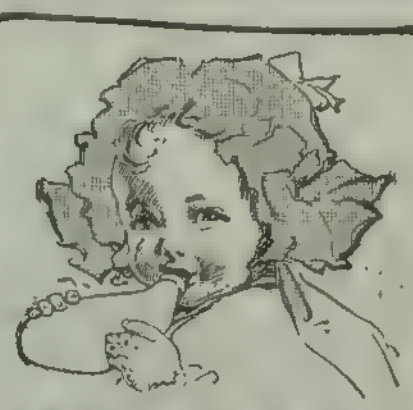

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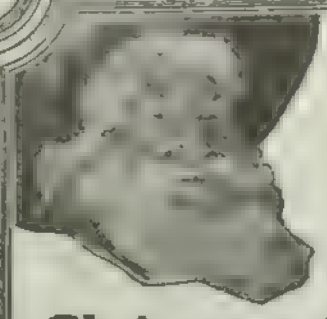

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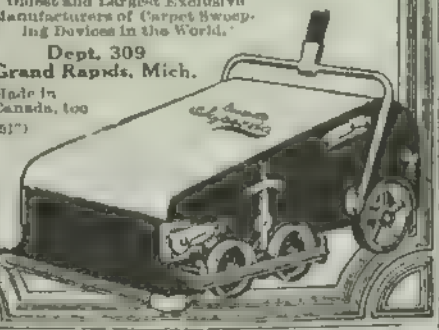

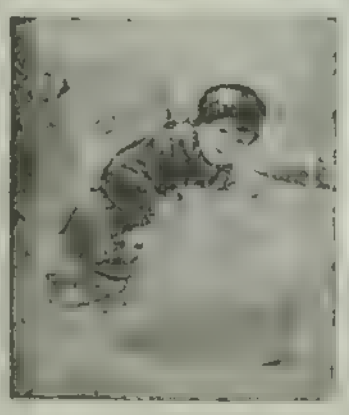

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"All right!" said John. "I've some little [illegible] of my own I can attend to and I'll [illegible] you at Dr. Andrews' [illegible] half an hour.

Stay an hour, MacLean.'

Very well. I'll expect [illegible]

"If you are 'phoning Apple Hill, please say nothing about the spill and my arm," pleaded the minister.

"Very well," said John, [illegible] and drove off. He had no thought of 'phoning Dorothy now.

He drove to the jeweller's, where the proprietor beamed on him again.

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. MacLean? Is the pendant—"

"O.K.," said John. He produced his cheque book. "Can you let me have a couple of hundred dollars in nice clean fives and tens—the tens preferred?"

"Certainly, Mr. MacLean! I understand. Playing Santa Claus in your usual munificent way!" John's generosity was well known. He got the money, and drove swiftly to the hotel.

"I left something this evening in my room," he explained to the old clerk as he waited for his key.

The old clerk leaned over the register, whispering.

"You noticed that woman in black and white, in the dining room at dinner time?"

John nodded, knowing what was coming. The old clerk's eyes were round over his specs.

"She's registered as Mrs. Wall, of Chicago. Your young minister from Apple Hill came in here a while ago. He's with her in her room now—number 29—your corridor!"

"Oh, yes!" John smiled. "She's agent for a big Chicago publishing house, and selling a very fine and useful work. I gave her my order to-day, and the names of a few prospective customers, among them that of Mr. Page, our pastor. I believe she called him up, as she's leaving town to-night."

The old clerk, who had listened gravely, looked curiously relieved.

"I see," he said, nodding slowly. "I thought he looked sick and worried when he came to the register. But he was in such a hurry, I didn't like to ask him. I like the young man."

"He hasn't been well lately," said John. "He has a busy parish and works hard; and it's Christmas Eve, you know."

BUT as John went up the stairs, the grave gaze of the clerk, who had grown up with the old house, and who had known John as a boy, turned slowly till it met that of the telephone girl.

"It's only a set of hymn books she's selling, Bill," he said.

"Sure!" said the girl. "And Mr. MacLean is going to teach her a new tune."

John found his wing corridor silent and deserted. But through the open fanlight of number 29 came light, the sound of nervous footsteps, and a woman's low, mocking laughter.

"The end justifies the means," decided John, as he stood still, listening.

"And so you joined the Church, Saint Francis! From a hard hat to a halo! You ought to write a novel, Frank. Put me in it, and all our friends of seven years ago, a novel with a purpose, to show me the error of my ways. And weave into it your love story—the tragic romance of Apple Hill—" John started, his big hands suddenly clenched, then he stood tense and very still. The young minister's footfall had suddenly ceased.

"Ah! And so you've been fool enough, Frankie, with your romantic temperament, to fall in love with another man's promised wife!"

"STOP!" The young minister's voice was an explosion.

"You stop pointing your finger at me as though it were a gun, and quit waving that left hand about! Are you a southpaw? What's the matter with your right arm anyway? Are you saving it for your Christmas sermons? Now, you listen! That's what I brought you here for. I know all about this Apple Hill affair. You've fallen for this belle of Apple Hill—this maiden pure as snow—"

"I command you to stop, or—" cried the minister, furiously.

"Or what? Well, all right, I'll stop, just long enough to call for a rig to drive out to your Apple Hill and tell my story to your bunch of goody goodies, including little Dorothy. How does that strike you? And how will it strike her—if she's fallen in love with Saint Francis—when she knows you broke your promise to marry me and started me on the down grade—"

"That's false! It's infamous! I believed in you! You made a fool of me! It was only when I found out what you were and you made your choice—"

"And you think that because *you* made your choice and joined the Church that you squared yourself with me! Now, see here! When I heard from that gold tooth midget gramophone in the jewellery shop to-day that you were a sure enough minister around here, I burned two dollars of perfectly good money on a Christmas present for you—this little silver cross. Come and claim it from around my neck, Frank. It unclasps at the back. No? I'm not Dorothy Snow, eh? Well, see here, Mister Minister Man, I'm a busy woman. I brought you here to talk business. Money. I've been up against it. If you want me to get out of this hole you call a town without spreading the gospel truth about you and speeding right back to Chicago and starting a breach of promise suit, you'd better come across with the coin. How much did you bring?"

"Nothing!"

"Well, you'd better be reasonable and get a gait on and get it. You go to this big farmer called MacLean, who was buying pearls and diamonds for the girl you love, and who is too big a dub to see that the girl is in love with you—"

(*Continued on page 25*)

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We make a telephone for every use, all absolutely guaranteed for quality, and all Made in Canada.

No need to climb the stairs — just a ring of the bell, and a prompt answer.

Or, on a winter night, when you wish to speak to one of the men in the GARAGE, BARN, or some other building, ring the bell and give your instructions. That's all—or your men can call YOU when necessary — a saving in time, trouble and efficiency!

Let us know your particular interest, and ask for our bulletins and information. Write us NOW!

Canadian Independent Telephones
Adelaide St. West, TORONTO

Fairy Soap produces a rich, free lather in any kind of water; its cleansing qualities are most agreeable and refreshing.

Fairy Soap is white—pure—made with expert skill from carefully selected materials.

The oval, floating cake fits the hand and wears down slowly to the thinnest wafer.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

FAIRY

"Just Taste my Christmas Candy—I made it with

Redpath SUGAR

EXTRA GRANULATED

For more than sixty years—since the Grandfathers of to-day courted at "taffy-pulls"—REDPATH has been the favorite sugar for home candy-making. You can depend on it for absolute purity and for the most tempting results.

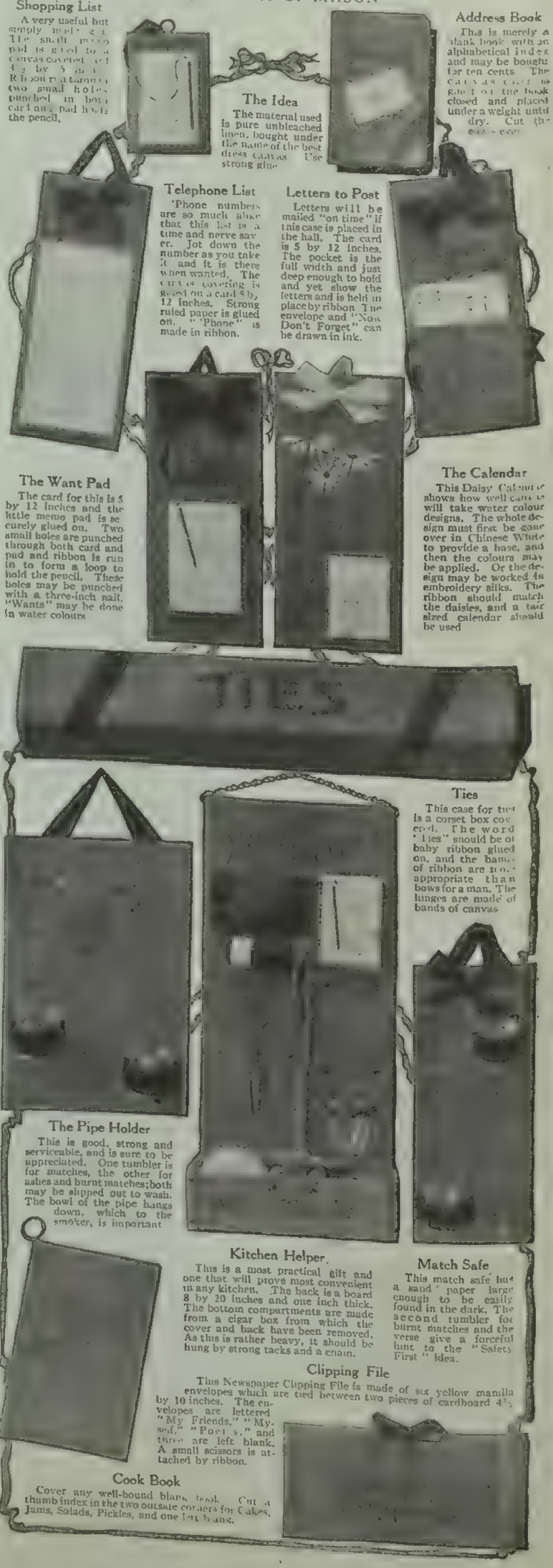
Buy it in original packages—2 or 5 lb. cartons; 10, 20, 50 or 100 lb. bags.

Made in one grade only—the highest.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Gifts a Ten Year Old Girl Can Make Out of Dress Canvas to Cost 50c or Less

By RALPH S. MASON



Shopping List

A very useful but simply made gift. The small memo pad is glued to a canvas covered card 4 by 5 inches. Ribbon run through two small holes punched in both card and pad holds the pencil.

Address Book

This is merely a blank book with an alphabetical index and may be bought for ten cents. The canvas cover is glued on the book closed and placed under a weight until dry. Cut the edges even.

The Idea

The material used is pure unbleached linen, bought under the name of the best dress canvas. Use strong glue.

Telephone List

'Phone numbers are so much alike that this list is a time and nerve saver. Jot down the number as you take it and it is there when wanted. The canvas covering is glued on a card 8 by 12 inches. Strong ruled paper is glued on. "'Phone" is made in ribbon.

Letters to Post

Letters will be mailed "on time" if this case is placed in the hall. The card is 5 by 12 inches. The pocket is the full width and just deep enough to hold and yet show the letters and is held in place by ribbon. The envelope and "Now Don't Forget" can be drawn in ink.

The Want Pad

The card for this is 5 by 12 inches and the little memo pad is securely glued on. Two small holes are punched through both card and pad and ribbon is run in to form a loop to hold the pencil. These holes may be punched with a three-inch nail. "Wants" may be done in water colours.

The Calendar

This Daisy Calendar shows how well canvas will take water colour designs. The whole design must first be gone over in Chinese White to provide a base, and then the colours may be applied. Or the design may be worked in embroidery silks. The ribbon should match the daisies, and a tair sized calendar should be used.

Ties

This case for ties is a corset box covered. The word "Ties" should be of baby ribbon glued on, and the bands of ribbon are more appropriate than bows for a man. The hinges are made of bands of canvas.

The Pipe Holder

This is good, strong and serviceable, and is sure to be appreciated. One tumbler is for matches, the other for ashes and burnt matches; both may be slipped out to wash. The bowl of the pipe hangs down, which to the smoker, is important.

Kitchen Helper

This is a most practical gift and one that will prove most convenient in any kitchen. The back is a board 8 by 20 inches and one inch thick. The bottom compartments are made from a cigar box from which the cover and back have been removed. As this is rather heavy, it should be hung by strong tacks and a chain.

Match Safe

This match safe has a sand paper large enough to be easily found in the dark. The second tumbler for burnt matches and the verse give a forceful hint to the "Safety First" idea.

Clipping File

This Newspaper Clipping File is made of six yellow manilla envelopes which are tied between two pieces of cardboard 4½ by 10 inches. The envelopes are lettered "My Friends," "Myself," "Poets," and three are left blank. A small scissors is attached by ribbon.

Cook Book

Cover any well-bound blank book. Cut a thumb index in the two outside corners for Cakes, Jams, Salads, Pickles, and one left blank.

Mother's Cough!

Is it nothing? Is it to be neglected until it leads to that terrible scourge consumption? Peps stand between winter coughs and colds, and serious consequences. Peps are tablets made up of Pine extracts and medicinal essences, which when put into the mouth turn into healing vapors. These are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes—not swallowed down to the stomach, which is not ailing.

Try a 50c. box of Peps for your cold, your cough, bronchitis or asthma. All druggists and stores or Peps Co., Toronto, will supply.

Send 1c. stamp for postage on free trial package

Peps

A Trial Package of

PRINCESS SKIN FOOD

Will be sent postpaid on receipt of ten cents and this advertisement. This sample will give you a good idea of the superlative merits of this wonderful toilet preparation. We shall also send you our

FREE BOOKLET, W.

It is handsomely illustrated and tells all about the famous Hiscott Treatments and Preparations and contains many valuable hints to women who take a pride in their personal appearance.

Our home treatments for those who cannot come to us have proved successful in the worst cases of skin and scalp troubles. Write us to-day.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, Limited

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Peerless WATER SYSTEMS

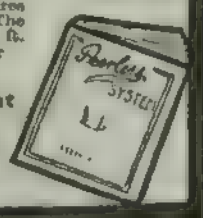
Be the Master, Not the Slave, of Water

Why have the drudgery of pumping buckets of water from the well or spring for the house every day in the year. Let a

Peerless Water System

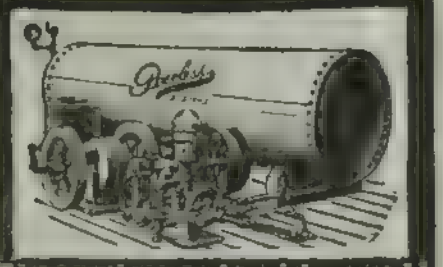
give you water ON TAP—hot or cold—always fresh—in any room, barn or stable, direct from air tight sanitary tank.

The Peerless Water System is a wonder for steady work and requires almost no attention. The booklet tells all about it. Write to-day. Ask for testimonials



National Equipment Co., Limited

35 Wabash Avenue TORONTO



They work as you hoped they would

How Can You Manage Without a PEERLESS?

North Hatley, Que., February 19, 1910.
National Equipment Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen,—It has been our intention to write to you before this to tell you how satisfactory our Peerless Water System has been.

So far it works complete in every way. It has been two months or more since we have pumped any air into the tank. There does not seem to be any waste here. We have a hot water tank attached to our kitchen stove, which gives us an ample supply of hot water for kitchen and bath room so that it makes us wonder how we have lived all these years without such a system.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) AUGUST COLT

GIVING THE BEST THAT IS IN US

(*Continued from page 23*)

"It's false! You keep her name out of this. Do you hear?" The young minister's voice rose in a passion of unrestrained fury.

"It's straight. The whole countryside knows it! I got it to-day from that little would-be sport in the shop, who is going to bed to-night dreaming that he's going to buy my Christmas dinner and wine in this house to-morrow."

"The beast!"

"This big MacLean party is rich. The thing he bought for the girl cost him three hundred dollars. I got that, too. And Dorothy Snow is rich. But she's fallen for your handsome face, first sight, and he's the only fool in this fool burg who don't know it or won't see it. You're popular with these people. You tell him you need five hundred cash."

"I will not! Not a dollar, not a cent! You may do your worst, now!"

"Say, Frank, what is the matter with that arm? Is it—"

"I think," said Little John in even tones, as he stepped into the room, and laid a hand gently on the new minister's shoulder, "I think that you had better sit down, Frank, until we can have Doc Andrews look at that arm." He turned to the astonished and speechless woman in the big chair. "How did you say you are prepared to take the sum you named just now? In cash?"

"CASH preferred; but your cheque will look perfectly good to me, Mr. MacLean," she managed to say smoothly.

"Perhaps all this roll may not look like perfectly good money," said John, as he drew the roll from his pocket. "I got it from the jeweller, and it includes the ten spot which you passed there to-day." He held the bill up. "A very clever counterfeit. As 'Confidence Annie' and some other aliases, you are wanted pretty badly in New York and a few other large cities, Mrs. Wall."

She gasped, her nerve gone. The young minister, himself very white and drawn, sat dumb and staring, forgetting for the moment his pain.

"Now, Mrs. Wall," said John, "it's my duty as a citizen to turn you over to the police of this town. But I'm going to give you one big chance. There's a train going west out of Farmington in an hour. You sit down over here and write what I dictate, and sign your real name of seven years ago, and your various aliases since then, and you may take that train out of Farmington, on your solemn promise and pledge to us both here that with God's help from this hour you will be an honest woman and live straight. What do you say?"

"Confidence Annie" walked to the little writing table, and sat down.

"You said 'from this hour,'" she remarked quietly, as she stood up and handed John the sheet on which she had written. She put a hand into the bosom of her blouse and drew out the pear-shaped pearl and diamond pendant.

"I knew you had it," he said. "Any lock would be easy for you. But you've made a good start. Did you put anything over on the business men of this burg to-day?"

"Nothing, except the bill at the jeweller's." She walked to the bureau, and brought John a bunch of crisp bills from her bag there.

"They're all I've got," she said. "Burn them for me."

"You're doing fine!" said John. "You have brains, and I believe the makings of a fine woman."

She was twisting a lace handkerchief between her strong white fingers now. She looked up at John, and her face seemed strangely transfixed. In her dark eyes was a strange new light.

"You're a wonderful man, a great, good man, Little John MacLean!" she said, in the rich, low voice that had captivated Mr. Midge.

"Tut!" said John. He hated praise. "It's Christmas Eve, and we must all be good and give the best that's in us." He pressed a roll of bills into her hands. "I don't know how you're fixed now, since I've got your money, but take my advice and go as far west as you can while the going is good." He touched lightly, with a big forefinger, the little silver trinket at her throat. "You keep the little cross as a souvenir of to-night. And now, good-bye and good luck!"

But when he turned to speak to the young minister he found Frank Page lying in a dead faint.

It was nearly midnight when John drove, with silverly jingling bells, through Apple Hill. The village was silent, and the church was dark save for a light in the basement, where the dozing sexton waited the midnight hour to carry out the church's custom of ringing the old bell. But there was a light shining in the library windows of the house behind the poplars below the hill; and he knew that Dorothy was waiting for him there.

She met him, silent footed, in the big hall, and drew him, with a slim little hand upon his big coat, into the library, where a wood fire was burning in the big fireplace.

"Well, John?" she asked. She was very pale. And, looking down in his kindly way, he thought how small she was beside him, and what a child she seemed, with her big, questioning eyes. "Is—is everything all right? You—you didn't 'phone as you promised!"

"All's well that ends well, little girl!" he said cheerily. He switched off the electric light so that the room was lighted only by the flames of the fire, and led her by the hand to the big chair before the fire which was her favourite. Then he stood at the side of the fire, facing her, so that the light of the flames was on her face only. She looked like a little fairy, he thought, all in white, with her big, dark, anxious eyes, in that tremendous chair.

(*Continued on page 26*)

Wills Premium
Buy it whole
Boil the Shank
Broil or Fry the Center Slices
Will not pe boiling
Bake the Butt
Premium Ham Shank with Vegetables
Premium Ham Shank with Spinach
Premium Ham Baked with Tomatoes and Onions
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Premium Ham Baked with Macaroni
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Swift Canadian Co., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton

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will convince you of its sterling merit. Let us send you a trial packet at the same price you now pay for ordinary tea. Black, Mixed or Green. Address Salada, Toronto. B 192

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And Save ⅔ On All Your Clothes

You can have a $20 dress for $6, a $5 simple dress for $1 or $2, a $5 waist for $1.60—merely the cost of materials. You can now learn at home in spare time to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success as a professional dressmaker.

You can have clothes that are more becoming, prettier, more stylish and better clothes than you ever have worn before—two or three dresses for the usual cost of one.

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$25 to $40 Weekly

Our course will prepare you for success in the dressmaking profession. Good dressmakers have more work than they can do and earn $25 to $40 a week. Let your daughter learn this profitable profession. Our complete Home Study Course in Millinery is equally simple, practical and thorough. You can save big money by making your own hats or go into business for yourself as a milliner and be independent.

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Send this coupon or a letter or postal at once for a handsome book explaining the secrets of this new method and our special low-price, easy-payment offer to those enrolling now.

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Please send me your special offer and information regarding your Course in the subject marked below.

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking

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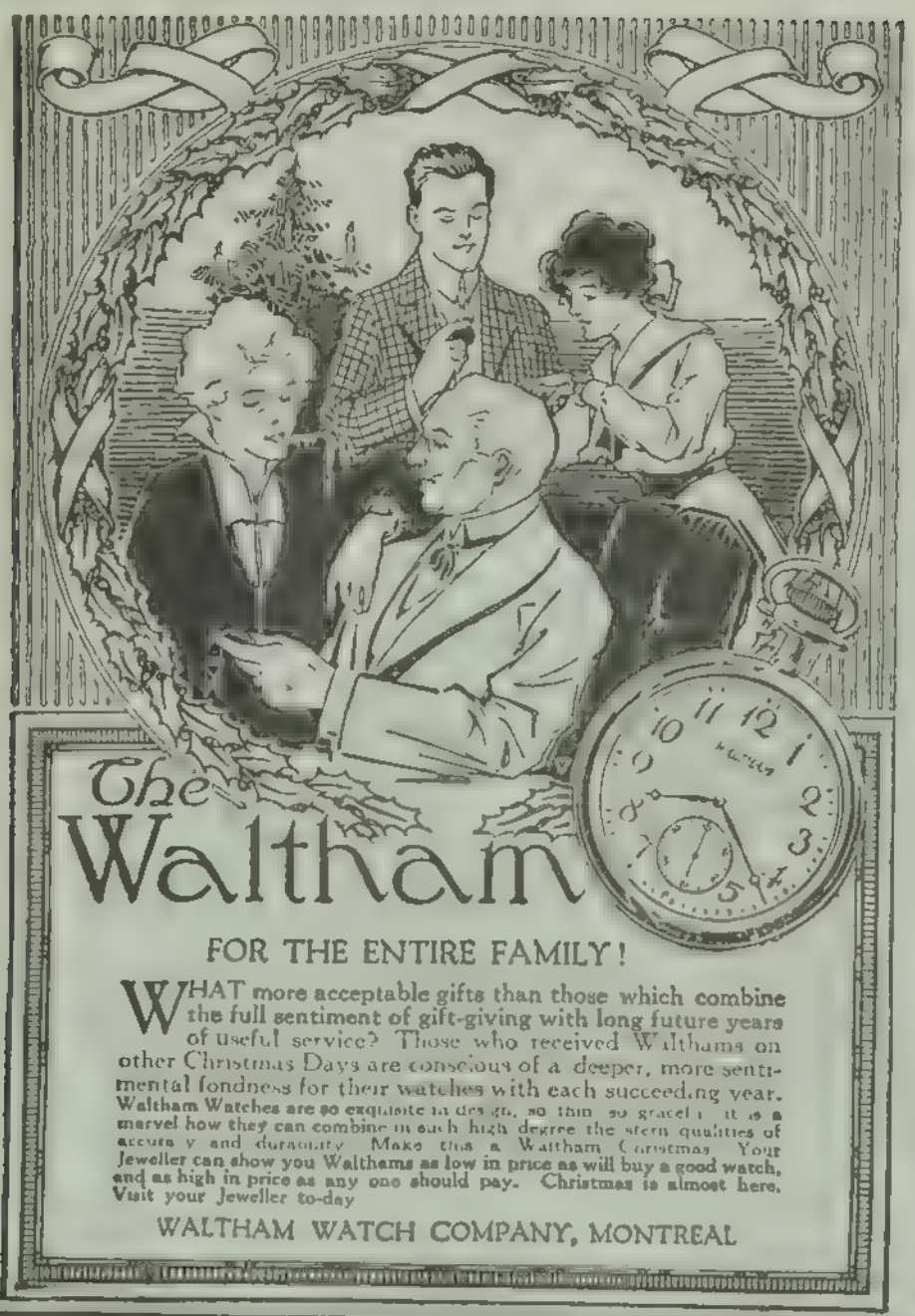
Specify whether Miss or Mrs.

Address_____



The Waltham

FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!

WHAT more acceptable gifts than those which combine the full sentiment of gift-giving with long future years of useful service? Those who received Walthams on other Christmas Days are conscious of a deeper, more sentimental fondness for their watches with each succeeding year. Waltham Watches are so exquisite in design, so thin, so graceful, it is a marvel how they can combine in such high degree the stern qualities of accuracy and durability. Make this a Waltham Christmas. Your Jeweller can show you Walthams as low in price as will buy a good watch, and as high in price as any one should pay. Christmas is almost here. Visit your Jeweller to-day

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, MONTREAL

In the Recent Experiments on Human Beings

an amount of Bovril, proportionate to the small dark circle, added to the diet *produced an increase in weight, flesh and muscle* corresponding to the large light circle, **proving the**

Body-Building Power of BOVRIL

to be in every case from 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.

Rheumatism

Muscular and Inflammatory [illegible] plain or [illegible] per [illegible] oil [illegible] does not [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] this [illegible]

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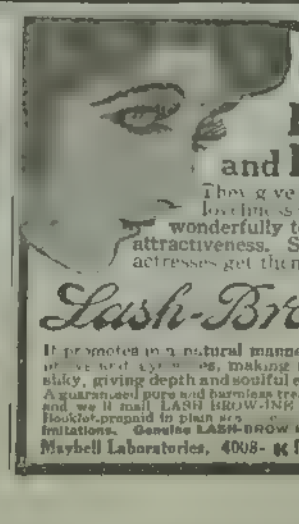
Eclectric Oil

25c. a bottle



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They give charm, expression, loveliness to the face, adding wonderfully to your beauty and attractiveness. Society women and actresses get them by using

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It promotes in a natural manner the growth of eyebrows and eyelashes, making them thick, long and silky, giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes. A guaranteed pure and harmless treatment. Send 25c (coin) and we will mail LASH BROW-INE and our FREE Beauty Booklet, prepaid in plain wrapper. Beware of worthless imitations. Genuine LASH-BROW-INE sold only by

Maybell Laboratories, 4008-K Indiana Ave., Chicago

GIVING THE BEST THAT IS IN US

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Was it something—dreadful, John? Did—did you bring him back?"

"It was nothing dreadful at all, little girl." Little John's face was in deep shadow, and she could not see how haggard, how suddenly old, it had grown; how deep the lines. "Nothing dreadful at all. Only an old friend of other days who had fallen on evil ways and needed a helping hand. And so I was able to help a little, too. But on the way our young minister was in such a hurry that he upset and broke [illegible] arm." She put her hands to her breast and started up; then sat staring toward the face in the shadow where the big, quiet voice was [illegible] gravely. "A compound fracture of the [illegible] Doc Andrews said."

"He's suffering—" the girl stood swiftly up.

"He was suffering, little girl, but he stood it [illegible]. He's a hero; but he's not suffering now. The arm's in a plaster cast; but the doctor thought his patient had better stay in town to-night."

"Not—not in the hospital?"

"No—just at Doc Andrews' house. But our young pastor insists he will preach his Christmas sermon to-morrow!"

"You are quite, quite sure, John, that that is—all? There is nothing more? You are not keeping anything back from me."

John turned, and looked down into the fire, where his dreams had vanished, seeing nothing but ashes there.

"I would not keep anything from you, Dorothy. And it's because of that I want to tell you something more. I've kind of guessed it, you see, for quite a while, almost ever since he came to Apple Hill among us. And I've been thinking a good deal about it, too. And I knew it to-night for sure when I talked to you on the 'phone."

"John!" But her eyes were shining with a sudden new light which Little John did not [illegible].

"It's going to be all right, little girl. I've just been an old goose, and very, very blind. But then, I'm getting to be quiet an old man now, Dorothy. Forty, soon. And so I'm just going to go on being your big brother, Little John, and release you from your promise and give him to you."

The girl was staring into the fire with eyes that saw a new and wonderful world—the Castle of Dreams [illegible].

It took the [illegible] old, silky, fair head in his big [illegible] hands, just as it was a child she was, and [illegible] her hair. Then the clock on the mantel [illegible] softly to chime twelve.

"Christmas morning, Dorothy!" he said [illegible]. "And here's a little gift for you to wear to-day." He dropped the satin lined jeweller's [illegible] on her white lap. "Merry Christmas, little [illegible]." He patted her head, and was gone.

Outside he felt suddenly ill and faint, and leaned against the big oak door. The snow-laden fields, a bloom in the full flood of cloudless moonlight, seemed to swim in a mist, and he passed the back of a hand across his weary eyes; and the bell of the little church rang out the Christmas morning across the moonlit world of Apple Hill.

A Painting for Every Reader

WITHIN a week after this magnificent painting was finished, the artist refused an offer of $1,000.00 cash for it. To-day it could not be purchased at any price, because its owners refuse to part with so magnificent a work of art.

This beautiful picture was painted in Toronto by a Canadian artist, whose name is well known to all students of Canadian art and literature.

For action, for intense interest, for beauty, it cannot be surpassed. It will catch and hold the attention of every one who sees it in your home.

"HIT"
From an Original Painting by S. C. Simonski

The painting is faithfully reproduced in all its beautiful original colours, just as the artist painted the [illegible]. It is on heavy art paper, full size, 12 x 16 inches, with deep [illegible] border, all ready for framing.

Every reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD may receive this famous picture in all its beautiful original colours for ten cents in stamps, to partly pay for packing and mailing. Address, Art Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Continental Building, Toronto.

Newcombe Pianos

SWEETER than the Chime of Christmas Bell is the pure tone quality of Newcombe Pianos, sympathetic and responsive to the touch [illegible] capable of giving life-long service.

Our Player Pianos

with Human-like Control [illegible] but [illegible] improvements and devices; easy to [illegible].

[illegible] and attend [illegible] Mail Order.

Place your order now [illegible] Piano delivered at your [illegible] for Christmas.

Call at our wareroom [illegible] or upon our nearest agent and make careful examination of our Pianos. If more convenient, write us.

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ALL unwelcome hairs on arms or face removed instantly with one application of this famous preparation. In Paris and New York, famous beauties have used it the past 75 years, with approval of physicians and dermatologists. Try it. 50c and $1. But refuse cheap, dangerous substitutes.

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Results come soon and are permanent. My system makes muddy, sallow skins clear, and the complexion as fresh as in girlhood; fills the flesh, and never fails to lift drooping and sagging facial muscles, **removing the wrinkles they cause.** The too thin face and neck are rounded out and hollows filled in. No one too old or too young to benefit.

My system makes double chins disappear quickly and it builds the flesh firm after the superfluous fat is worked away.

No matter how tired, five minutes of my Facial Exercise will freshen your complexion and give it a **most exquisite coloring for a whole evening.**

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If you will tell me what improvement you would like, I can write you more helpfully. Your letter will be held in strictest confidence.

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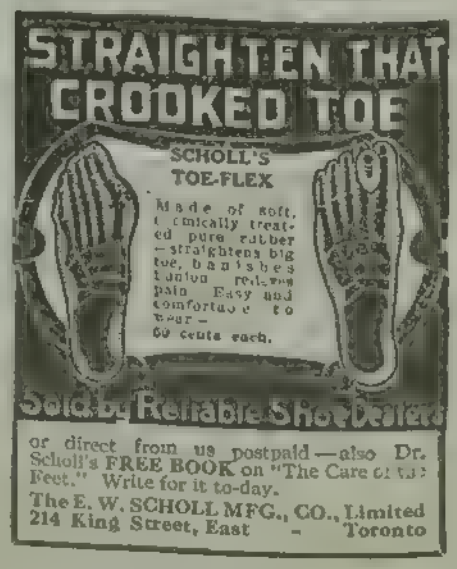
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The New Grand Scale Gourlay Piano, Louis XV. model, in beautiful mahogany case. A better instrument with finer musical quality or greater durability could not be built even for double the price. This instrument has been slightly used so we offer it at the low price of..... **$320.**

Gerhard Heintzman—

A handsome Cabinet Grand, 7⅓ octave piano made by the Gerhard Heintzman Co. This piano is in a rich walnut case, has ivory and ebony keys and three pedals. As good as new. Special Sale Price..... **$285.**

Gourlay—

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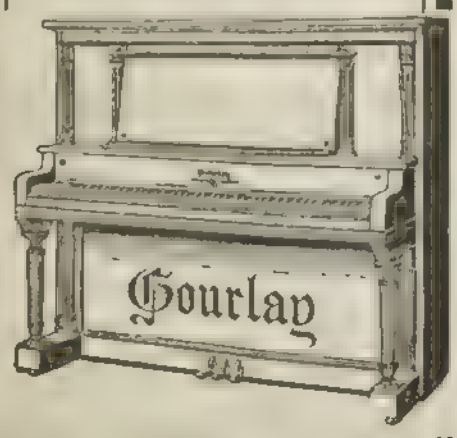

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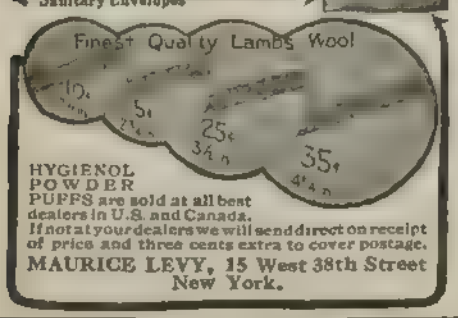
Look for the TRADE MARK Lamb's Face in circle on all HYGIENOL POWDER PUFF Sanitary Envelopes



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Turn to the big Contest on page 41 of this number. Can you tell what Mr. Brown advertised? A 1917 Overland Touring Car and many other big prizes are given for the best answer.

GARDEN GOSSIP

Christmas Gifts That Grow

By D. W. GEORGE

THOSE of us who took the advice of the Amateur Gardener in the October issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are, by this time, in a position to give our near-by friends the very nicest kind of a Christmas present. What could be nicer than a pot of bulbs of our own growing just about ready to burst into flower? Even if this is not quite as good a present as we wish to give, it makes a fine "extra," and will give lots of pleasure. I always make a point of having quite a number of these pretty little gifts ready by Christmas time. If they have not actually flowered, so much the better—they will last all the longer.

Here are some wishes to enclose with them. Pick out the most suitable:

"May your good fortune grow as fast as these flowers, and may it go on growing long after these have withered and been forgotten."

"May the fragrance of these flowers express to you each day the affection of the giver, an affection which will outlive any flower that ever bloomed."

I wish the Amateur Gardener had made more of this point in October, but perhaps what he did say was the means of starting some of us to growing bulbs in the house, who had never grown them before.

If we haven't actually flowering plants to offer at Christmas, we have a fine choice of ferns and greenhouse plants now in bloom, and there is something about a gift of this kind that every one appreciates. They can be sent by express, almost any distance, with safety.

The bulbs we put in our gardens will be nicely rooted now and ready at the first approach of spring to throw out their shoots and flowers to meet the earliest of the warmer days.

A greenhouse, heated or unheated, adds wonderfully to the possibilities open to any amateur gardener, and, after all, a small house does not cost much, while it is generally worth much more than its cost in the results which it makes possible.

IF we have no greenhouse we shall find a few frames to be very valuable helps in getting an early start, and it would not do most of us amateur gardeners any harm to write for a catalogue of these and plan where we shall put them and how the whole garden can be improved next year. Sometime this winter I shall say a little about the best sizes to buy and the way to get the most good out of them. Then, perhaps by the next Christmas, we shall have lots of material for "Christmas gifts that grow" as well as for the beautifying of our own homes.

The use of these frames will give us early vegetables and early flowers, and help us create our own gardens and grow most of our own plants instead of being obliged to buy them "ready made." And of course we can get the varieties we want much more easily in this way. In the fall the frames will be as useful in the way of prolonging the season as they were in anticipating it in the spring—and they come in very handy in helping us carry through the winter many plants we should be likely to lose in the cold weather.

Later on we shall talk of spring seeds, both flower and vegetable, and the short cuts to success in the garden. The winter time, when flowers are scarce and there is no gardening work to do, is certainly the time to sit down and plan ahead for that unknown venture, "our next year's garden."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Enquiries which enclose the necessary return postage will be answered personally by Mr. George if addressed to him, care of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

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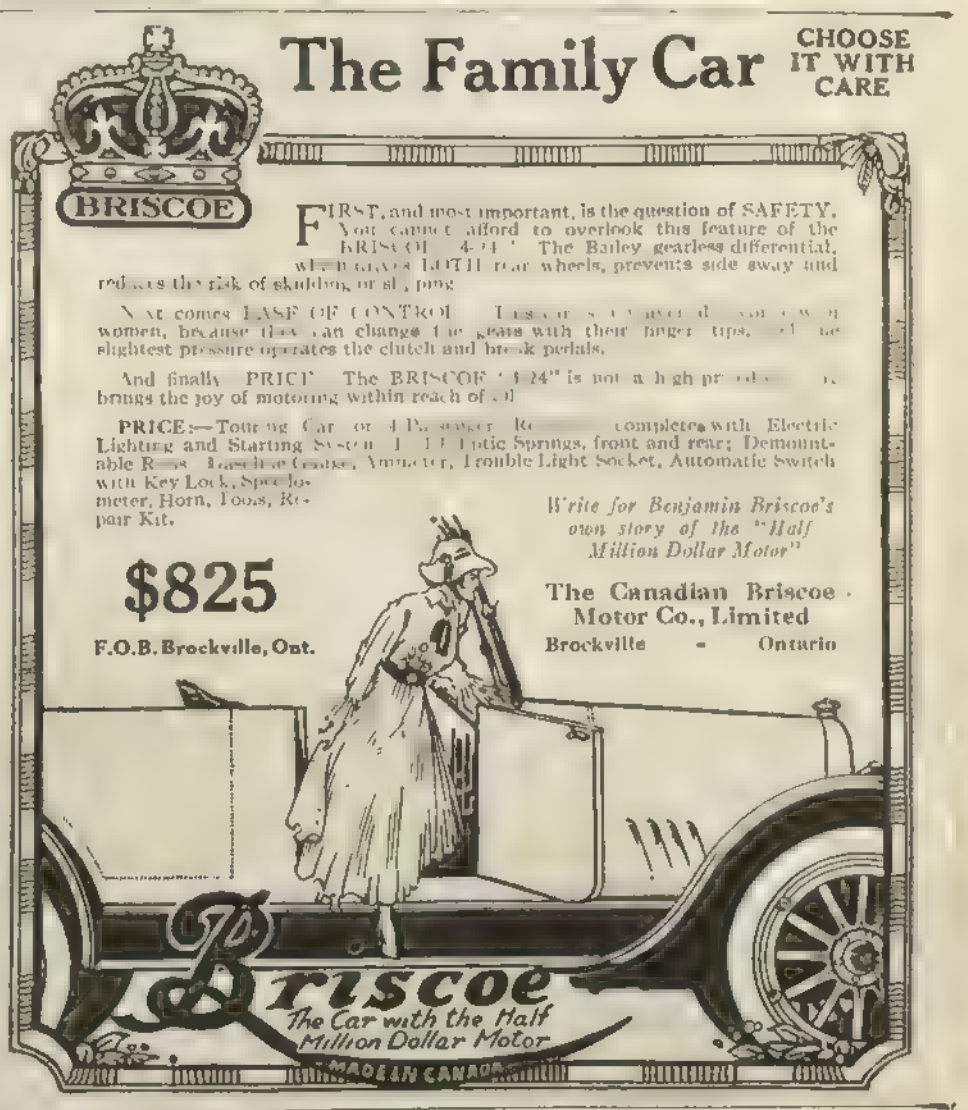
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LADY ELEANOR: LAWBREAKER

(*Continued from page 12*)

you—if you could prove you were not a mere sordid fortune hunter, how willingly would I take you back into my favour."

"Oh, come now, madam, you are not to think you can mitigate damages by backing water in that fashion. Miles, leave us. You have heard enough."

"More than enough," commented Miles, obeying willingly.

"Perhaps Lord Brandon misjudged you," mused Selina.

"Did he say anything libelous?"

"No; he told me the seven hundred was mine, and not yours. You did lead me to believe it was yours, didn't you, Humble?"

"As there are no witnesses present, I admit, entirely without prejudice, that perhaps you were justified in coming to such a conclusion."

"But, Humble, trusting hearts are more than gold mines, are they not, after all?"

"Well, Selina, the value I have known set on trusting hearts has been entirely within the law courts, and before a susceptible jury. I am bound to state they are rated somewhat higher than the average gold mine of the city."

"Will you forgive me for my seeming distrust of you?"

SYCAMORE reflected. The law is uncertain in the matter of damages, and a thousand a year in the hand is better than five hundred in the bush, with costs deducted.

"I will forgive you, Selina," he said magnanimously

"Oh, Humble," breathed Selina, and embraced him; but, as on a previous occasion, the interruption of a third party caused a speedy separation.

"One is never certain of a moment's peace in this house," grumbled Miss Chaffers, but she allowed her face to betray no annoyance as Lady Eleanor entered, followed by Miles.

"Mr. Sycamore, I have been looking for you everywhere," said her ladyship.

"All the ladies are after me to-night," murmured Sycamore aside, but he said aloud, very respectfully:

"Madam, I am at your service."

"You brought certain papers with you from London, and are doubtless well aware of their purport. Are they deeds of sale?"

"Well, madam, it is not customary for a practitioner to divulge a client's business. You should ask Lord Brandon anything you—"

"You are no practitioner, and Lord Brandon is not your client. Are they deeds of sale?"

"Madam, you embarrass me; still, I suppose there is no real secret about the documents. It is merely an agreement of sale, which, when Lord Brandon signs it, completes a bargain made by my master with another client. The Brandon estate is then sold for two hundred and thirteen thousand pounds twelve shillings and tenpence, as valued by commissioners duly appointed, their estimate accepted in advance by both parties."

"Has Lord Brandon signed the agreement?"

"Not yet, madam. It is for that I am waiting. I must to London with it to-night, and my horse is ready."

"Very well. Wait for Lord Brandon in the library. I must see him first, and as I wish to see him alone, perhaps you will leave me here, Aunt Selina?"

"You are never going to persuade him not to sell, I hope, Eleanor?" Miss Chaffers asked, in some alarm. "Don't be selfish. Remember, I get seven hundred a year under this bargain."

"You are certain of your seven hundred, Aunt Selina, whatever happens. I save me, please," and as they obeyed, she turned to Miles. "Tell Lord Brandon I wish to speak with him."

"I cannot, my lady. His lordship ordered me not to disturb him on any account."

"His orders did not refer to me. Do as I bid you."

"Pardon me, my lady; I dare not."

"This is absurd. Stand aside. I shall call him myself."

"Indeed, my lady, I must not allow any one to enter. His lordship was most particular; but I'll venture to take in a note, if you let me have it half an hour from now."

"No; I shall await him in the library. Tell him I am there, and must see him as soon as he comes out."

"I will, my lady."

Left alone in the room, Miles went to the door, opened it softly, then beckoned to Sophia, who lingered outside.

"Is the way clear, Miles?" she whispered.

"Yes, yes, my dear, an' a time I've 'ad a-gettin' rid of 'em. Lady Eleanor would see 'is lordship, but I balked 'er. 'Ave ye got the will?"

Instead of answering, Sophia issued her commands.

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"Now, Miles," she ordered, "tell his lordship that a lady wants to see him, most particular. That'll fetch him. When you've brought in his lordship, go out by that door,"—she pointed to the one through which she had entered,—"and wait on the other side. Allow no one to interrupt us—you understand?"

"Yes, my dear."

He passed through the heavily curtained doors that led to the dining room, while Sophia walked up and down in agitation, talking to herself.

"I must make no mistake. Dear me, how my heart flutters! Two thousand pounds, and the Brandon Arms, my lord, and there's the parchment to burn. What if he takes it from me, and burns it before my eyes, and refuses to give me anything? I'd proclaim him from the housetops. But then, who would believe me? No, he won't do that. He dare not take the risk! Ah, here they come!"

CHAPTER V.

SOPHIA stood with hands behind her, the right one clasping the will. The curtains parted, showing Lord Brandon, who grasped them high on each side of him, swaying slightly, and steadying himself.

"I thought you said it was Lady Eleanor, fellow!" he reprimanded, turning to Miles.

"No, my lord, I said 'a lady'."

"Very well; very well. You wish to see me, madam? I—I regret—that I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

"I am maid to Lady Eleanor, sir."

"Ah, yes. Pardon me for not recog-cog-nizing you. I am most stupid in recalling faces. Her ladyship has sent a message, perhaps?"

"No, my lord. I wished to see you on my own account."

Brandon bowed politely.

"Charmed, I'm sure. What can I do for you, madam?"

"My lord," said Sophia, hurriedly, "Miles and I are to be married, and—"

"Delighted to hear it. I con-congratulate you both, 'pon m' honour. I shall remember you on the wedding day, but you must let me know the date. And now, miss, if you'll excuse me—guests waitin', don't you know. A happy wedding to you, and many of 'em—you know what I mean."

"My lord, 'tis more serious than you think. I beg—"

"Oh, I know, I know. Of course it's serious. You've thought well before taking the plunge, I hope. But nothing venture, nothing win, eh? 'Course not. Blessing on you both. Mind you let me know the date. Good-night!"

"My lord, if I can save you two hundred thousand pounds, will you give Miles and me the Brandon Arms and two thousand pounds in coin?"

Brandon checked himself as he turned to leave.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"My lord, you do not own the Brandon estate."

"Oh, yes, I do. I haven't signed the agreement yet. To-morrow I sha'n't own it, though, but I'll have the money."

"My lord, you do not understand. The late Lord Brandon, your father, left a legal will, and you are cut off with a shilling."

Suddenly sobered, Brandon steadied himself, looking earnestly at the girl.

"My—father—left—a—will?" he repeated, slowly.

"Yes, my lord."

"And cut me off?"

"Yes, my lord."

Brandon returned to his former place near the fire.

"Oh, this is interesting! My guests can wait. Why was the will you speak of not acted upon?"

"It could not be found after your father's death."

"I see. I take it for granted that you have been fortunate enough to discover the missing document?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I thought so. Where is it?"

"If your lordship will give me your word—"

"Where is the will?"

"I trust to your lordship's honour to ——"

"Give me the will."

"My lord, you must—"

"Give me the will, girl," demanded Brandon, sternly, advancing a step toward her. The girl handed him the document. He opened it, and read, murmuring half aloud fragments here and there.

"Last Will and Testament—being of sound mind—all my possessions—real and personal—my beloved niece, Eleanor Beaumont—Charles Wynchcraft, Lord Brandon."

"Have you read this?" he asked sharply, turning to Sophia.

"Ye—yes, my lord."

"Does your mistress—does Lady Eleanor know of its existence?"

"No, my lord. Nobody knows of it but me [and you. There's the fire behind you, and a moment serves for the burning.

(*Continued on page 51*)

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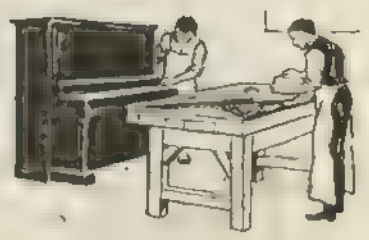

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OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

YOUR BOY'S EYES AND FOREHEAD: HIS CHANCE OF FUTURE SUCCESS

(*Continued from page 9*)

in a broad, wide way, irrespective of his own small interests or petty gains.

The boy with good width between the eyes possesses a number of desirable qualities, but this one particular quality 'of being able to judge and remember forms and distances is invariably associated with eyes that are placed well apart. An examination of the portraits of great artists show this characteristic in a marked degree. This width between the eyes gives the physical ability to see around objects, to judge of their form, proportion and perspective. These traits are communicated to the mental processes, giving the broad-minded outlook and making us capable of understanding and sympathising with others.

Normal width between the eyes is the width of the eye. A greater width than this exaggerates desirable qualities past their normal limit, and renders the person incapable of seeing and considering anything very near at hand, or that concerns only himself; this is really a sort of mental far-sightedness.

SLOPE.—We usually think of Orientals as having sloping eyes, and by this we mean eyes that are higher at the outside than at the inner corners. This position, however, is often found among Europeans and is not, by any means, universal among Asiatics. This form indicates a weakness in the capacity to think numerically, and for this reason it is found more commonly among poor people than among the well-to-do, since the ability to handle figures plays a rather large part in the accumulation of this world's goods. But if the eyes are placed wide apart, such a person, though unable to handle figures with any facility and, therefore, unadapted to the keeping of accounts and books, may develop good skill in manual or artistic work.

At the Institute Clinic, a short time ago, a girl of about seventeen with eyes sloping in this manner was much surprised when I advised her against any vocation where much figuring was required. She thought she was fairly good at figures, but when I asked her to subtract six from two hundred and then to continue to subtract six from each remainder, her answers became slower and slower, and she had made four errors before she got down to one hundred. I pointed out that if her brain tired so quickly that she made this many mistakes in a few simple subtractions, she would have but little chance of success in work in which she would have to add and subtract all day.

SLANT.—This eye is the opposite to that which slopes and shows a decided droop at the outer corner. It is characteristic of those who have great natural aptitude in handling numbers, and if the face is well rounded outside of the outer corner of the eye, they usually have a remarkable faculty for guessing or estimating correctly wherever numbers are involved. Here we have the reason why this form of eye is almost universal among successful financiers, and is frequently found among people of means—they have the ability of estimating a business venture or transaction and of arriving at a very good conclusion as to its chances of success.

EXPRESSION.—Much of the expression of the face depends on the dilation of the pupils of the eye and the position of the eyelid and eyebrow. Excitement not only dilates the pupil, but usually causes the eye to open wide, even to the point of showing a rim of white above the iris. Indifference allows the upper eyelid to droop and partly cover the pupil. In scrutiny there is a tendency to raise both eyelids so that the lower eyelid partly covers the pupil, while the upper may leave a rim of white above the iris.

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Deep-set eyes.—Mechanic, machine operator. In combination with other qualities, the deep-set eye may indicate the thinker, inventor, etc.

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Sloping eyes.—Occupations limited to literary or artistic pursuits, and mechanics.

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EXPRESSION OF EYEBROWS.—This is limited to a very few movements of the eyebrows. Mental concentration tends to draw the eyebrows together. In pain, the tendency is to lower the outer end of the eyebrow and to raise the inner. In exercising authority the eyebrows are lowered

(*Continued on page 32*)

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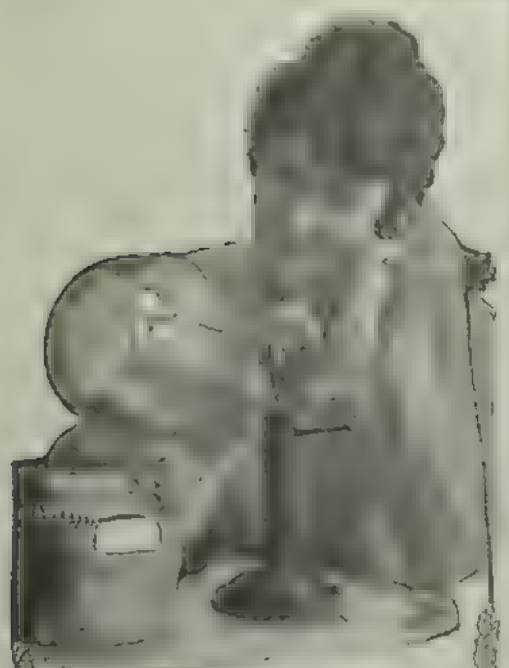

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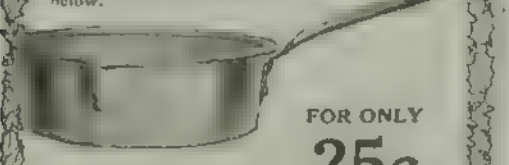

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When the blust'ring North Winds blow,
And the forest boughs are deep with rime,
And the fields with drifting snow!
Sing me a song of the frosty air,
And the long nights white and still,
When the great stars gleam in the Northern Bear
And the round moon rises cold and fair
O'er the crest of the hemlock hill!

Sing me a song of the Christmas Time,
And the morn of blessed birth,
When the resonant bells accordant chime
Their message of joy on earth!
Sing me a song of the princely art
Of the bounteous hand benign,
That blesses unseen, unguessed, apart,
The outcast fate of some hopeless heart
With the grace of a gift divine!

Sing me a song of the evergreen,
And the holly berries red,
On the festooned wall of the festal hall,
And the mistletoe overhead!
Sing me a song of the ample cheer,
And the laughter running free,
When the heart, o'er happy, forgets to fear,
Forgetting the dark of the waning year
Through faith in the year to be!

Sing me a song of the pine log's blaze,
And the home-made cakes and wine!
Of the romping game and the dance's maze,
And the eyes that sparkling shine!
Sing me a song of the crystal stream,
And the starlit sky above;
Of the moonlit roads, and the flying team,
Of the glimmering meadows of snow adream,
And the heart aflame with love!

To Combine *Sentiment* and *Service* give a

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Waterman's Ideal fulfills every requirement of a sensible and serviceable Christmas remembrance. It combines attractiveness and good taste--a gift that every one appreciates for its everyday usefulness.

Waterman's Ideal is universally recognized as the standard fountain pen. Added to the beautiful finish and diversity of design, are quality, conveniences, and patented features developed through two generations of pen making. Lasts for years.

Handsomely mounted pens are usually preferred for gifts. But whatever your purse, or whoever the person, you can select a Waterman's Ideal that will please.

Self-filling, Safety, Pocket or Regular types — $2.50, $4.00, $5.00 to $150.00. Points to fit every hand—may be exchanged after Christmas

IN CHRISTMAS BOXES

Ask for Waterman's Ideal at the Best Stores

Illustrated Gift Folder sent on request

L. E. WATERMAN CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL

New York Chicago London
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GENUINE DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers. Terms 20 per cent. down, $1, $2, or $3 weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality.

Write to-day for Catalogue; it is FREE.

We send Diamonds or Watches to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made Weekly or Monthly.

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade Toronto, Canada

"The Flavor Lasts— It Will Cheer You Many a Long Hour"

It's something for our boys to march on. It reminds them of home in a pleasant and lasting way. Tens of thousands are enjoying

WRIGLEY'S

in camp or in the trench—on the hike or on watch. When lights are out and even smoking is prohibited, then ***WRIGLEY'S*** gives sure solace—refreshing, sustaining, beneficial.

Send a few packages or a box to your soldier lad—his appetite, digestion and spirits will be the better for it. Sold everywhere.

Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Ltd.
Wrigley Bldg., Toronto

Sealed Tight — MADE IN CANADA — Kept Right

"Chew it after every meal"

May We Suggest

A Connor Ball Bearing Washer for Christmas

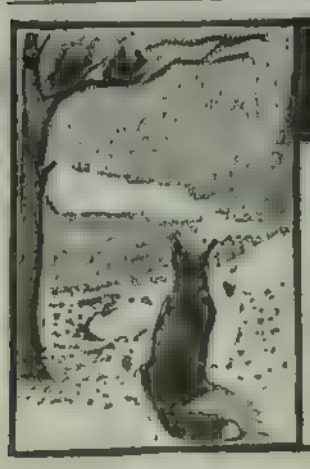
Why Not Get Together, this Christmas, and give the home one of the most needed and useful articles that can possibly be obtained! It will mean that the joy of the Christmas present will not be lost with the passing of the holiday: but rather the retaining throughout the year the feeling of supreme satisfaction in the Christmas gift which is giving out from week to week its full measure of comfort and genuine results.

Here is a Washer, complete in every detail, that is extremely easy to operate, has everything about it arranged in the most convenient manner, that will do the washing more thoroughly, more quickly, and with greater ease and comfort than when done in any other way. The washing can be done in less than half the time which is also a consideration.

Write us for Booklet on this machine, we will gladly send you all information. We can deliver this Washer anywhere in Canada. This machine will come to you all ready to operate, only necessary to take off the packing—write us early to secure your machine in time.

J. H. Connor & Son, Limited.

Ottawa, Ont.



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for Foxes, Muskrat, Skunk, Beaver, Mink, Raccoon, White Weasel, Fisher and other Fur Bearers collected in your section.

SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT to "SHUBERT" the largest house in the World dealing exclusively in NORTH AMERICAN RAW FURS a reliable—responsible—safe Fur House with an unblemished reputation existing for "more than a third of a century," a long successful record of sending Fur Shippers prompt, SATISFACTORY AND PROFITABLE returns. Write for "The Shubert Shipper," the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published.

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A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. 25-27 WEST AUSTIN AVE. Dept C20 CHICAGO, U.S.A.

YOUR BOY'S EYES AND FOREHEAD: HIS CHANCE OF FUTURE SUCCESS

(*Continued from page 30*)

horizontally, usually causing a horizontal wrinkle across the root of the nose. Fear, surprise, and apprehension cause the eyebrows to be raised, and a person living in a continual state of apprehension will raise the eyebrows until they appear to crawl right up almost to the hair line; but if the cause of apprehension be removed, the eyebrows will resume their normal position.

The arched eyebrow—of which the poets sing—is really the result of the development of that portion of the brain above the eye. This development causes an enlargement of the bone above the eye, and the eyebrow is pushed up. Here, sense of weight and appreciation of colour are located. When the arch is toward the inner corner, we have the sense of weight, and when it is toward the outer end of the eyebrow, love and appreciation of colour is indicated.

Forehead

As boys approach maturity, a marked development at the base of the forehead, resulting in a decided ridge, is often noticed. This is due to the enlargement of a cavity or air space between the plates of bone which form the skull at this point. This cavity seems to act as a sounding board for the voice, and is usually large in men with deep, resonant voices and small in those having tenor voices. It also appears to be Nature's purpose in developing this ridge to provide a better shade for the eyes of the man who is a keen observer.

Fullness at the centre shows memory for events, stories, happenings, and gives the literary type. With the upper part full, we have the reflective type—the man who reasons, thinks, theorises. The high forehead, full—tending to squareness—at the top, indicates the tactful man, capable of managing others. He can handle the woman of refinement, the musician of temperament, the man of course fibre, and the sensitive child equally well. Wit is also shown in the high forehead, broad at the top; and sympathy in the high, full forehead. The person with the rather low forehead, sloping at the sides, will not succeed in positions where he is obliged to manage others, except those who can be ruled by force and fear.

Breadth at the base of the forehead indicates orderliness; a forehead narrow over the eyes shows the reverse. The boy with the smooth forehead, broad in the middle section, has a great memory for events, and a good knowledge of the value of time and is usually punctual in keeping appointments. The perception of tones, pitch, and melody—usually termed a fine musical ear—gives fullness to the head just beyond the outside corners of the eyebrows, where the tendons can be felt when the teeth are closed. Width across the upper part of the forehead is an indication of good reasoning powers, wit, and tact. Breadth in this section of the forehead is necessary in all occupations which involve meeting new conditions and solving new problems.

It may be laid down as a general principle that height of forehead indicates depth of thought; width indicates breadth of thought; narrowness with depth indicate the religious man and the philosopher—the man who is interested in but few things; the low, broad forehead indicates the practical man with a liking for mechanics and who takes a superficial interest in many things; and the general size of the forehead is a fair measure of the intellectual capacity.

In a general way, vocations may be divided thus: large foreheads indicate a fitness for the professions; small foreheads indicate an aptitude for mechanics and manual occupations where muscular skill and strength is needed, rather than mental ability. Those boys who have small foreheads have but little chance of succeeding in the professions and are almost sure of failure if they attempt to become doctors, lawyers, preachers, etc.; and the boy with a large, high forehead would be equally out of place in a machine shop or factory, or any occupation that calls for mere manual dexterity or physical endurance.

Find Out For What Your Boy is Best Fitted

Send Professor Farmer cheap, unretouched photos of him as follows: full face, side face, back head, full length.

Send a sample of his writing; a page from an actual letter, including his signature, is best. Answer the following questions as per directions given below. This service is for subscribers only.

1. Boy's name.
2. Age.
3. Weight.
4. Height, without shoes.
5. Measure from tip to tip of fingers with arms outstretched.
6. Size of head around the base just above the ears, the largest circumference, in inches.

(*Continued on page 54*)

Mrs. Clark Won $450.00 Piano

Readers who have noted the great contest announced on page 41 of this issue will be interested in reading the following letter from Mrs. Florence Clark who won the second prize in last year's contest:

2476 Park Avenue,
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Mr. Lawson,

As promised by you, I received to-day the beautiful piano which your company awarded me in the last competition "What Did Little Mary Buy." It arrived in perfect condition, and I trust you will permit me to congratulate you on the tasteful selection you have made. To say it is beautiful and artistic is really inadequate, for it is perfect in every way. I am still wondering how I could possibly have been so fortunate as to win it, and I really do not know how to express my thanks and pleasure at being able to possess such a lovely instrument.

Wishing "Everywoman's World" the great success it certainly deserves, and appreciating the pleasant, courteous manner in which the competition has been carried through,

I beg to remain,
Yours very truly,
(Mrs.) FLORENCE CLARK.

An Equal Opportunity For You

Mrs. Clark did not win this piano prize because of any special qualifications. Your opportunity to-day is just as great as was hers. She entered the competition bent on doing everything possible to win a good prize. She helped us as asked, to the extent of showing Everywoman's World to four or five of her friends who wanted to have the magazine come to them each month. That is all she did, and all any one is asked to do in this competition.

Everywoman's World invites all its friends and readers to take advantage of the great opportunity presented by John Brown's contest.

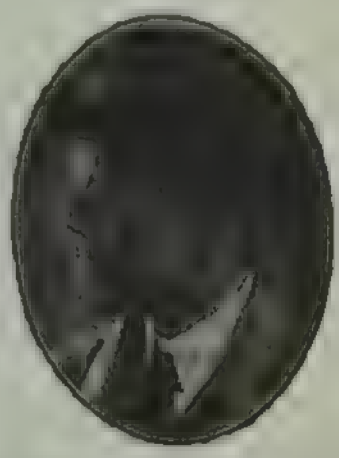
YOUR CHRISTMAS MONEY

If you want Christmas money, all you need do is write to us. There is an opportunity right in your own neighborhood of which you should take advantage.

Turn to page 41 and write
CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
62 Temperance Street, Toronto

WON $538.00 FORD TOURING CAR

The Result of An Hour's Pleasant Co-operation



This Spring Mr. Hugh A. Ross, of Smith Falls, Ont., entered the Everywoman's World Contest which appeared in the January number. He complied with the simple conditions and sent in the names and addresses of four ladies to whom he had shown the magazine and who wanted it for the present year.

At the conclusion of the contest he was awarded First Prize—a fine 1916 Ford Touring Car, and in compliance with his request received its value in cash. The announcement on page 41 of this issue presents an opportunity for you much greater than was that of Mr. Ross.

You Can Win an $898.00 Overland Touring Car

5-Passenger, 1917 Model, Fully Equipped

There are as well several other big valuable prizes and hundreds of worth while awards—you'll enjoy entering this great contest. Send your entry to-day.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
62 Temperance Street, Toronto

WHEN MOTHER LETS US MAKE CANDIES

By ELIZABETH BACHE

Toffee

TWO cups light brown sugar, ½ cup vinegar or 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons butter, English walnut meats in halves. Arrange the walnut halves in a slightly buttered tin in rows about one inch apart. Measure the sugar and lemon juice or vinegar into the saucepan. Stir it over a moderate fire until the sugar dissolves. Add the butter and boil without stirring, until it is brittle when dropped into cold water. Test it after it has cooked for about 15 minutes. When done, your thermometer should read 270° F. Take great care to pour the candy slowly over and around the nuts in the pan. Cut into inch squares with a buttered knife as soon as the candy is firm. Leave one walnut half in the centre of each square. Wrap in waxed paper.

Chocolate Taffy

Two cups granulated sugar, ½ cup syrup, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 ounce or a square of chocolate. Put the sugar, salt, syrup and water into a saucepan and place it over a moderate fire. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Cut the chocolate in fine pieces and add it to the candy. Stir again until the chocolate is melted, then stop stirring and let the candy boil slowly for about twenty minutes. You may now begin to test it. If after being dropped in cold water it is brittle, or breaks as you try to bend it, you may be sure it is done. The candy thermometer at this point will read 250° F. When it is ready to take from the fire, pour immediately on a buttered platter or a marble slab. Wash your hands and grease them slightly with butter. When the taffy is cool enough to handle, pull it over a greased iron hook. It is easier, and always more fun, to divide it in parts and let two or more persons pull it. Pull it until it becomes much lighter in colour. Roll it into several long sticks and cut while still soft with a pair of heavy shears into inch pieces. Roll each in waxed paper and keep in a cool, dry place until ready to eat.

A long pull, a strong pull, and an opposite pull

Nut Taffy Bars

One-half cup brown sugar, ½ cup molasses, ¼ cup water, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ tablespoon salt, ½ cup pecan meats, ½ cup walnut meats, ½ cup hickory meats.

Measure the sugar, salt, molasses, vinegar, and butter into a saucepan. Let them boil for about 15 minutes before you begin to test it. While the candy is boiling, break or chop the nut meats into very small pieces. When the candy forms a hard ball when tested in cold water, which will be 250° F. by the thermometer, remove from the stove at once. Stir in the nut meats and pack in a shallow buttered square tin. When cool, cut with a sharp buttered knife into inch wide nut bars.

Maple Caramels

One and one-half cups maple syrup, ½ cup granulated sugar, ¼ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup nut meats.

Chop the nut meats coarsely. Cook together sugar, syrup, salt, and milk, stirring it all the time until the sugar dissolves. Let it boil gently over a slow fire. Do not stir the candy after it boils. In about 25 minutes, you may begin to test the candy. If it forms a hard ball when a little is dropped in cold water, it is time to take the candy from the stove. Add the chopped nut meats. Pour into a buttered square tin to the depth of about ¾ of an inch. Mark crosswise and lengthwise in lines ¾ of an inch apart. Cut the caramels just marked with a sharp knife and wrap in waxed paper.

Soft Molasses Cocoanut Taffy

One-half cup granulated sugar, 1 ½ cups syrup, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup water, ¼ lb. cocoanut, 1 tablespoon butter.

Measure the sugar, syrup, molasses and water into a saucepan together. Place over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Then let it boil slowly, stirring only now and then to prevent it burning. When it has cooked about 20 minutes, you may begin to test it. It will be ready to take from the fire when a small amount dropped in cold water will form a hard ball, or when the thermometer reads 245° F. Place it on the table, stir in the butter and then the cocoanut. Stir with a wooden spoon until it thickens. Pour on a buttered platter. Mark in inch squares as soon as the candy is firm. Roll in waxed paper about 4 inches square. Cut into pieces about one inch long with a heavy pair of shears. If you are not going to eat all of these candies right away roll part of them in waxed paper and keep in a cool, dry place.

Chocolate Caramels

Two squares of chocolate, 2 cups brown sugar, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup milk, 4 teaspoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup nut meats, pinch of salt.

Measure the first five materials into a saucepan and place over a slow fire. Place an iron plate under the saucepan if it is cooking on a gas stove. Stir until the candy boils, then stop stirring. Let it boil gently. A hot fire will burn the candy quickly. Begin your tests after the candy has boiled about 20 minutes. Remove from the fire as soon as a little dropped in cold water forms a hard ball. The candy thermometer registers 245° F. at this point. Stir in the chopped nut meats, with salt and vanilla. Now pour into a shallow buttered tin until it is about ¾ of an inch thick. When nearly cool, mark and cut in 1-inch squares with a sharp knife. Roll in waxed paper and keep in a cool, dry place.

Cooked Fondant

Two cups granulated sugar, ½ cup boiling water, 1-8 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Put the sugar, water and cream of tartar into a saucepan over a hot fire. Stir constantly until it commences to boil. Do not splash the syrup. Remove your spoon and do not stir after it boils. Just before the syrup begins to boil, wipe down the sides of the kettle with a sponge dipped in hot water. Be sure that there are no sugar grains on the sides of the kettle because, unless they are removed, the fondant will be gritty. Never stir the syrup after it begins to boil. Never jar or move the kettle while the syrup is cooking. Put a cover over the saucepan for several minutes. The steam formed will help wash down the sides of the saucepan. Let the syrup boil about 6 or 8 minutes or until the thermometer registers 238° F. Have ready a wooden skewer and a cup of ice water. Wet the skewer in the ice water, dip it into the boiling sugar and then back again into the water. If the sugar remaining on the skewer can be rolled in a soft ball between the thumb and finger, it is time to instantly stop the boiling.

While the syrup is cooking, wash the marble slab or platter with a damp cloth. Do not dry it. If you use a platter, have it ice cold. When the candy answers either test, see that your way is cleared so that you can lift the kettle and carry it to the slab or platter without shaking the candy. Pour the syrup on the slab, beginning at one end and letting it all pour out by the time it reaches the other end. It must cool quickly. Never allow the last of the syrup to drip out over what you have already poured on the slab. Never scrape out the kettle, because these scrapings will cause your candy to be coarse and grainy instead of soft and smooth. Never move the table or platter while the syrup is cooking, as this may ruin the candy.

Leave the syrup on the slab until it is cool, then start to work it. If you work it before it is cool, it will be grainy. With a scraper or wooden paddle commence by turning the syrup over toward the centre. Turn it over and over. Always work it from the edge over. Work it back and forth on the slab. Each time that you turn the syrup, scrape the slab clean and turn the scraper over the candy. It will finally form in a hard ball which can no longer be worked. Knead this as you would bread dough until it is soft and smooth. Place the candy in a crock or glass jar. Wet a clean piece of towel in hot water, wring it out well, fold and lay it over the top of the candy.

It is ready to use for any of the fondant candies after it has stood for twenty four hours. This candy may be kept, however, for six or eight months in a cool, dry place, by keeping the cloth moist. Then you may have delicious bonbons or chocolates in a very few minutes whenever you wish.

Never make more than twice this amount of fondant at one time, and it is better not to make more than this amount if it is to be cooled on a platter. If you are unfortunate and the fondant is coarse and grainy, it may be broken in fine pieces and melted over into sugar for caramels, but it cannot be used again for fondant.

The purest, sweetest and most convenient form for tea table use. ROYAL ACADIA TEA BLOCKS are half size, giving a more exact degree of sweetening—less waste—and more to the pound—the same Royal Quality as the Royal Acadia Granulated Sugars.

Royal Acadia Tea Blocks

Packed in 100 lb., 50 lb., 20 lb. Boxes

The Acadia Sugar Refining Co.
Limited
Halifax - Canada

The Candies you make for Christmas

Will be delicious, wholesome and economical, if you make them of

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

This Famous Corn Syrup—so pure, nutritious and delightful in flavor—is especially suited to candy making. In 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins. Our Cook Book tells how to make all kinds of home-made candies. Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., Limited
Montreal, Cardinal, Brantford, Fort William

Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.

Stop Using a Truss

Do away with bands of Steel and Rubber that chafe and Pinch. Look now, from your own experience, the truss is a more makeshift at best—so prop against a collapsing wall—and is undermining your health. Stuart's Plapao-Pads are different, being medicine applicators, made self-adhesive expressly to prevent slipping and to hold the medicated muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Soft as velvet. Easy to apply—Inexpensive. Write today for Trial Plapao and 48 page book on rupture absolutely free—nothing to pay now or ever. Nothing to be returned, address
Plapao Laboratories Inc.,
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Miller's WORM Powders

Contain No Narcotics

WHEN your child is restless, peevish, sleepless, or when convulsions threaten, it indicates the ravages of worms and that the little one's strength is being sapped and undermined. Miller's Worm Powders get promptly at the root of the trouble and remove the digestive organs to a healthy condition. Price 25 cents. At your dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price.

Northrop & Lyman Co., Ltd.
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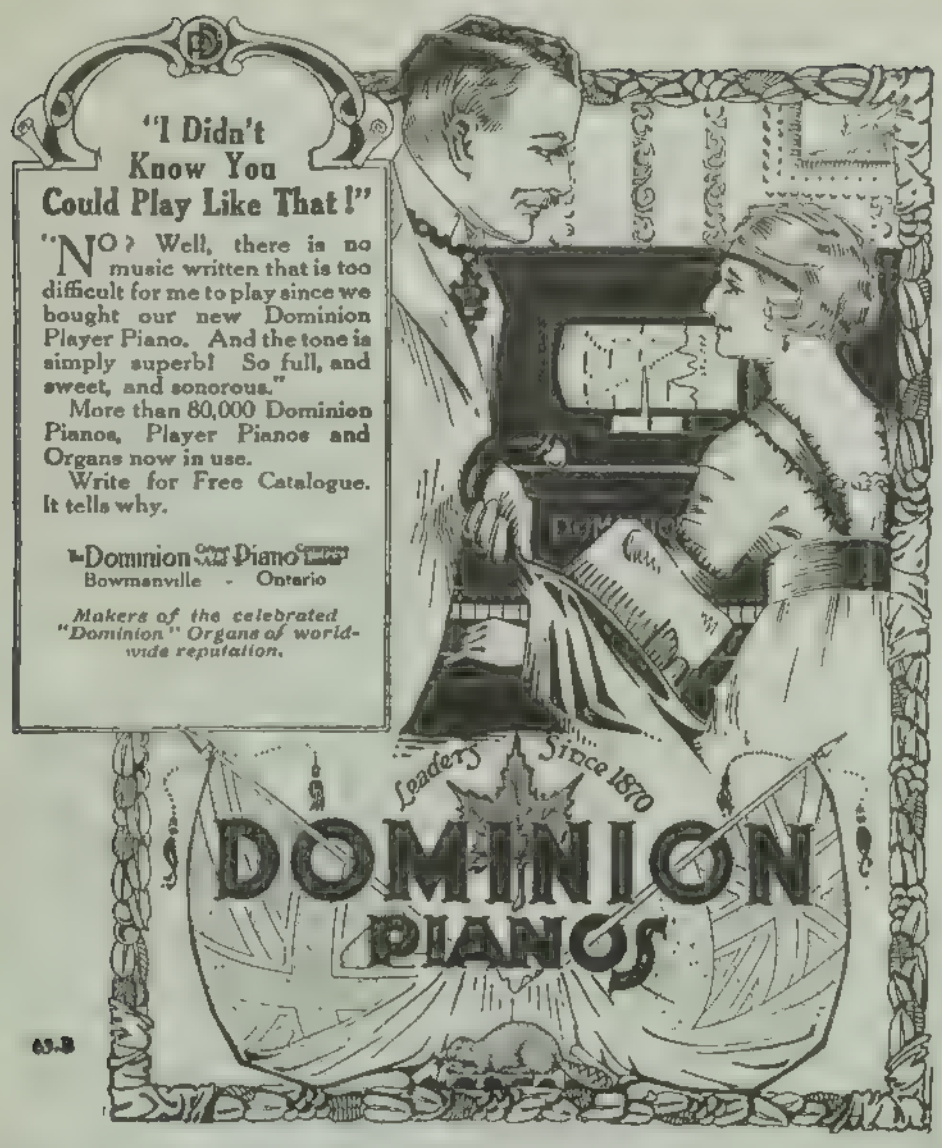
"I Didn't Know You Could Play Like That!"
"NO? Well, there is no music written that is too difficult for me to play since we bought our new Dominion Player Piano. And the tone is simply superb! So full, and sweet, and sonorous."
More than 80,000 Dominion Pianos, Player Pianos and Organs now in use.
Write for Free Catalogue. It tells why.
Dominion Organ & Piano Co. Ltd.
Bowmanville - Ontario
Makers of the celebrated "Dominion" Organs of world-wide reputation.
Leaders Since 1870
DOMINION PIANOS
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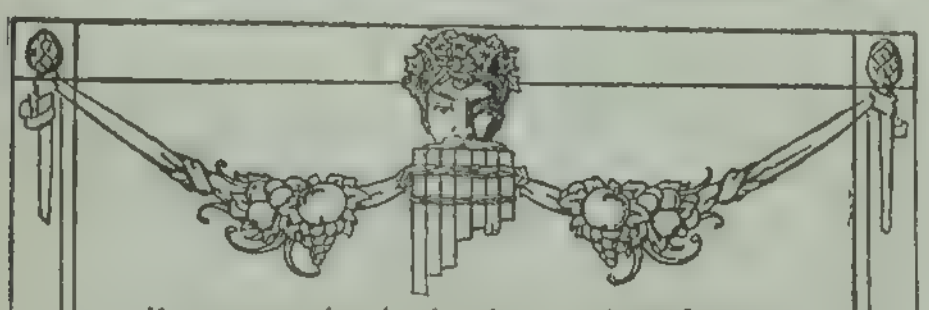


If you are paying the duty from motives of patriotism, your course is commendable, but if you desire the most for your money, you are going the wrong way about it. In sound, in workmanship, in quality of wood, in finish, too, the Phonola offers you all that you can get in any foreign-made equivalent at a considerable reduction in cost. It has exclusive features: (1) The concealed crank, (2) Plays all disc records, (3) In different woods to match your furniture. Prices run from $15 to $250.

"Phonola"

Model Prince $175

Send for free illustrated catalogue, and receive also a copy of our new catalogue of records.

Agents wanted in unrepresented towns. Our sales-promoting plans offer a splendid opportunity to responsible dealers. Write for details.

The Pollock Manufacturing Company Limited, Kitchener, Ontario

14

Songs the Soldiers Love

HERE are eight new, snappy, sparkling songs—haunting songs of love, home, and war, that will make a stirring appeal to every lover of melody, and every man and woman who has a soldier friend fighting the Empire's battles.

Every one suitable for playing, or for solos, duets, quartets, choruses, etc. Just the thing for schools, churches, patriotic concerts, or for playing in the home.

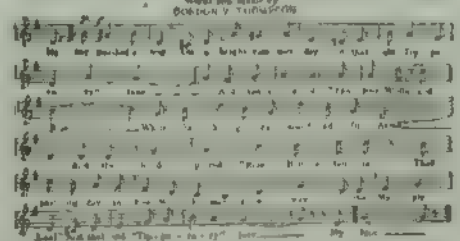
"Songs of the Homeland"

are the pick of hundreds of manuscripts submitted, and are written by the following well known writers—Gordon V. Thompson (Lyrical Editor); Julea Brazil (Musical Editor); Arthur Hughes, Lewis Owen, Mrs. Gillmor Davis, E. Griesewood, and C. P. Culliford. Most have 4 part chorus for male or mixed voices. Wonderful variety, both to words and music.

1—"Do Your Bit." 2—"Red Cross Nell and Khaki Jim" 3—"Buttercup."
4—"That Old Tipperary Tune." 5—"Every Soldier is My Sweetheart."
6—"Fly the Flag." 7—"Remember Nurse Cavell." 8—"Dreaming of Home."

PLAY OVER THIS SAMPLE OF That Old Tipperary Tune

Words and Music by Gordon V. Thompson



WHAT THE SINGERS SAY. HAROLD JARVIS (Canada's favorite tenor) says: "A set of excellent songs JULES BRAZIL (popular entertainer) says: "Songs of the Homeland" are easy, catchy, will fit every occasion

15c. each, 8 for $1.00 Postpaid

How to Order

Ask your music dealer to lay for one or a lot of these songs. He has them or can get them for you without delay, or remit direct to the publishers sending 15c. for each song or $1.00 for the complete set of eight copies you want. It will pay you to order the set at once, as you will get $1.85 worth for $1.00. Send in your order to-day. Cut out the Coupon below, marking the numbers that you desire and send to us with your full name and address.

GUARANTEED: Your money back if dissatisfied.

Thompson Publishing Co.
75 Bay Street Toronto

COUPON

THOMPSON PUBLISHING, CO., EW
75 Bay Street, Toronto

Please send me "Songs of the Homeland," numbers 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8, for which I enclose $ .....

Name .....

Address .....

MORE ABOUT THE WOMAN WHO MENDED SEVENTEEN-CENT SOCKS

(*Continued from page 7*)

companion for both the boy and girl, able to enter into their studies and recreations, a wise and patient comforter for all troubles and disappointments, a tactful and inspiring guide to the restless passion of young manhood and womanhood. She must ever be willing to devote her time and energies to all social gatherings and entertainments which increase their pleasure in the home and induce them to form the habit of bringing their friends in to spend the evening instead of seeking amusement abroad.

"One might write a very lengthy article on 'What Should Mothers Do with Their Time?' Surely the improvement of the mind is one of the most important of their duties. Every mother should spend an hour a day reading a good book or magazine. Stories and articles make a splendid topic of discussion at meals, and are much better than local gossip for the minds of both parents and children and prevent any of those strained silences often noticed when families are dining alone. A most valuable habit is that of lying down for an hour after lunch to rest, and as a result of this quiet hour, the mother is refreshed in mind and body and able to take a fresh grip on the problems and perplexities of life."—*Mrs. G. M. G., Whitby, Ont.*

Darning is a Nerve Sedative

"HAS 'Troubled Husband' any knowledge of what the needle means to many women of nervous temperament? To many it is what the pipe is to the man—a sort of nerve sedative. And many a woman finds recreation in an hour spent with the needle, though it is only darning socks, while just for that hour music or teaching would not prove at all restful.

"It is too much the habit of the modern husband to feel it his wife's duty to earn her own 'pin money.' Why should a wife, whose time is worth fifty cents an hour, have to resort to anything but her duties in the home to gain 'pin money'? Any wife who is a good housekeeper, does all her own housework, sewing and mending, brings up a child and attends to the thousand other duties required in home-making, is earning more than board and room, surely. If he doesn't believe it, let him try hiring some one to take her place for a while.—*Mrs. R. J. De W., Moose Jaw, Sask.*

To Save Dollars We Must Save Cents

"HOW much was that woman's time worth who darned her husband's seventeen-cent socks? Could she have earned seventeen cents with the time she used in mending those socks?

"Let me give my own experience. I have four children; the eldest is sixteen, the youngest eleven. I do all my own work with what help the children give out of school hours. My husband is a carpenter and must be at work by seven o'clock, so we are early risers.

"I plan my work and have a day for washing, another for ironing, and so I know just what is to be done and when. Saturday is scrubbing day and each child has his or her own work to do. By planning and arranging in this way, I get all my housework done before noon, except on wash day, and have the afternoons for sewing, knitting, mending, reading, walking, calling on my neighbours, or receiving my friends. I usually take Wednesday afternoon for mending, and when I have finished writing this, I shall do the whole week's mending and darning in a few hours, as I never let it pile up.

"Now about socks. My husband buys socks at three pair for a dollar, and I darn them just as soon as a hole or worn place appears. Like most men, he pokes his big toe through in a very short time, and in five minutes or less I can darn that hole and make the sock as good as new; so that in five minutes I earn the price of a new pair, and at seventeen cents a pair, I earn seventeen cents in five minutes, which would be $2.04 an hour, and in an eight-hour day would come to $16.32. When you look at it in this way, there does not seem to be, to my mind, any question about the wisdom of darning even seventeen-cent socks.

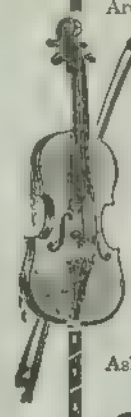
"Again, I bought some print at fifteen cents a yard and made aprons for my little girl to wear to school. The second day she wore one, she tore it badly, and by spending about twenty minutes mending it, it is almost like new, but had I not mended it, she could not have worn it again.

"I can prove by one of my neighbours that it pays to mend and darn. She says, 'Oh! it cost only seventeen cents,' or 'it was only fifteen cents a yard,' and instead of darning and mending, throws it away. I would have darned or mended and had that seventeen or fifteen cents to put into something else. We have the same number of children and came to this place about the same time; but we own our house and have a couple of horses and some cattle, and my children are always better dressed than my neighbour's—neater, anyway, as their stockings are never out at the heel or knee. But they live in a rented house and have nothing laid by. He works with my husband and often says to him: 'How do you manage? We never seem to be able to get ahead, and you've had sickness in the house and we have not, but you've done more than we have.

"I figure that I save my husband as much as would clothe us all every year in the extra wear we get out of the things I mend and darn. My neighbours spend twice what I do in buying clothing, and then they never look really neat, and all for want of a stitch or two put in at the right time. I never let things go until they are badly in need of mending, but put in the stitch or darn just as soon as the want shows.

"I was always taught that we cannot save the dollars if we do not save the cents."—*Mrs. R. B. L., Athalmer, B.C.*

THOS. CLAXTON LIMITED



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The New Edison Phonograph

Columbia Grafonolas, Holton, Besson, Couesnon and Claxton Band Instruments.

Ludwig Drums and Traps. Moya, Curatoli, Chadwick Violins.

Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos. Everything in music.

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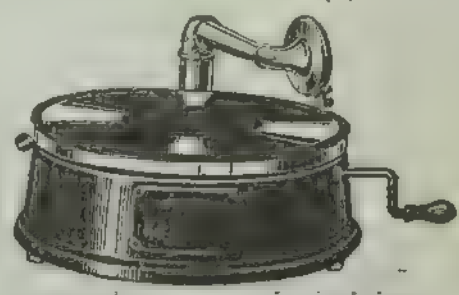


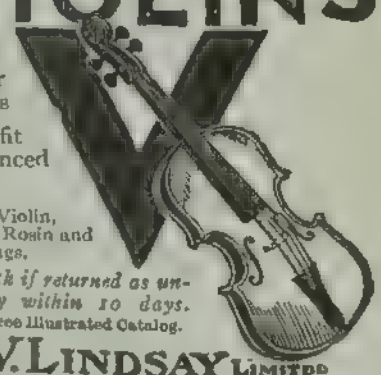
Our famous Stewart Phonograph complete with eight 10-inch selections, $10.50.

No other Phonograph, no matter what the price, gives a finer or truer reproduction. It is naturally clear, and beautiful. Full satisfaction, entertainment and enjoyment—all for $10.50, as above, all fees prepaid.

It plays records of all sizes—the largest and the smallest. The greatest Operas, Rags, Humorous and Instrumental Pieces by the World's Foremost Artists.

HENDERSON & RICHARDSON,
Dept. 12
Board of Trade Bldg., Montreal, Can.

VIOLINS



$5.50 Outfit for Beginners

$15. Outfit for Advanced Players.

Including Violin, Case, Bow, Rosin and Extra Strings.

Money back if returned as unsatisfactory within 10 days.

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SEA PERIL OVERCOME

Protection for the overseas travellers by means of the Roberts Self Inflating Emergency Life Belt.

This belt can be inflated, ready for use, in 20 seconds, and may be worn comfortably day or night. It is self-adjustable to man, woman or child.

The belt enables a person at all times to remain in an upright position, with the face a safe distance from the water.

Compare the Roberts Belt with the cumbersome corkbelt or lifebuoy—what reliance can be placed on these when a record of one disaster alone announces that a total of 165 bodies, equipped with old-fashioned belts, were found floating with the head submerged?

The belt can be readily adopted as a pneumatic pillow, by enclosing it in a khaki slip supplied to all customers, and inflating slightly, and is then a particularly comfortable and useful adjunct to the soldier's equipment.

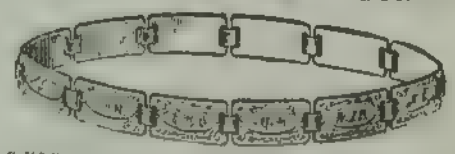
An ideal gift for your soldier husband, father, son or sweetheart.

Ask your dealer or write us direct. Agents wanted.

Approved by Canadian Government

THE ROBERTS EMERGENCY LIFEBELT CO.
35 BRITAIN ST., TORONTO, ONT.
(Successors to the S. O. S. Lifebelt Co.).

STERLING SILVER—FREE!



Solid Sterling Silver Friendship Link Bracelet—the best quality that money can buy—the most popular thing in jewelry today—will last a lifetime; and NOT ONE CENT TO PAY—given for selling only $3.00 worth of the loveliest Christmas and New Year Cards at 4 for 5c, 3 for 5c, and 5c, and, after December 15th, war, patriotic, lover, floral, comic, and other fast selling postcards, at 3 for 5c; or elegant, colored war and patriotic pictures, worth 50c, at only 15c each. **One Agent sold $5.00 worth of cards in 30 minutes; another has sold over 600 pictures.** Our goods sell like hot cakes; you just show them and take the money. BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD; ORDER TO-DAY! STATE CLEARLY WHETHER YOU WANT PICTURES OR CARDS.

THE (Old Reliable) GOLD MEDAL CO.
DEPT. E. 97, TORONTO

MEN'S CLOTHING FOR SALE

Get your new suit from Catesbys, London, England, for half what you pay local tailor. Best materials, style, fit guaranteed, or money back. Write for free catalogue, self-measurement form and patterns. Address:

Catesbys Limited, Canadian Office
119 West Wellington St. Toronto, Ont.

Mention Everywoman's World

HOW MUSIC HELPS US LIVE BETTER LIVES

By NORMAN RANDALL

MUSIC has in itself the power of expressing every emotion. A skilful musician, seated at the piano, may run through the whole gamut of human feeling, and in his selection of music may suggest and even describe all the sensations with which we are familiar. Almost every one of these suggestions is indirect, the suggestion coming through its resemblance to an equivalent in nature. Listen! and let us trace the parallel between a picture from nature and its spiritual equivalent.

This soft and regular rhythm, dreamy, almost unnoticeable—so unassumingly does it blend with our very pulse beats—suggests in nature the calm of a summer's day, the quietness of evening, an evening by the seashore with the tide far out and the murmur of the sea subdued by distance. This suggestion of peace induces a peaceful feeling in ourselves, a soothing of the spirit which no other form of relaxation has the power to do. But hark! There comes a change; the music grows in volume, and the notes with accelerated speed and greater variety of expression suggest the rising of the wind, which in rising rouses the waves to action, and we hear them now rolling in upon the shore, and breaking as each one takes the place of that which has just spent itself. However quiet our thoughts, however much we may be under the influence of the peaceful and quiet music which has gone before, our spirit responds to the change, and we feel a quickening of our whole nature, a mental effort to respond to the increased vigour of the sounds we hear.

Still increasing in volume, the notes rolling and reverberating, picture the coming storm, a suggestion of power held in leash, the elements endeavouring to break through restraining influences—psychologically, a suggestion of protest against repression, a growing and intense interest in what life holds for us at the immediate moment, or perhaps a rising anger subdued and yet revealing the possibility of future outbreak.

Louder and louder grows the music, notes crash on notes, as the musician, with loud pedal down, gives expression to the storm, the scintillating flashes of melody in the higher notes suggesting the flash of the lightning, and the crashes of the bass chords, with an occasional musical discord, bringing to our minds the untamed might of the rolling thunder. This is, in illustration, the outbreak of anger or, if not that, the culmination of a mighty thought which breaks the bounds of ordinary effort, and enables us with stentorian tones to denounce some wrong, or to point the way to the salvation of a soul, a city or, it may be, an empire. The majesty of the storm, or the power of the appeal made by the impassioned orator, who, lifted out of himself by the importance of his subject until he stands for the time on a mental plane, far above his fellows, may, in its appeal to the spirit, be equalled only by music such as this.

As the intensity of the musical expression increases, it reaches its limit, the climax of the whole tonal picture; as the storm grows nearer, so it also reaches its natural climax. Nature has expressed itself to the full, and there comes a decrease, a re-action, as the elements endeavour to re-establish themselves once more on a normal basis. So our music, decreasing in volume by gradual stages, takes us back again, by interpretation, to quietude and comparative peace.

Again the time changes, and, in its regular and staccato passages, we hear the tramp of feet, the swing of a regiment on the march, the rhythmic tread of organized progression, and instinctively our thoughts correspond with the picture brought before our minds. We see the long lines of uniformed soldiers, and our spirits rise to the heights of patriotic pride; mentally we march with the ranks, to take our part in the defence of our country, and for the right. The notes of a popular regimental marching song blend themselves with the refrain, and we find ourselves with our heads held high, sitting perhaps a little straighter, as the familiar words keep time in our minds with the strains of the song. As the music now increases in volume, as once again the crash of the varied chords shakes our consciousness, it is no storm of nature which is suggested to us. It is war! The roll of the gun and the crash of shells and rifle fire as our brave soldiers meet in mortal combat the enemies of our country's rights. Then comes a lull, and with a suddenness for which we are not prepared the music stops. The battle is at an end and victory has crowned our arms. Out of the chaos of sound from the battle field rises the clear strains of the hymn of victory, a hymn of thanks to the God of Battles, a hymn joyful and yet solemn, joy for the blow struck in defence of the right, but mingled with sadness for the lives that have been sacrificed in the striking.

And now softer grows the music, more gentle the refrain; sadness has gone, and warlike triumph also; no longer the martial music resounds through the strains of praise; a gentler spirit prevails. Sweet sounds are these, expressing great gladness and joy and thankfulness to Him who is the God of Love as well as the God of Battle.

It is Christmas Eve and in a far off Eastern Land the Herald Angels announce the birth of the Saviour. How the familiar hymn brings the scene before us as we have so often imagined it, and reverently we incline our heads as we look forward with a great uplifting of the spirit far beyond the present scenes of strife and discord to the time when the end of wars and sin shall have come and the Kingdom of Peace shall be established to last through all eternity.

The music stops; it has carried us on its wings throughout the seasons, throughout the countries of the world, and throughout the hopes and fears of a lifetime. It has led us through the clash of human warfare, it has shown us the heights to which human nature may rise and the depths to which it may fall; and now this Christmas Eve it has brought us to the Gates of Heaven and bids us sing as the Herald Angels did, the praises of the One whose birth we celebrate.

This is the power of music in its appeal to a musical soul; and this gift of God is ours to cultivate, and the measure of our understanding shall be the measure of our enjoyment.

In the meanwhile, with the Christmas Season close upon us, let us plan to make this a musical Christmas in our homes, and the commencement of a year of real musical endeavour, so that with the dawn of another Christmas Day we may be still better fitted to express our pleasure, and to find our pleasure, through the medium of Music.

WIN A $10.00 PRIZE—COMPETITION STORY

ON a winter night fifty years ago the streets of a certain city were *as gleaming as glass*. My friend in passing down the street slipped on *a piece of ice, just the right kind* to cause an accident. *How many people* have done this! *In two minutes* he was on his way again, but a policeman said to him, "*You are going the wrong way.*" My friend did, not hear, and the policeman told him *over and over again*. My friend, hurt from his fall, at last reached his house, which he found *in that old spot* where it had always stood. "*Ring the bell,*" said the policeman kindly. *A turn of the handle* opened the door. "Come in" said my friend "I can entertain you with *culture of the most beneficial kind* and *a few bottles together with a cake. You will be sure to find what you want* and *you will be the better for it.*" And how did the policeman like this idea? *It was an instantaneous success.* He had not known *the need there was. In less than half the time* it takes to tell he had *in a logical manner* disposed of all the eatables *around the house.* This living was *not at all expensive.* He is a good worker," said my friend. "*Works like magic.*" I must *help to control* his work. My friend *has a distinctive style touch*, and the policeman left suddenly, with *eyestrain, headache and misery.* "*It is good for him,*" said my friend.

Write and tell us from which advertisements in the December issue these sentences are taken. *For the best letter $10.00 in cash will be paid.* Every one of these twenty-nine phrases in italics is an extract from one of the advertisements of this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. When writing, also tell us: 1st, if you or any of your friends have used the particular articles advertised; 2nd, what you think of them; 3rd, if you know whether your dealer keeps them in stock. For the best answer received, we shall award the first prize of $10.00. Ten other suitable prizes will be awarded for the next best answers.

Address your answers to Miss Bessie Walker, Office No. 5, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto. Mail your letter to reach her not later than December 30th.

Dad's Xmas Surprise

The WILLIAMS
Maester-Touch
Player Piano

THINK of it!—A WILLIAMS! No other gift could be quite as worthy of him or bring such lasting enjoyment to all the family.

A Musical Christmas is a Merry Christmas. A Musical Home is a Merry, Happy, Contented Home the year through.

No wonder then, like hundreds of other parents just now, like most of the great musicians that have visited Canada, or even as Queen Victoria herself—no wonder then that Dad should select the Williams.

The beauty of the Williams, its exquisite purity of tone, its assured quality, and best of all—the Maester-Touch Device—which enables any one to personally interpret all the best music ever written, these are distinctions your family, too, would grow to cherish and love for years to come.

And yet this exquisite Piano and the enjoyment it would bring all the family costs no more to secure for Christmas than the average gift. Gift-giving time is not so far away as you think. Better tear out coupon at once for the book of beautiful Williams designs and ask us to tell you how a little of your Christmas money NOW will put a Williams Piano or Player Piano in your home on Christmas Eve.

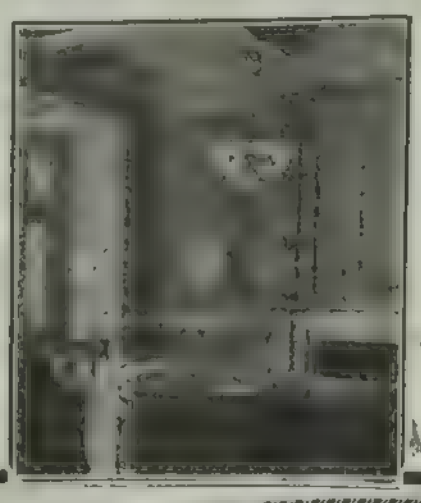
MAIL THIS NOW

And Make Sure You Have This Gift for Christmas.

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO.
LIMITED
Oshawa - Ontario

The Williams Piano Co., Limited
Dept. A. 10 Oshawa, Ontario
Gentlemen:—
Send me at once your book of Williams Designs and tell me about your special Christmas easy payment plan. I am considering the purchase of a piano.
Name....
Address .....

THE ARTISTIC ILLUMINATION "MOONSTONE"



GLASS Globes and Bowls are not only the most attractive for lighting your home, church, or club, but give you the best satisfaction in every way. The light which comes through "MOONSTONE" Globes is soft and easy to read and work by without eye strain. Instead of a harsh, brilliant light, there is an abundance of gentle radiance which floods the room.

You can get the tinted "MOONSTONE" Glass which increases the beauty of your furnishings, or your dealer can supply you with our Globes or Bowls, decorated in white, old ivory, antique bronze, verde green, pink or blue, and our new Wild Rose design.

Insist on your dealer getting you "MOONSTONE" Globes and Bowls.

By actual test, this glass transmits 10 per cent. more useful light, under similar conditions, than any other illuminating glass made.

If your dealer does not carry our glass, write for booklet, and give us your dealer's name.

Jefferson Glass Company
LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

HALLAM'S GUARANTEED FUR COATS AND SETS

Write to-day for the 1916-17 edition of **HALLAM'S FUR STYLE BOOK.** 32 Pages illustrated, which shows beautiful stylish fur sets and fur coats moderately priced, and also gives full particulars of **HALLAM'S ZOOLOGICAL CONTEST.** 64 Prizes. **$300.00** in CASH given away free. Address as follows:

John Hallam
Limited
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GUNS, traps, animal bait, nets and supplies are described and priced in our 32 page Sportsman's Catalog which we mail free.

RAW FURS—We are the largest Cash Buyer of Raw Furs direct from the Trapper in Canada.—Our Raw Fur Quotations sent Free.

A happy Christmas thought—

KODAK

The gift that adds to the good times at the moment; that indoors and out gives zest to the merry making *and then*—preserves the happy picture story of all that goes to make the day a merry one.

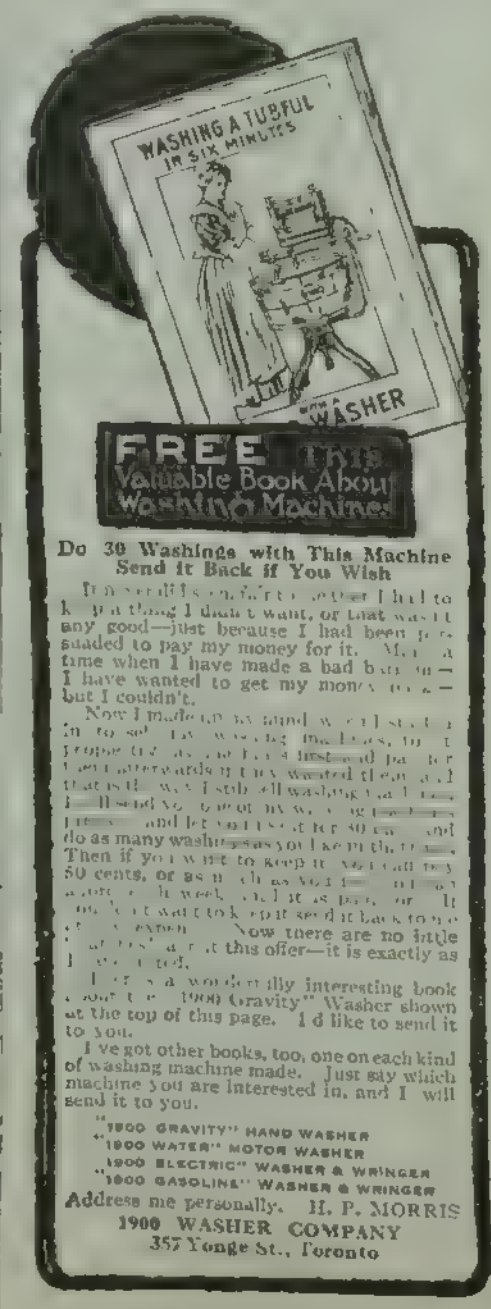
The [illegible] Catalogue, or by mail, tells in detail about the famous Kodak and Brownie [illegible] Photography is really very simple and inexpensive. Kodak has made it so.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

Hand Painted China Tea Set—Free!

Genuine, Hand Painted China! Exquisitely beautiful Tea Set, exactly like the picture; every piece full size; fine, thin, transparent, elaborately hand painted with large full roses and fresh green foliage in perfectly harmonizing set—and not one cent to pay; given for selling only $6.00 worth of the loveliest Comic and New Year cards at 3 for 5c, 2 for 6c and 1c; and after December 15th, war patriotic, lover, floral, comic and other fast selling postcards at 3 for 5c; or elegant colored war and patriotic pictures worth 10c, at only 1c each. **One Agent sold $5.00 worth in 30 minutes; another has sold over 600 pictures.** Our goods sell like hot cakes; you just show them and take the money. BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD; ORDER TODAY! STATE CLEARLY WHETHER YOU WANT PICTURES OR CARDS.

THE (Old Reliable) GOLD MEDAL CO. DEPT. E. 15 TORONTO



Do 30 Washings with This Machine Send it Back if You Wish

[illegible] I had to keep a thing I didn't want, or that wasn't any good—just because I had been persuaded to pay my money for it. Many a time when I have made a bad bargain—I have wanted to get my money back—but I couldn't.

Now I made up my mind when I started in to sell the "1900 Gravity" Washer, that I propose to give every family a square deal. I don't want anybody to buy my machine unless they want it. If they don't want to keep it after they've used it 30 days, they can send it back and get their money. Now there are no little "jokers" in this offer—it is exactly as I have stated.

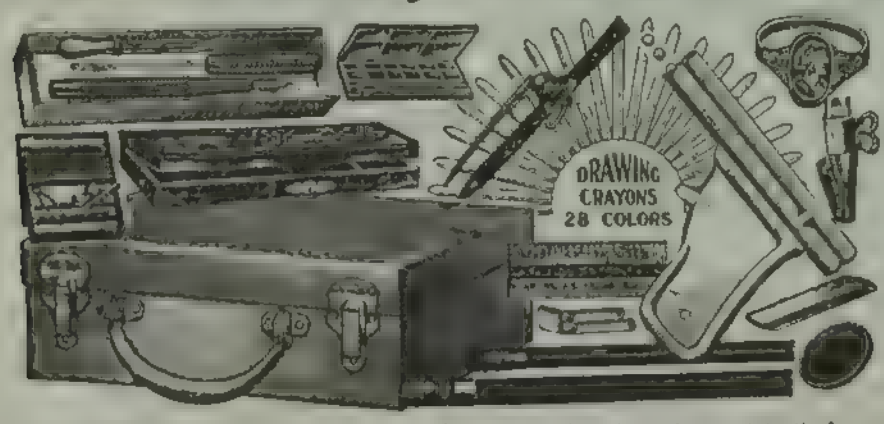
I've a wonderfully interesting book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer shown at the top of this page. I'd like to send it to you.

I've got other books, too, one on each kind of washing machine made. Just say which machine you are interested in, and I will send it to you.

"1900 GRAVITY" HAND WASHER
"1900 WATER" MOTOR WASHER
"1900 ELECTRIC" WASHER & WRINGER
"1900 GASOLINE" WASHER & WRINGER

Address me personally. H. P. MORRIS
1900 WASHER COMPANY
357 Yonge St., Toronto

Look! 14 Dandy Premiums—Free!



Here it is—a Solid Silver Cove Japanese Pencil Box, Full Set of Parts (28 crayons) Drawing Compass, 2 Lead Pencils, Pencil Sharpener, Eraser, Ruler, Duplex Whistle, and for a real surprise—the Pocket Mirror and a Solid Silver Canoe Ring (for boys) a Complete Printing Outfit and a 20-shot Pea Pistol. ALL THESE SPLENDID PREMIUMS SENT POSTPAID cost you not one cent! All we ask in a little of your time, selling only $6.00 worth of the loveliest Christmas and New Year cards at 3 for 5c, 2 for 6c and 1c; and, after December 15th, war patriotic, lover, floral, comic and other fast selling postcards at 3 for 5c; or elegant colored war and patriotic pictures worth 10c, at only 1c each. **One Agent sold $5.00 worth of cards in 30 minutes; another has sold over 600 pictures.** Our goods sell like hot cakes; you just show them and take the money. BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD. ORDER TODAY! STATE CLEARLY WHETHER YOU WANT PICTURES OR CARDS.

THE (Old Reliable) GOLD MEDAL CO. DEPT. E. 43 TORONTO

Laugh Time Tales

To Regale the Happy Gathering

At Christmas Play and Make Good Cheer For Christmas Comes But Once a Year

FELT FOR HIM

Bobbie Smith, aged nine, was the shining light of the family, and his father was very proud of him.

"I shall call round and see your teacher," said his step-parent, "to thank him for the interest he is taking in you."

"If you do, Father, I want to tell you that the boys in our class are not known by name but by number only. My number is 25."

In due course the father called at the school and knocked at the door, which was opened after a few moments by the head master.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Smith. "I am the father of 25."

"Indeed," replied the schoolmaster, with surprise. "Come inside, my friend. I can [illegible] for you, for I am the father of twelve myself."

SHOCKED

An elderly lady of very prim and severe aspect was seated next a young couple who were discussing the merits of their motor cars.

"What colour is your body?" asked the young man of the girl at his side—meaning the body of her motor.

"Oh, mine is pink; what is yours?"

"Mine," replied the man, "is brown with yellow stripes."

This was too much for the old lady. Rising from the table, she exclaimed, "When young people come to discussing each other the colour of their bodies at a dinner party it is time I left the room."

GOOD REASON

Mother (angrily): "Why didn't you come when I called you the first time?"

Willie: "'Cause I didn't hear you till you called the third time."

Mother: "Now how could you know it was the third time unless you heard the other two?"

Willie: "Easy enough, Ma. I knew it was the third time. [illegible] you sounded so mad!"

TO JUDGE BY

Head of Firm: "How long do you want to be away on your honeymoon?"

Hawkins (nervously): "Well, sir—er—what would you say?"

Head of Firm: "How do I know? I haven't seen the bride!"

CANDID

Seedy individual to dog dealer: "I want to buy a dog about this high and this long. It's a kind of greyhound, but it ain't a greyhound because it's fatter round the waist, and its tail's thicker, and its nose is shorter and kind of turned up like a bull-dog's, but, of course, it ain't a bulldog, but more like a hound, though lower and lower, with a rougher coat and bandier legs. Do you keep such dogs?"

"No," said the truthful dealer, "we drown 'em!"

WHY HE WAS CRYING

In a certain town a man went into a restaurant for his noonday meal and, it being a cold day, the door was closed. He sat down a few tables from the door. Presently another man came in, who neglected to shut the door.

The first man noticed it and yelled to him gruffly:

"Shut that door! Were you brought up in a barn?"

After a few seconds he glanced over to where the man was sitting and noticed he was sobbing. He went over and apologised for talking in such a manner.

"I didn't mean to be so rude in asking you if you had been brought up in a barn——"

"That's it—that's it," the other sobbed; "I was brought up in a barn, and it makes me homesick every time I hear an ass bray."

WHICH?

"What a cruel chap Nopkins is!"

"What's he been doing now?"

"He told me that if my pet kitten didn't thrive on fresh milk I was to boil it!"

HAD TO FOLLOW

Jim had looked in at the country livery stable in search of a job. He seemed promising, and was set to work greasing the axles of a carriage. In a remarkably short space of time he reported the task finished.

"Look here," said his new boss, "d'ye mean to say you've greased all four of them wheels already?"

"Weel," rejoined the new hand, "Aa've greased the two front yens."

"And why haven't you greased the two hind ones?"

"Weel," remarked Jim, calmly, "so lang as the two front yens gans all reet, the two hind yens hev to foller."

FREE on request—Set of beautiful Art Post Cards (PURITY GIRLS).
Mail us a post card to-day—Dept. D., WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED, Head Office, Toronto

BLACK KNIGHT
STOVE POLISH
MAKES HOME BRIGHTER

AND LABOR LIGHTER
BRILLIANT • DURABLE
NON-EXPLOSIVE
F.F. DALLEY CO. OF CANADA
· LIMITED ·
HAMILTON, ONT.

The Collar That Fits!
Comfortable collars made in smart fitting styles are the kind your menfolk will appreciate for a Christmas gift and will take pleasure in wearing.
ARLINGTON
Challenge Washable Collars
are always ready to wear. To clean simply wipe with soap and water and they look quite new again—even after months of constant wear.
An Arlington Washable Collar is just the gift for him—so economical and so satisfying. Costs only 25c. at your own dealer; or, we will send the style you select direct prepaid, on receipt of price, and dealer's name. Be sure to give correct size and style desired.
Made in Canada by
The Arlington Company; Limited
TORONTO — CANADA

"More" in Benger's!
When in doubt about what "Food" for an ailing or backward infant, or for a person unwell, remember there is more in Benger's than in any other food.
Benger's is a highly nutritive food, *plus* the natural means to digest it.
BENGER'S Food
is ready to nourish when served, because the preliminary work of digestion is done while you prepare it with fresh new milk. Bengers is both delicious and highly nutritive. Infants thrive on it, delicate and Aged persons enjoy it.
Benger's Food is entirely British in origin, ownership, and manufacture.
It is sold in sealed tins, price 60c. & $1, by all Stores, Grocers, etc. Carefully follow the directions on the tin when preparing it
Booklet and full particulars post free from:
BENGER'S FOOD LTD., MANCHESTER, England,
or from the Wholesale Agents in CANADA:—
THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL Co. of Canada, Ltd., MONTREAL, or any of their Branches

MAM'SELLE

(Continued from page 6)

Telegram," said Mother.

Another," muttered Dad.

Report for duty," groaned one of the soldiers, involuntarily rising, "and I have only had one helping of cranberry."

A gentleman to see you, ma'am," said the maid to Mother.

We all looked at one another. Who could be calling at this hour on Christmas Eve? Was it some one bearing sad news from the Front? Was it some one commissioned to notify the family? Was it perhaps a poor creature seeking warmth and a bite of Christmas cheer?

Are you sure he is a gentleman?" asked Mother.

'A very hungry gentleman," answered a big voice from the doorway, "a gentleman who has travelled many thousand miles just for the pleasure of sitting at the table with you, this night." He advanced into the room toward Mother. "Well, little Jessica, have you forgotten your scapegoat brother completely?"

Why—Ellery Maslin!" gasped Mother. "Where *did* you come from?

FOR a few moments everything was in a jumble. Questions and answers were hurled about; every one talked and no one listened.

No wonder! A mythical uncle, Mother's half-brother, who had left England long before her marriage and who had not been heard of since, had suddenly dropped into our midst. His coming gave a real flavour to Christmas; we felt the old-time tension, which we thought had lost its elasticity, tighten as, sitting on the ragged edge of Expectancy, we waited for some thing else to happen. All at once, we realized that Christmas is *not* like other times. No matter how successfully we strip miracles of their wonder, and visions of their glory, Christmas is still Christmas.

"And now," boomed Uncle, "suppose we get sorted out so that I may inspect my family. This, I suppose,"—he turned to Father—"is my lawful brother-in-law, Roger Marchmont, torn from the traditions of Marchmont Abbey and transplanted in Canada. Excellent, dear boy! No use for traditions myself—cobwebs and dry rot!"

"Here is Muriel, our eldest," said Mother, laying her hand on my arm; "and Honoria, the youngest," she continued, after giving a brief, prideful history of the other three. "And Lieutenant Carson and Lieutenant Morgan, of the —th Overseas Battalion."

Uncle shook hands with both men. "And—" he prompted.

"Oh, this—" we cried in chorus, "this is Mam'selle."

We had scarcely finished dinner when the guests for the dance began to arrive. Young and old they came, for, as Father had said, we did no other entertaining throughout the year, and all our social obligations had to be wiped off on this occasion. If any came without a holiday spirit, they soon acquired one, and everything went merrily until a few moments before supper, when a strange thing happened.

I was sitting alone in a little dim corner under the stairs, just resting, enjoying in a deep-down-in-my heart sort of way the atmosphere of general happiness. It was amusing to see Uncle trying in his elephantine way to learn the Fox Trot from the youngest girl in the room; it was delightful to watch Father and Mother dancing together, literally in perfect unison; and Honoria, looking lovelier than I had ever seen her, made the prettiest sight of all. She was dancing with a handsome young officer, who held her with a serious sort of tenderness, as though he dreaded the thought of letting her go. And she looked up at him as a girl will, when afraid that her joy is too great to last. There was something very fascinating about the man, and I fell to dreaming gently, when a hand like an icy claw clutched my bare shoulder and a voice harsh and rasping asked:

Who is that man, Muriel—the one with Honoria?"

With a startled cry, I broke away; but it was only Mam'selle!

She had been in the kitchen ever since dinner and had not seen the guests until now. I looked at her in amazement. Her body was rigid, her face dead white. Even her lips were drained, until they looked a sickly blue-mauve colour. But her eyes were bright enough. They blazed with a passionate fury; they burned like the opal at her breast.

"Who is he?" she demanded again.

"Why," I answered, mystified at her strange behaviour, "it is only Captain Stratfield. He is stationed at the Barracks."

"Stratfield," she echoed, crumbling up beside me. "Harvey Stratfield, isn't he, or Harvey's son? I knew it. There couldn't be such a likeness. Take Honoria away from him, child. Act quickly, before the blight of that brood is cast over her sweet life!"

But, Mam'selle," I protested, now a little frightened, "why should he blight Honoria's life? He is supposed to be the most popular officer—"

SHE laughed grimly. "I don't doubt it! Watch him," she panted, gripping my wrist in a clasp which hurt, "and you will discover the methods by which he gains his popularity with women, anyway. Oh, perfect lovers are the Stratfield!"

We sat breathless, waiting for I scarcely knew what. Then the music stopped, leaving Honoria and her partner in the doorway and just under a sprig of mistletoe. Deliberately—chivalrously—greedily—he lifted the child's flushed face and, placing himself as a shield between her and the crowd in the drawing room, he kissed her lips and laughed.

"There," gasped Mam'selle, triumphantly, "can you equal the cool effrontery of that? And Honoria isn't even annoyed! Who but a Stratfield could do such a thing?"

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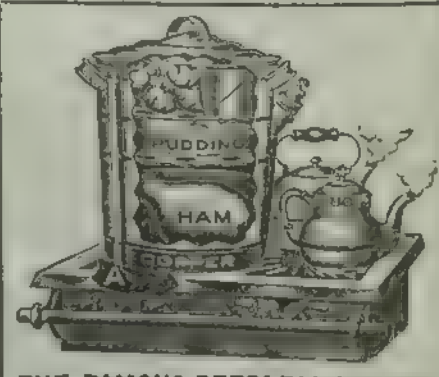

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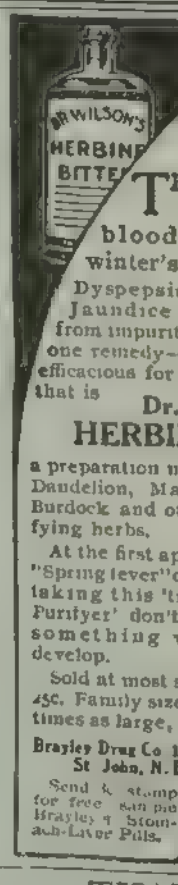

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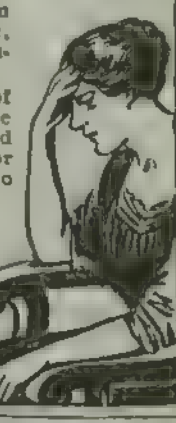

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4c in stamps will bring you our Mapleine Cook Book.

leave, Pamela," interrupted my uncle, suddenly appearing before us.

Mam'selle gave a choked little cry

"So you do recognize me?" she said. "Then if your memory is so good, look—and you will recognize another; there stands Harvey Stratfield's son! Oh, Ellery, will you make an effort to save Honoria, as you tried to save that other girl of long ago?"

"Then you condemn the man at sight?" he asked. "It is most natural. I will do what I can; but now, Pamela, I want to talk about you."

They had forgotten me, and I slipped away unnoticed to puzzle over questions for which I could find no answer. Even after I went to bed, they kept recurring to me, so that I could not sleep. Who was Mam'selle, and what had she been to Uncle Ellery that he recognized her after all these years? Why should Harvey Stratfield cast a blight over Honoria's life and how could Uncle Ellery save her? Who was his father, and whose perfect lover was he?

I DRESSED early in the morning and crept through the silent house and out into the snow curtained street. I did not feel like Christmas, the glow which had burned within me part of the previous evening had turned black again. I remembered that I was twenty-nine and that Life had not brought me what I expected of it Romance floated all about, leaving me untouched. Blossoming Honoria thrilled with it; withered Mam'selle revived a gray spark of it. The dregs of my cheated hopes filled my mouth with ashes and I could not bear to think of anybody's happiness

"Hello, hello!" cried a cheery voice beside me. "What colour are *your* devils, this morning? Mine are a handsome blue!"

I dropped my uncle a mocking curtsy

"Merry Christmas!" I said.

"Eh? Oh, to be sure! Merry Christmas, yourself! Let us be merry together." He tucked my hand under his arm, and we strode along together. "Always so early a bird?"

"Not I. But last night I couldn't sleep Uncle, what does Mam'selle fear for Honoria What had she to do with Captain Stratfield?"

"So none of you know anything about her,' he mused, more to himself than to me, as though trying to get that fact fixed in his mind.

"I didn't know there *was* anything to know! She has always been to us—just Mam'selle."

"Blind people, most of us," said Uncle "Can't you see that there is a story behind nearly everybody's eyes—a worth while story, too Take her, for instance; I suppose you just accepted her as an embodiment of Life's Twilight, shall we say? It has never occurred to you that she once was a part of a golden summer morning?"

I shook my head.

"Well, she was. When I first knew Pamela Jarvis, nearly forty years ago, that is just what she reminded me of—a golden summer morning. We met in a small mining town in the States. Her father and I, in company with several other gentlemen of expensive but indolent habits, were hoping to discover a little Eldorado which would remove from us the necessity to work. I fell in love with Pamela and felt that I was winning favour in her lovely eyes until Stratfield appeared amongst us. I didn't blame her; *you* couldn't blame Honoria, could you? I only felt a great fear for her happiness with so perfect, but so careless, a lover. I doubted his sincerity; women's hearts were strewn too thickly in his path to give value to any in particular. An epidemic broke out, seizing, amongst its victims, Pamela's parents. 'This is the time,' I thought, 'for him to marry her.' But that was the last thing he had in his mind." Uncle spoke bitterly

"What did he do?"

"Gave her an opal and went to England with promises to come back for her. She believed him. I can see her now, walking eagerly to the post office, day after day, and returning with lagging footsteps. I pray Heaven I may never see another woman's heart break. But she still believed in him. At last, a letter came to me, announcing his marriage with a wealthy girl, and asking me to tell her, that her letters to him might cease. I handed her the letter and fled, walking blindly down an open pit, and when I recovered from weeks of delirium, she had hidden herself away, leaving no address I went to Australia," said Uncle tersely "She tells me she came to Canada That's all

"Oh, but it isn't," I cried "What happened to the man, and what about the son.

"Stratfield went through his wife's fortune as a circus rider jumps through a flaming hoop he told me "This fellow is the youngest of the family and could not go into the Army because he didn't have the money. Probably carrying a load of debt, and is out here to look for a rich wife. Following in his father's footsteps Glad he had the decency to enlist but that does not solve Honoria's problem does it?"

I TRIED to solve it. I spent most of my days in a fruitless attempt to keep Honoria and Stratfield apart and to disparage him in the girl's fascinated eyes. I might as well have tried to turn a flower from the sun!

To my surprise, after her one outburst, Mam'selle said and did nothing. But I often caught her looking at Honoria with a passion of pity in her loving old eyes. She grew grayer and more shrunken every day. Her face had the look of one who suffers acutely, but who has learned to stifle the groans which accompany pain.

It was about a month after Christmas Uncle had gone as suddenly as he had come and Mam'selle and I were having tea in my room. Honoria and Stratfield were having theirs together. I heard the front door close; I heard swift footsteps on the stairs; my door was flung open, and Honoria, wild and dishevelled, shaken by sobs, burst into the room.

"He's gone," she cried. "He's gone, and I shall never see him again!"

(*Continued on page 40*)

An Ideal and Pleasing Christmas Gift

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A varied assortment of deliciously flavored creams, nuts, fruits, jellies and many other exquisite centres temptingly hidden away beneath a coating of smooth, rich chocolate.

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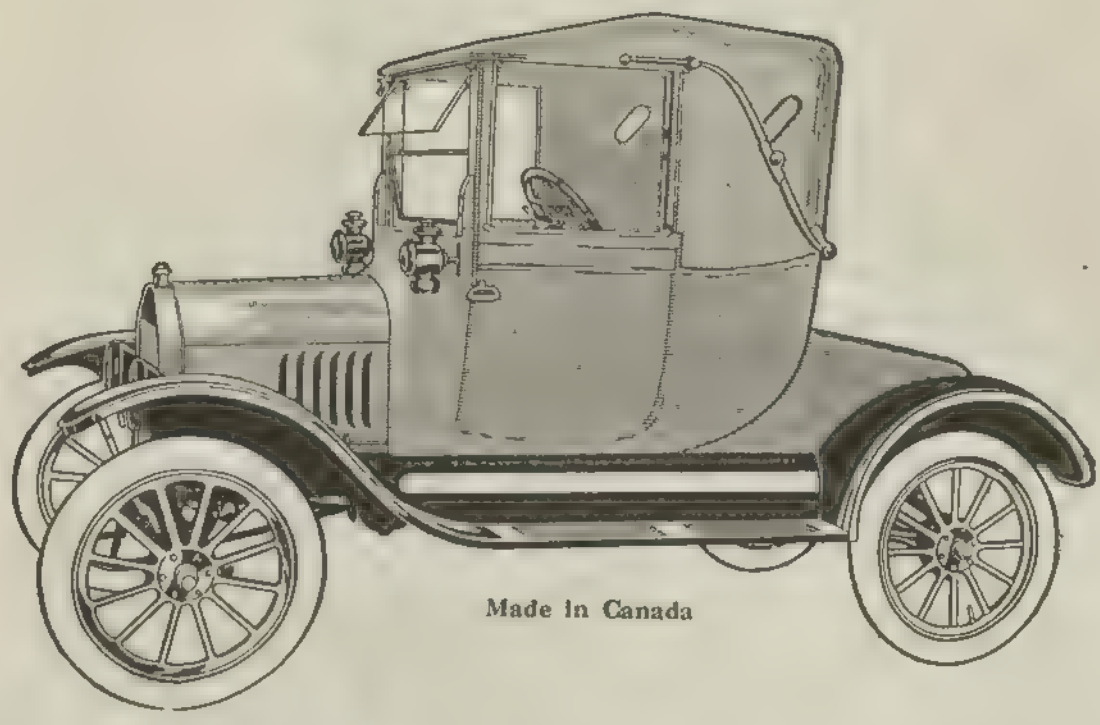

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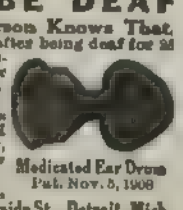

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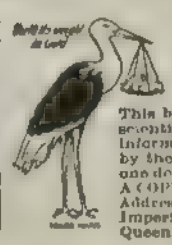

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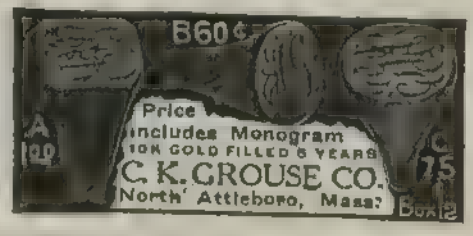

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MAM'SELLE

(*Continued from page 39*)

He had been transferred to a regiment sailing immediately, we learned. He had known it several hours, but had just told her.

"Did he ask you to marry him?" I blurted out cruelly.

"No!"

"I knew it—the blackguard—" I began, when Mam'selle held up a silencing hand.

"When does he go, my darling?" she asked.

The distant whistle of a locomotive drifted back to us.

"He's gone!" screamed the child, and fell forward on her face.

THEN followed more days, horribly alike. I could not tell which suffered more, Honoria or Mam'selle. Two pairs of eyes strained to catch sight of an empty-handed postman; two nerve-racked bodies jumped at every sound of our great knocker; two heads bent low over the casualty lists, and two heads were raised with a sort of hopeless relief, if one may use a paradox.

"Tell her about —about his father," I urged Mam'selle one day. "If she could only be made to hate him!"

Honoria, coming softly into the room, overheard me.

"I couldn't hate him, no matter what you told me," she said. "When one has loved Harvey—one does, forever and ever."

"Yes, yes," murmured Mam'selle, taking her thin, white hand. "One does—forever and ever!"

"Hating would do no good," she went on, dreamily. "I want to love him enough to bring him back to me. Only sometimes I wish that I did not feel so—" she stopped, unable to describe her pain.

"Oh, Honoria," I sighed helplessly, "I wish you would either get over it or cry."

Autumn came and with it the news of the Canadians' first offensive along the Somme. His name was mentioned in two places, one for conspicuous gallantry on the field, and the other under "seriously wounded."

Honoria shrivelled in her agony, but, in the majesty of her pride, Mam'selle rose. Who knows what that gentle heart saw in his act of courage? The purging of bad blood—the redemption of the Stratfield blood—perhaps by this one act she took her measure of the man.

At any rate, she began to write a good many letters to England, and she used to watch for the postman eagerly, on her own account. Physically, she grew very weak; spiritually, very strong; and I who watched the two of them helplessly, as one would watch the convulsions of Nature, saw a new look behind her eyes. The strain had vanished, and in its place was a suppressed excitement.

She had been unable to leave her bed for several days, so I was surprised about a week before Christmas, on going to her room, to find her up and dressed.

"I am preparing for the Hegira, you see," she said brightly, meaning her visit to our house. "Such a Christmas as we shall have this year!"

I looked dubious.

"I am bursting with secrets," she went on. "We shall have guests—and a fatted calf—and I think, if we listen attentively, we may hear the tinkle of wedding bells, my Muriel."

I thought her mind was wandering and she, catching a glimpse of my face, burst into a silvery laugh.

"Your uncle is coming, Maude is coming on six weeks' leave, and—"

"Not Stratfield!" I cried. "He wouldn't dare!"

But he did.

INVALIDED home, he reached our house on Christmas Eve. Honoria had not been told, and when she saw him, she did not utter a sound; she just fluttered into his arms like a tired, homing bird. He held her, before us all, close against him for a moment, then, suddenly releasing her, wobbled to the nearest chair.

"Quixotic sense of honour," said Father, drawing me into his study. "Most unusual, nowadays, 'pon my soul! Unpaid College debts, and no prospects; father bullying him into marrying some wealthy tradesman's daughter, who's been flinging herself at his head and to whom he felt rather committed. 'Save the estates,' you know. Came out here to try to get straight with the world, met Honoria, found how things were going with him, and did the only decent thing—cut it and went into the thick of the shrapnel. Deuced fine, I call it!"

"And the girl?" I asked.

"Oh, she married somebody else."

"And the debts?"

Father scratched his head vaguely.

"They have to be considered," he said, "but I trust Stratfield. His word is good enough for me."

While we were at dinner, the knocker sounded with an insistent clatter.

"A telegram," said Mother.

"A cable," muttered Maude.

"The Victoria Cross," suggested Honoria, looking at her lover with shining eyes.

"Some other Australian relative, Jessica?" asked Father teasingly.

It was a Special Delivery for Harvey. His London lawyers were pleased to inform him that, through the kindness of a relative, his debts had been paid and a few hundred pounds remained to his credit.

We all turned to Uncle Ellery, who got red and spluttered in his embarrassment.

"It is evident that you don't want us to thank you, sir," said Harvey in his manly fashion, "but when a chap is bubbling over with gratitude, it is hard to know what to do with the overflow, unless you will take some of it."

"But I don't know anything about your blooming debts," declared Uncle, unwinding Honoria's thin, soft arms from about his neck.

Nobody believed him, except me. I glanced

(*Continued on page 54*)

Win This Overland 75 Touring Car

$1000.00 in other Fine Prizes Also Given

First Prize VALUE $800.00

5-Passenger 1917 Model Overland Touring Car.

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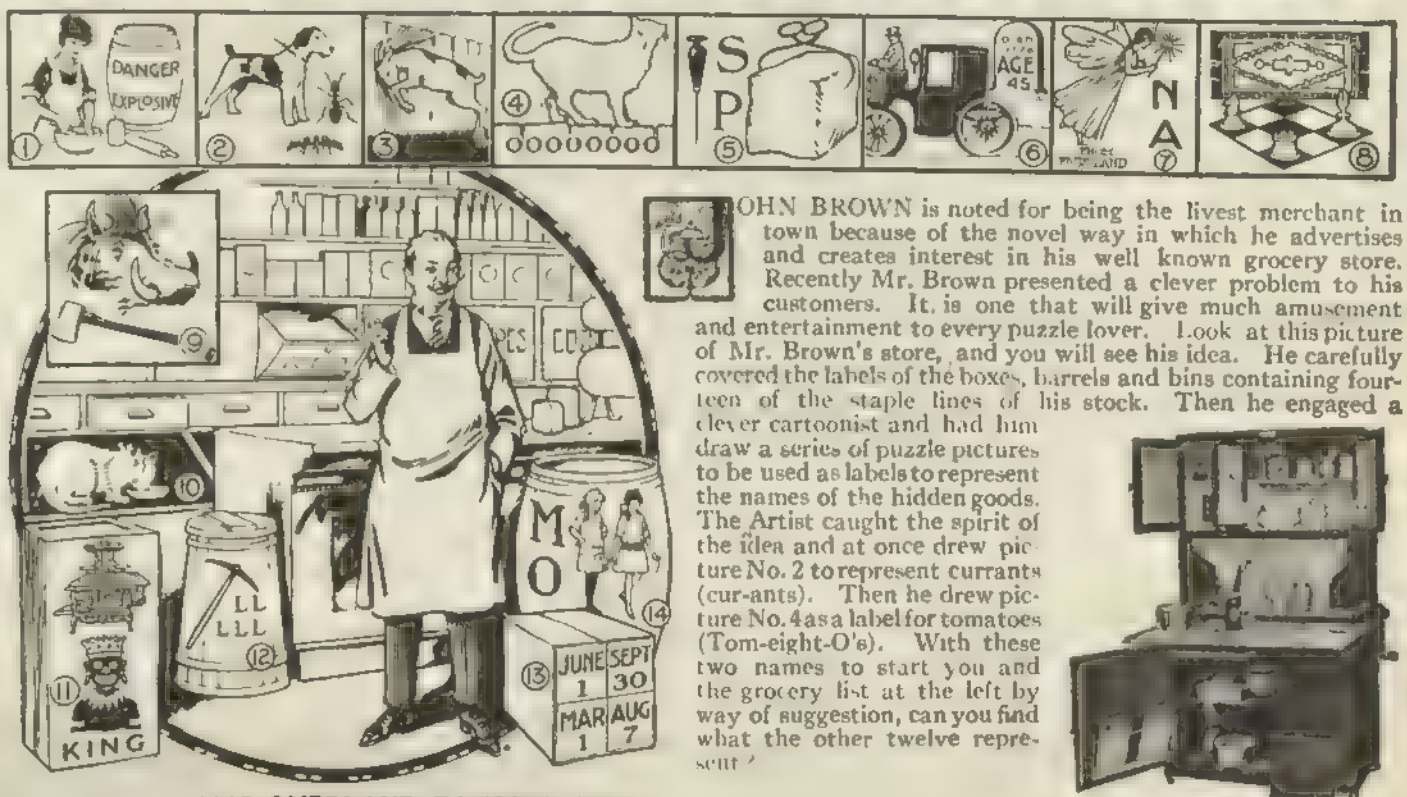
Catsup	Mustard	Soap
Cocoa	Molasses	Sugar
Coffee	Matches	Tapioca
Currants	Oranges	Tomatoes
Crackers	Onions	Tea
Cheese		Vinegar



JOHN BROWN is noted for being the livest merchant in town because of the novel way in which he advertises and creates interest in his well known grocery store. Recently Mr. Brown presented a clever problem to his customers. It is one that will give much amusement and entertainment to every puzzle lover. Look at this picture of Mr. Brown's store, and you will see his idea. He carefully covered the labels of the boxes, barrels and bins containing fourteen of the staple lines of his stock. Then he engaged a clever cartoonist and had him draw a series of puzzle pictures to be used as labels to represent the names of the hidden goods. The Artist caught the spirit of the idea and at once drew picture No. 2 to represent currants (cur-ants). Then he drew picture No. 4 as a label for tomatoes (Tom-eight-O's). With these two names to start you and the grocery list at the left by way of suggestion, can you find what the other twelve represent?

This Contest is Absolutely Free of Expense

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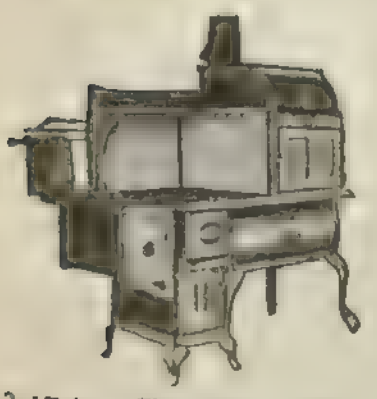
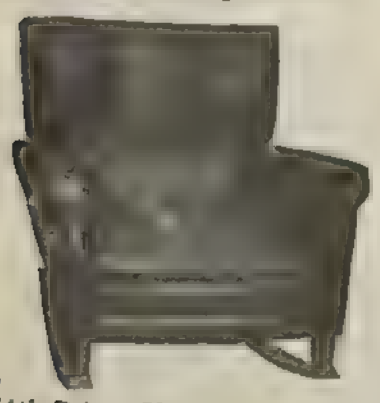


2rd Prize—Clare Bros. "Lighter Day" High Oven Range

6th Prize—Genuine Singer Drop Head Sewing Machine



14th Prize—Upholstered Arm Rocker

9th Prize—High Grade Cabinet Phonograph and Records

A FEW HINTS—A good plan is to study the list of groceries usually found in Mr. Brown's store, and then see which of the names in your opinion best fit the pictures.

All the names represent articles in everyday use and which are to be found in any grocery store. No trade mark names or special manufacturers' names are used, so with these few hints and a little thinking you should be able to solve all the pictures.

IF YOUR ANSWERS GAIN 200 POINTS, YOU WIN FIRST PRIZE—The magnificent and valuable prizes in the contest will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry. The answer gaining 200 points will win first prize (See Rules). Be neat and careful, comply with the rules and conditions of the contest, and you are sure of a valuable prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST—Every loyal Canadian will approve of the object of this great contest. Frankly, it is to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can easily help us to do this when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked nor expected to take the magazine nor spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 130,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced, they will want it every month.

Therefore, when your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of points you have gained toward the prizes, and send you Free a copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to just five friends or neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you wish. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your entry may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules When Sending Your Entry.

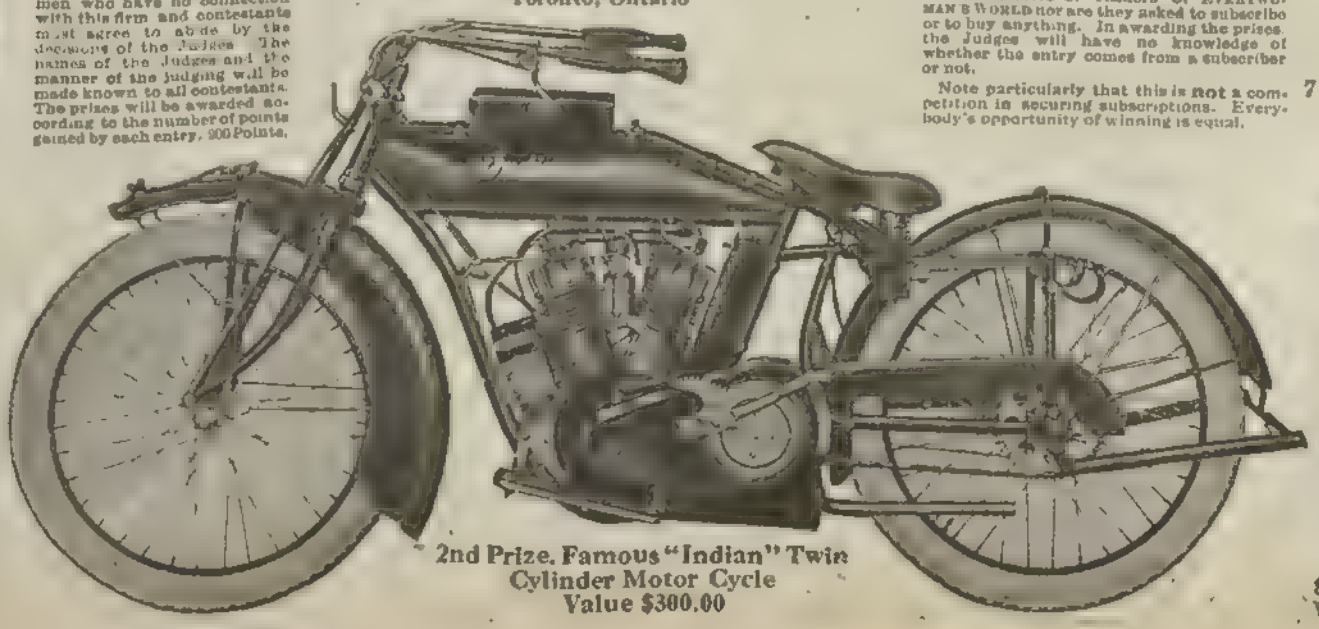
1. Write your answers in pen and ink using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than your name and address and your answers to the picture must be on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy drawn nor typewritten copies.
2. Boys and Girls under 14 years of age are not allowed to compete nor are the members and employees of the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD nor any of their relatives nor friends.
3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.
4. If different members of a family compete only one prize will be awarded in one family or household.
5. The final awards will be made by a Judging Committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm and contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of the Judges. The names of the Judges and the manner of the judging will be made known to all contestants. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry, 200 Points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. 10 Points will be awarded for each correct answer, 20 for the general neatness and appearance of the entry, 10 for handwriting, and 50 for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. The contest will close April 30th, 1917, immediately after which the Judges will award the prizes. Entries should be forwarded promptly.
6. Each competitor will be required to show the sample copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which we shall send, to four or five friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service, the Company guarantees to reward you with cash payment or a valuable prize. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

Address Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Limited 1 Continental Bldg. Toronto, Ontario

This Contest is Absolutely Free

7. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD nor are they asked to subscribe or to buy anything. In awarding the prizes the Judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Note particularly that this is not a competition in securing subscriptions. Everybody's opportunity of winning is equal.



2nd Prize, Famous "Indian" Twin Cylinder Motor Cycle Value $300.00

6th Prize—Famous "Hoosier Beauty" roll door Kitchen Cabinet

11th Prize—Beautiful Mahogany Dressing Table

7th Prize "Perfection" Oil Range

8th Prize—Oak Cabinet of Wm. A. Rogers' Silverware

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Write for the brochure "Music's Re-creation" and the booklet "What the Critics Say"

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We Will Provide Your Christmas Money

EVERY woman loves to buy with "her own money" the Christmas gifts which she sends to loved ones. Many are unable to do this because they lack the opportunity which men have for earning money. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has solved the problem for hundreds of women, who each year buy all their Christmas gifts with the money earned during the few weeks preceding the holidays. You may do the same thing.

To any woman who will give a few hours to looking after EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD subscription renewals and securing new orders from friends and neighbours who are not already subscribers, we shall pay a special commission and a special salary, the amount to be based on the number of orders which you send us. For example, if you send an average of only four subscriptions each working day, you will earn $15.00 a week. There are larger salaries and also smaller ones. This will partially depend on your territory. Even if you have only half an hour each day or each evening for calling on, or telephoning, your friends, we shall pay you liberally for it.

You do not need any business experience. Very few of the hundreds of women who tried it last year had earned any money before, but they were successful, and so also will you. Thousands of Canadian women will either renew or subscribe for the first time between now and Christmas; many of them are but a few minutes' walk from your home. We want you to look after these subscriptions, and we shall pay you a salary for doing so.

You can get all details and everything necessary by sending a line of inquiry addressed to—The Circulation Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

Prize Winners in Uncle Peter's Bunny Club Contest

UNCLE PETER wishes to announce that the prizes for the best letters received in the October Bunny Club Contest were awarded as follows:

1st Prize—John Murray, Qu'Appelle, Sask. Age 12.

2nd Prize—Frances A. West, R.R. 1, Pickering, Ont. Age 8

3rd Prize—Dorothy Evelyn Chant, 11 Harbord St., Toronto. Age 10.

Prizes have also been sent to the following boys and girls: Nellie Johnson, Steeve's Mountain, Westmoreland Co., N.B.; Bessie Gilbert, Colpoy's Bay, Ont.; Margaret Chinn, 869 Manning Ave., Toronto; Edna Oliver, Ways Mills, Que.; Margaret Smith, 2557 Third Ave., Vancouver, B.C.; Hazel Grimmon, Milford, Ont.; Arthur D. Robinson, 497 Gilmour St., Peterboro, Ont.; Goulding Haskett, 86 Third Ave, Ottawa, Ont; Wilfred Cudmore, 1138 Fourth Ave., Moose Jaw, Sask.; Arden Magill, 14 Grace St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont; Fred Weaver, Morewood, Ont.; John Burd, R.R. 1, Crysler, Ont.; R. E. Preston, Smith's Falls, Ont.; Daisy Bowser, R.R. 4, Amherst, N.S; Joseph Hopkins, R.R. 1, Woodstock, N.B.; Alison G. Killam, Weymouth, Digby Co., N.S; Helena Justason, Pennfield Centre, Char. Co., N B; Margaret Ford, Wolfville, Kings Co., N.S.; Alma Alderson, R.R. 1, Thamesford, Ont.

For the Essay on "How a Seed Grows into a Plant," these prizes have been sent: 1st prize, Andrew Waechter, R R. 4, Walkerton, Ont.; the five selected prizes to Helen Rose, Frankford, Ont.; Bella Wilkinson, Summerstown Station, Ont.; Irene Maguire, 216 Poplar Cres., Saskatoon, Sask.; Robert Callander, Callander's Beach, Kent Co., N B.; Freda Leathorn, 96 Egerton St., London, Ont.

Uncle Peter wants you to ask *all* your little friends to join the Bunny Club right away. (See page 19.)

$25.00 FOR YOU

Our Club's Big Christmas Tree

WHAT PRESENTS ARE ON IT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS?

$25.00 Cash for the Boy or Girl Sending the Best Reply

See the list of presents opposite

Study list of presents opposite.

$15.00 CASH FOR THE 2nd BEST; $10.00 CASH FOR THE 3rd PRIZE and 50 bright, new, crisp $1.00 Bills for the 50 boys and girls sending the next nearest correct and best written answers

SO that we may become acquainted with more of our boys and girls this Christmas, we are giving you this fine Christmas Tree loaded down with beautiful and valuable presents. Ten of the presents are in sealed boxes. Nobody but Uncle Peter has seen what they contain, but on each one has been drawn a puzzle picture that tells what is in it. No. 7 represents Doll Carriage. Now can you guess what Christmas present for a boy or girl is in each of the other nine? Get some one to help you if you like, but write out yourself your answers to all the ten pictures. On Christmas Day Uncle Peter, who edits our page for Boys and Girls, will judge the answers and award the big cash prizes as above to the boys and girls complying with the conditions of the contest whose answers are all correct or nearest correct, neatest and best written. So get busy and send in an answer to-day, and this Christmas may be the happiest you have ever had.

Some Xmas Presents on the Tree for Boys and Girls

Air Rifle
Boxing Gloves
Candy
Doll
Doll Carriage
Desk
Bracelet
Brooch
Building Blocks
Furs
Bicycle
Hockey Stick
Football
Perfume
Dime Bank
Silk Handkerchief
Skates
Wrist Watch
Chest of Tools
Ring
Necktie

Our "Success Club" for Boys and Girls has provided these fine prizes and hundreds of Christmas presents as well. You'll hear all about the "Success Club" when you send your answers, and if you wish you can become a member free and receive the lovely Club Emblem pin. It is a beautiful emblem with initials finished in rich red and blue on a gold background. The endless chain of friendship forms the border, the Lamp of Knowledge is at the top, and at the bottom are the Laurel Leaves, emblematic of everlasting reward for good work.

Thousands of boys and girls in Canada are already in the "Success Club" and proudly wear the Club pin. If you are bright and quick to send in your answers, you can join the "Success Club" too, and win a big cash prize and a dandy Christmas present as well.

Only boys and girls under fifteen years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl desiring his entry to compete for one of the fine prizes will be required to perform a small service for the Club for which an additional valuable reward will be given. Address your answers to

THE "SUCCESS CLUB"
Care of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
1 Continental Bldg. TORONTO, ONT.

MY CAREER

(Continued from page 5

Elated with such a wealth of crowning success, I threw aside all disguised restraint and boldly flung my whole being into the inspiration of my acting.' And again I was rewarded with Jack's increased appreciation—so at least I thought; then changed my mind. His teeth still gleaming, his face still wrinkled in smiles, Jack slowly and stiffly rose and stood, still smiling, tense and rigid as a graven image, then crouched and sprang, mouth open, teeth glistening, eyes flashing fire, and——

Poor me! That dog hadn't been smiling, nor laughing, nor one bit pleased in any way. Think of my amazement when he sprang forward and snapped his teeth into the flesh of my leg!

In all the plays, both new and old, which in the years since then I have tried out upon various audiences, do I need to tell you that never again was I so indiscreet as to try them on the dog? The lessons learned in childhood are not all so soon forgotten, maugre axioms to the contrary.

It was quite a severe wound, at least for a small girl to sustain. Probably, though, its importance was exaggerated in my childish mind. At any rate, I knew that the doctor had kept my mother's broken limb rigidly in one position for a long time and—in the spirit of the mimic it may have been—I did not want my injured leg to be removed from the pillow for a week.

I almost forgot to say that I think they forthwith and most unceremoniously killed the dog. Wherefore I add, poor Jack!

When I played in San Francisco in 1904.

Play Acting at Rideau Hall, Ottawa

IT may be that this did not indicate an innate predilection for the stage. And again, it may

Your own individual interpretation of this early manifestation of an ambition to appear before audiences will depend a very great deal on your particular view-point of "early inventives," inherent aspiration, tendencies, what you will I reserve the prerogative to my own opinion.

However, it would be better to make it clear just here that when I had arrived at an age where I was competent to make intelligent and discriminating decisions for myself, my initial intention in relation to the stage was to become a professional public reader, and that at that time I had not even dreamed of becoming an actress.

It may be said, too, that I certainly had no congenial or inherent reasons for taking up a life work on the stage as a professional actress

My mother was passionately devoted to music, and a singer of ability, yet she never aspired to a professional career. Although my father was one of the broadest minded of men, yet he was sincerely and unmovably opposed to my undertaking a professional career upon the stage. I feel quite sure, then, that I inherited none of my love of the theatre from him.

Yet withal, my father must have been endowed with some mentionable degree of histrionic talent, for whether or not he entertained an inclination to appear before audiences, it is known that he exercised unusual abilities in influencing his hearers.

As confirming this conclusion, I recently was told by a very old man now living in Regina, who knew my father very well, that he was an eloquent and forceful speaker.

The question frequently has been asked as to what incident may have occurred during my early childhood that might possibly have had an influence in leading me stageward. Frankly, it may be said, I know of none, unless it was the fact of my mother's exceeding pleasure in opera and music

I was only yesterday that I met a Canadian at the Plaza Hotel, who told me with great delight of an amateur performance given at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, the residence of the Governor-General, during the tenancy of Lord and Lady Dufferin.

Incidentally, I now have in my house a quaint old water colour of the stage in Rideau Hall, attractively and pleasingly filled with splendidly dressed lords and ladies, brigands, tyrants, pirates and all the concomitance of an Opera Buffe after Audran. And this, it should be said in passing, was one of the particular forms of innocuous amusements in which my father steadfastly refused to evince the slightest interest.

Strangely enough, in relation to these reminiscences of the amateur performances at Rideau Hall, I had only a short time before discovered a time-yellowed clipping containing an excerpt from the sprightly "Journal" of Lady Dufferin, in which she wrote:

"I was able to be present at the presentation of the 'Maire of St. Brieux.' The music is very pretty and the whole play excellent. It is very interesting to bring out a new thing on one's own stage, and even the author and composer must have been satisfied with the actors and singers who played in it. . . . The *prima donna*—Mrs. Anglin—both sang and looked charmingly."

An incident may appropriately be introduced here to show how entirely my father was opposed to any member of his family appearing upon the stage before a public audience, even though it were an amateur performance.

It was at this time, on an occasion when my mother was to sing, that in deference to my father, then Speaker of the House of Commons, Ottawa, the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, arranged for an adjournment of the House for the evening for the sole purpose of making it possible for my father to attend the performance.

It is in the sequel to this that one gains a fair conception of how unalterably my father was affected by the Early-Victorian tenets, that the one and only place for a family woman was in the home, and that was by the fact that, even though the House had been adjourned that he might be present in honour of the occasion, he, nevertheless, deliberately absented himself from the performance.

Another instance also may be recited in further evidence of his radical prejudice against any of his family appearing upon the stage, either as amateur or professional. This was upon the occasion of my first public appearance in a professional *role*. Out of affection to my mother and myself, he attended a performance, which, incidentally, was the one and only time he ever went to see me act upon the stage. It may be emphasised that he attended this performance accompanied by, and in deference to the wishes of, my mother, but—and this is the notable part of the incident—he kept his head bowed and his eyes tightly closed during the entire performance of the evening. It really seemed that he simply could not tolerate the fact that his own daughter should appear as a professional actress upon the stage.

And just here, too, I should like to dispel a common fallacy entertained by the general public in its conception of the untoward influences and environments of stage life. So far as concerns the "temptations and pitfalls"

(Continued on page 44)

Something New in the Nursery

Better than Ordinary Tubs—Much!

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Sold fresh everywhere in different sized packages.

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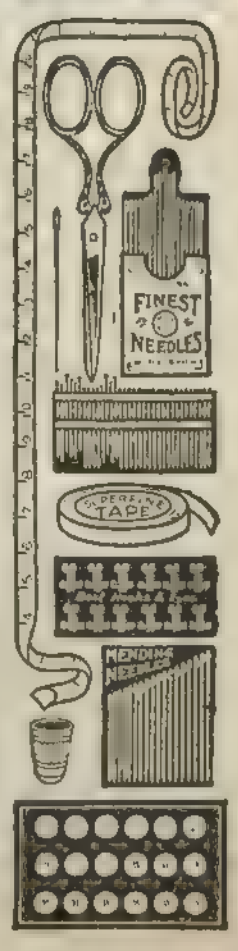

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is not to be cured by harsh purgatives; they rather aggravate the trouble. For a gentle, but sure laxative, use Chamberlain's Tablets. They stir up the liver, tone the nerves and freshen the stomach and bowels just like an internal bath.

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17

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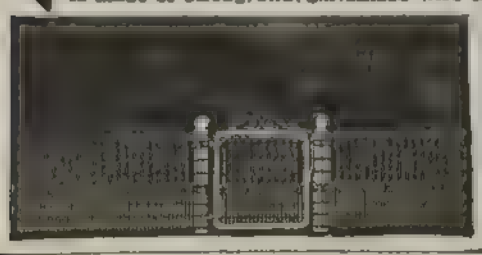

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"TITE-WAD"

"STICKS LIKE A BULL-DOG"

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Repairs Hot Water Bottles, Doctor's Rubber Gloves, Bicycle and Auto Tires, Rubber Boots, Overshoes, Raincoats, Auto Tops. Put up in three sizes, 50c., $1.00, $1.50. 200,000 users know it. Guaranteed to repair or money refunded. Postpaid to any part of Canada Almost every dealer sells Tite-Wad. Refuse all substitutes. E. SCHOFIELD, 24-26 Dalhousie St., Toronto. 26 Victoria Sq., Montreal.

MY CAREER

(*Continued from page 43*)

which so continuously and conspicuously are insisted upon as an ever present element of the theatrical world, it can be said without reservation that any and all such "temptations and pitfalls" insistently have refused to exhibit themselves, either for my delectation or my downfall.

The stage has been given unwarranted touches of colour which do not apply to its more dignified and sincere phases. It is a serious world, the stage. To be a true part of it, one must work, work earnestly, painstakingly and faithfully. And one must work *in* it, not *at* it.

From what has thus far been written, it seems sufficiently obvious that I was neither a "born actress," nor yet encouraged in a stage career by living in a theatrical atmosphere. Rather, the circumstances of my birth and early environment apparently are more closely related to politics and statesmanship than to the stage. Certainly I began my existence in an atmosphere which would lend itself to almost anything other than a professional artistic career, particularly for a girl.

Early Influences and Education

HOWEVER unique may have been my birthplace or however much public comment the event brought forth, it, nevertheless, is not of record that my thus coming into the affairs of State had any appreciable effect on the even tenor of the Colonial Administration.

The dignified statesmen into whose official life I so abruptly intruded were all goodness itself to me, and not infrequently, through the good offices of my father, they presented me with dolls and many other wonderful toys for my entertainment and amusement.

I received my early education in the schools of St. John and Toronto, in which cities we lived, until I had reached the age when I could leave home to attend a girls' boarding school.

The first was the Convent of Loretto Abbey, in Toronto. I was very young at the time of taking up my studies in the convent.

There is not much to relate of the life in the staid and sober convent, either during my three years at the Convent of Loretto or later at the Convent Sault-au-Recollet, in the suburbs of Montreal, where I spent three years. At the latter convent I came entirely under French influence with the nuns of "The Ladies of the Sacred Heart."

As to the story of these school days, it should be said that convent life does not teem with the type of incident which long and distinctly stand out in one's memory. Nor do two hundred and fifty days a year, each day as like the others as the proverbial peas in a pod, lend themselves to vivacious or even interesting narrative. And then, too, my time was altogether too closely economised in the pursuit of knowledge ever to be associated with many, if any, incidents exceptional enough to be mentioned here.

I do recall that all of the nuns were very kind and considerate, although they were strict to a degree, which in my childish imagination seemed at times little short of the unrelenting ferocity of a Cherokee.

Certainly I recall that the girls frequently engaged in such healthful and exhilarating outdoor sports as were made possible by those magnificent Canadian winters. The sports which I recall as having most enjoyed were tobogganing and skating.

But however I may have relished these wholesome, enlivening sports, they seem to be secondary in my memory of that time, when we were under the necessity of leaving the comfortable warmth of our beds to answer the rising call of the convent bell at 5.45 o'clock in the chill, bleak dawn of every morning.

I shall not say that such discipline was not beneficial, nor that the clear winter weather did not make us stronger and hardier for the experience. Yet I feel certain that if the girls later attending the same school—among whom are the younger members of my family—had gone through a continuous succession of such strict, unswerving routine, day after day, year in and year out, having no Christmas Day at home nor any of the many indulgences and privileges now enjoyed, they would consider that they were enduring real hardships. Such is the difference in view-point which modern conveniences, liberties and luxuries have wrought.

However, among other things, I know they were very proud of the convent having been the cradle of the great Madame Albani. And I personally feel a sense of pride in the fact that one of my school mates afterward became and now is a brilliant *prima donna* known in many opera houses throughout the length and breadth of the land as Madame Edwina. Also it may be added that the delightful and charming Mary Anderson entered upon her distinguished professional career from convent walls.

My First Role

ONE of the lighter notes which came into my school life was the juvenile French Dramas we were privileged to play, not alone for amusement, but also as an educational factor, since the nuns believed that the lines of these plays would make for fluency of speech and add to our vocabulary.

I recall that my first *role* came when the play "La Colombe et Le Vautour" was produced, in which I was given the part of the "vulture." I was highly elated by this much desired distinction—until my high spirits were rudely subdued by the criticism of the Mother Superior, a distinguished Belgian lady of noble birth, who, with a regretful note of regard, yet in no unkindly tone, said to me, "My child, you are too theatrical." There is in my mind no reason

(*Continued on page 46*)

THE AMOUNT YOU SPEND

is not what counts; it's the value you get for your money—particularly in medicines. Ordinary ointments, for instance, are composed largely of cheap animal fats, with very little medicinal ingredients. Zam-Buk, on the contrary, *is all medicine.* Zam-Buk's healing power is, thus, so superior to that of other ointments that it cures when ordinary ointments and more expensive treatment fail.

Madame A. Lariviere, of 671 Rodman St., Fall River, Mass., writes: "For three years I suffered terribly with eczema. I used numerous ointments, without results, and the various doctors who gave me treatment acknowledged that the case was beyond them. Finally, I went to a specialist, but although I paid him a large fee, I received no benefit. Then I heard of Zam-Buk and commenced using it, in conjunction with Zam-Buk Soap. I shall never forget the relief it gave me. It ended the irritation and burning sensation, drew out the inflammation and soreness, and perseverance resulted in a complete and permanent cure. I am convinced that Zam-Buk is the only treatment for eczema."

Zam-Buk is just as good for ulcers, abscesses, old wounds, running sores, blood-poisoning, ringworm, pimples, boils, piles, cuts, burns, scalds and all skin injuries. 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25. All druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

Send 1c. stamp for postage on free trial box

ZAM-BUK

ARE YOU NERVOUS

Does every unexpected noise disturb you? Is every slight delay vexatious? Do you worry about trifles?

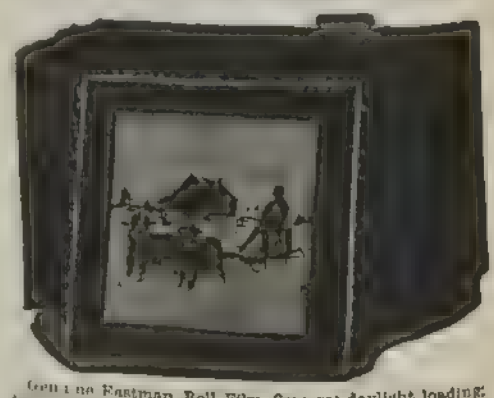
Nervousness undermines health, destroys personal charm and makes life a burden.

You should treat the cause with ***Scott's Emulsion*** which erects health from within—its concentrated nourishment feeds the nerve-centers by distributing energy and power all over the body.

It is not a stimulant, but a tonic-food without drug or narcotic.

12-121

EASTMAN CAMERA--FREE!



Get one Eastman Roll Film Camera; daylight loading; takes pictures 2½ x 2½; any boy or girl can work it. The above picture shows one of our agents starting out to sell. You can soon make a dandy collection of snapshots with the camera and not one cent to pay—we will give you one for selling only $3.50 worth of the loveliest Christmas and New Year cards at 8 for 5c, 2 for 5c and 5c and, after December 4th, war, patriotic, floral comic and other fast selling postcards at 3 for 5c, or oversize, colored war and patriotic pictures worth 50c at only 15c each. **One Agent sold $5.00 worth of cards in 30 minutes, another has sold over 600 pictures.** Our goods sell like hot cakes, you just show them and take the money. BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD. ORDER TODAY. STATE CLEARLY WHETHER YOU WANT PICTURE OR CARDS. THE (Old Reliable) GOLD MEDAL CO.
DEPT. E. 9, TORONTO

Christmas Cards

We have a very fine selection of British manufactured cards.

If you favor personal greeting cards, we should be pleased to have you call at our office, or if residing out of city, we will gladly send samples.

Canadian Fine Art Co., 72 Bay St., Toronto

WHY NOT MAKE YOUR HOME HAPPY?

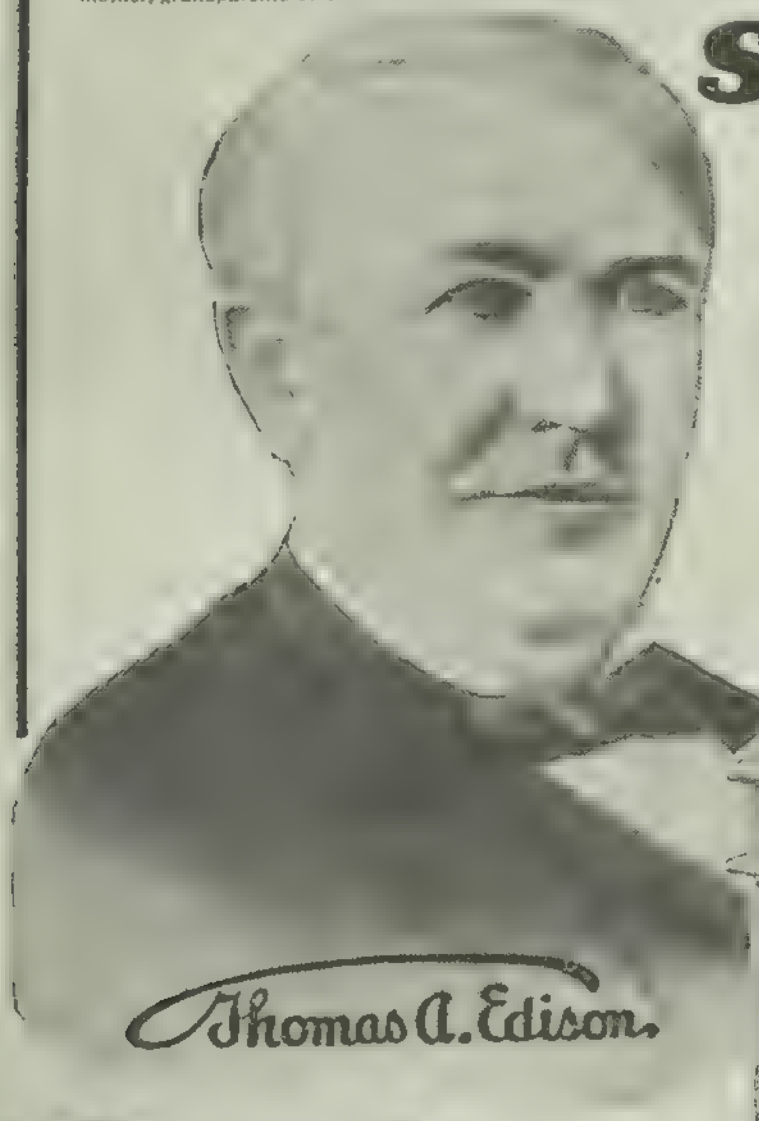
IS yours a really happy home? Is it something more than a house with a yard around it? Is it something more than a place to eat, sleep and to shelter you? Is it a place where the united family can gather together and be happy? Has it something that will bring joy into the life of father, mother, grandparents or children? Has it something that will make your friends enjoy visiting you? If your home does not measure up to this standard, it needs music. Music is the greatest influence for happiness that the world has ever known. Who, indeed, does not find in it the expression of all his moods and emotions? Whose soul is so dead that it does not respond to music in some form?

The great Mr. Edison, through his new phonograph, has put genuine music within reach of every home. And Mr. F. K. Babson, through his remarkable offer, has made it possible for you to make this great necessity part of your life so that you will scarcely feel the expense. Read this offer on this page.

Success for Mr. Edison

Life-Like Music At Last!

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last he has been crowned with success. Just as he was the first to invent the phonograph, so is he the only one who has made phonograph music life-like. And now we make this great, rock-bottom offer on the genuine New Edison, the phonograph invented by Thomas A. Edison. Now that you can get *the best* on this wonderful offer, you need no longer be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great instrument. Just read below how easily you may have the genuine New Edison in your home.



Only $1.00

and after trial!

Yes, we will send you the New Edison, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of the latest Diamond Amberol Records on *free trial without a penny down.* On this offer, you can now have the genuine Edison, the instrument which gives you real, life-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. *Seize this opportunity.* Send the coupon now for free catalog.

A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a *real home* I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the New Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement, yes, it will mean genuine, soul-satisfying, helpful entertainment and education of the highest kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.

Entertain Your Friends

Get the New Edison in your home on free trial. Fill it from your family and friends with the best world-wide song hits of the big cities. Laugh at your sides as one at the funniest of funny musical shows. Hear the great classics by the world's greatest bands, the waltzes by the best orchestras, the quartets by the world's greatest singers. You will not wonder at the wonderful power of music as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartets singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. All on free trial. Then, after the trial, send the outfit back at our expense if you choose. Or keep it on our great rock-bottom offer. **Send the coupon today.**

Rock-Bottom Direct Offer—

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only $1. Pay the balance on easiest kind of monthly payments.

Think of it—a $1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all the musical results of the highest price outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for $1.00 down balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first! No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send the coupon now full particulars.

COUPON

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors
355 Portage Ave. Dept. 139 Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

Name .....

Address .....

Our *New* Edison Catalog Sent *Free*

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—*while this offer lasts.* Fill out the coupon today.

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors
355 Portage Ave., Dept. 139 Winnipeg, Man.
U. S. Office: Edison Block, Chicago

This Bush Yields only 2½ ozs. yearly

A VERY small yield considering the size of the bush. It takes about 6½ bushes to yield a pound of ordinary tea—and about 10 bushes to yield a pound of Red Rose Tea, as only the tender shoots and buds are used to produce the distinctive flavor and richness which characterize this high-grade tea.

In sealed packages only. Try it.

110

I never thought MACARONI Could be so Good

This is what people are saying of this new Macaroni of Catelli's. It is so smooth and rich, and has such a delicious flavor, that it seems to be a different dish altogether.

CATELLI'S MILK MACARONI

is made in a big Sunlit factory—of the genuine Semolina flour and pure, sweet milk. It is dried in special dust proof rooms by means of clean air, kept at special temperature.

If you know Macaroni only as a tough, stringy dish, strongly flavored with cheese, you have a treat in store when you use Catelli's Milk Macaroni in some of the delicously inviting styles given in our new book—*"The Girl at Catelli's"*.

Write for a copy.

THE C. H. CATELLI CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL. 30

10¢

EVERYWHERE.

FREE FAIRY PALACE DOLL HOUSE, 5 BEAUTIFUL DOLL TOYS AND "PRINCESS PAT" DOLL

Just think girls we will give you all these grand presents absolutely without cost. First The Big Beautiful Fairy Palace Doll House, so large and roomy that it will hold a whole family of dolls, then a real Wash Set of 14 pieces consisting of wash tub, wash board, wringer, rocking dasher, big clothes basket, clothes line and all the case full of dolly clothes pegs, then you get a five piece baking set, and the cute little French bisque baby doll that you'll just love. Next comes baby doll's lovely enamelled bed with its canopy and the beautiful baby doll carriage you see above, handsomely decorated with imitation and bright metal finish. Last but not least, every girl gets a lovely big "Princess Pat" dressed doll—over 18 inches high. It is a "made in Canada" beauty, with unbreakable head and she is dressed completely from head to foot, real shoes, stockings, underwear, etc., and she has many different styles of dresses.

GIRLS—Write to-day and we will send you Free a big sample package of Fairy Berries, the lovely new Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume. We want you to try them and learn how delicious they are. With your sample we will send just 30 handsome big packages to introduce them among your friends at only 10c each. It is easy. Open your sample package and give everyone to try a Fairy Berry. Then sell them at 10c per package only, and we will promptly send you the big Doll House, complete wash set, baking set, baby doll, doll bed, doll carriage, just as you see them, and the lovely big "Princess Pat" doll you will also receive for simply showing your grand presents among your friends and getting only three of them to sell Fairy Berries and earn our lovely premiums. [illegible] to-day girls—We are going to start [illegible] of all dolly very day to-day girls—We are going to start [illegible] of all dolly very day to-day girls—We are going to start [illegible] of all dolly very day

WANTED—A NAME

FOR OUR NEW MAGAZINE

$100.00 *FOR A SUITABLE NAME WHICH WE ADOPT AND USE—* **YOU CAN WIN**

New Monthly Magazine

TO BE ISSUED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE WOMEN OF RURAL CANADA

We cannot very well enlarge on our present departments in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in order better to serve the interests of the women of rural Canada.

There is such great need for any woman on any farm in Canada to have all of the help that she can get from a magazine specially gotten up and edited, as far as possible, by farm women, for farm women, that we have decided to put out a new magazine.

This will, in a measure, supplement EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and be wholly devoted to and will serve the best interests of the women on our Canadian farms.

We will do our part, and right now we make it doubly interesting for you by the immense prizes you can win.

Will you lend the helping hand in the establishment of the magazine which aims to give expression to the best ideas and ideals in rural Canada,—thus to be one of the great reconstructing forces in Canada after the War?

UNDER DIRECTION OF CHAS. C. NIXON, B. S. A.

THE editorial direction of the new magazine will be in charge of Chas. C. Nixon, B.S.A., well known to tens of thousands of Canadian farm people through his old connections, first, on the Farmers' Advocate; then for nearly six and a half years as editor of Farm & Dairy, and now for three years as Vice President of the Continental Publishing Company, Limited, and Advertising Director of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Mr. Nixon was born and raised a farmer, of good farm people. He has four sisters and a brother closely interested in and engaged in farming. He has travelled widely, observed keenly, and thought deeply of the problems of farmer people especially of the women—throughout Canada and the United States. He will bring to bear on this new work all of the successful experience that has been given to him to accumulate for this great purpose of his life.

Mr. Nixon will appreciate your suggestions—every one of them—in connection with what you think should be in the new magazine. He will award for Editorial suggestions a first prize of $20.00 cash and 15 additional prizes of a crisp new two-dollar bill to each sender of the best suggestions.

SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW

WE want you to subscribe. Send in your subscription **now**, so that we can make the new magazine just as helpful as possible to you and to the other women of rural Canada.

Send us 60c. with your first letter, or $1.00 for a subscription for two years. Remember the price will be $1.00 per year as soon as the name is chosen. We want you to be one of the first subscribers. The mails are safe, you can send money at our risk—only be sure to wrap it securely and seal the envelope safely.

USE THIS FORM

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD., Toronto

First.—I would like to win the prize of $100.00 cash for my suggestion of a suitable name for your new magazine for the women of rural Canada. I suggest:

1st choice .....

2nd choice .....

3rd choice .....

My suggestions for reading matter that will make your new magazine most valuable to me (to compete for the prize of $20.00 cash and the fifteen additional prizes of a crisp, new $2.00 bill to each sender of the best suggestions) are as follows:

3. The following is my list of goods and advertisers that I think should be in your new magazine from the first issue, for reasons which I give

1. I subscribe in advance for your new magazine, and enclose $1.00 for two years (or 60c. for one year). Please send your new magazine to the following name and address:

SUGGESTIONS WANTED

WE need a name—a suitable name for the new magazine.

We will pay $100.00 cash to the person who sends us the most suitable name.

We think the new magazine should contain such matter as:

1. *Bright, happy, purposeful, clean stories.*
2. *Helpful articles on home-making, giving experiences and practices of successful home-makers.*
3. *Personal articles of a special nature, full of the achievements of country people.*
4. *The satisfying poetry of country life.*
5. *TEN special departments as follows—(and more to be added as the need is made known to us):—*

(A) A Department of Mothers' Problems, discussed by a well-known authority—a trained nurse, now the mother of three children—in consultation with her husband, a doctor with an extensive general and hospital-visiting practice in Toronto.

(B) A Family Doctor Department, dealing with seasonal ills of children. This department is closely related to the "Mother Wisdom" department, and will be conducted under the same direction.

(C) An Uplift Department, dealing with religious matters and wisdom of daily living.

(D) A Department for Boys and Girls, featuring special matter not to be found, as a rule, in other magazines, but so much needed by every mother to help her in directing the growth of the child-mind, and to ensure her children's development into the most useful men and women.

(E) Cookery and Recipes, under the direction of a well-known, popular domestic science graduate, who is teaching practical cooking in Ontario's leading Domestic Science institute.

(F) Table Talk, and General Deportment, dealing with all of those many little matters relating to good manners and good breeding.

(G) A Horticultural Department or "Among the Flowers," devoted to the many matters relating to plants in the house and in the garden, and with landscape architecture.

(H) Poultry and Apiculture, featuring practical, helpful hints and timely instruction on how to make money as a side line, or as a regular livelihood, in these two fascinating departments of rural life.

(I) Home Dairying, dealing with dairy problems from a woman's own point of personal interest, and aiming to help her in every possible way to make it more enjoyable and more profitable.

WE want a name which in the opinion of our Editors will be best suited for our new magazine, soon to be issued every month for the women of rural Canada.

We shall cheerfully pay *$100.00* for the right name

(J) Fashions—the practical sensible, conservative kind which sensible, Canadian women everywhere will want to use for themselves.

In addition there will be a page of personal matter from the Editor; jokes and conundrums; handicraft helps, and how women can make money; rural recreation, telling of good times that are possible, and telling how the community can play; a Round Table, or Home Circle Department, which will welcome letters from our readers; the Neighbourhood Club, dealing with Women's Institute matters, but particularly specializing on helping the individual to the point where she can, with freedom, take her place in the community and have her say in all important matters; and, also, an Ottawa Library, reviewing the books and bulletins which are available, free, through the Department of Agriculture, and which would be of the greatest possible value to farmer people everywhere if they knew of them and would read and study them, and put into practice their teachings.

SEND SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW DEPARTMENTS

THERE are probably several other departments which you would like to have in the new magazine. We shall be glad to have your suggestions, and to follow them out in the new magazine for your special benefit.

In general, and in so far as the plan will be practicable, it is our intention to feature in the foregoing departments the very best—**the real cream**—of the articles and stories which are appearing in the best of the expensive magazines, which the average mother does not feel she can afford to buy, although she dearly wants all of these good stories and the best information which is going. This feature of the new magazine will, we believe, greatly endear it to the hearts of Canadian people everywhere.

TWELVE PRIZES FOR CHOOSING PRODUCTS

FOR the best list of products and advertisers which should be in the new magazine, we will pay cash prizes of, 1st, $20.00; 2nd, $5.00, and ten additional prizes that will delight the fortunate and obliging senders.

The best list will not necessarily be the longest list. Pick out the choicest products which you know and like—say ten, or fifteen, or twenty of them.

May we point out here that we must have advertisers, for it is our purpose to sell the new magazine at a price so low that every farm woman will feel she can afford it, no matter how many are the other demands upon her allowance or the family purse. To you who subscribe now in advance, the subscription price will be two years for $1.00, or 60c. a year. After the name is chosen the price will be $1.00 per year.

So, you see, we must have advertisers, since the price you pay will barely pay for the white paper—to say nothing of the endless other expenses necessary to make the magazine **all that it must be** for the people of rural Canada. The advertising must help pay the cost of all these good things for you.

Will you send a list of the good things you know about that should be advertised in the new magazine? Please state any reasons why you think they should be so advertised. Only products that we can positively guarantee and advertisers absolutely trustworthy will be allowed to use the columns of the new magazine.

This is Your Opportunity!

Will you lend the helping hand in the establishment of the magazine which aims to give expression to the best ideas and ideals in rural Canada; thus to be one of the great reconstructing forces in Canada after the War? We will do our part, and right now we make it doubly interesting for you by the immense cash prizes for you to win.

Now is your opportunity to show that you want this good thing—this new magazine—all Canadian for Canadian farm women. Prizes will be awarded just as soon as it is possible to make the decisions. We expect to have the new magazine ready some time in December, to appear as a January issue for the New Year.

May we have your first Letter in a day or two?

That we may be assured of your interest in this great enterprise, which we are undertaking for the rural people of Canada?

The issue is in your hands; will you act?

Write us, if possible, to-day or this evening, while it is on your mind. Thank You! Address,

Rural Canada Division

Continental Publishing Co., Ltd.

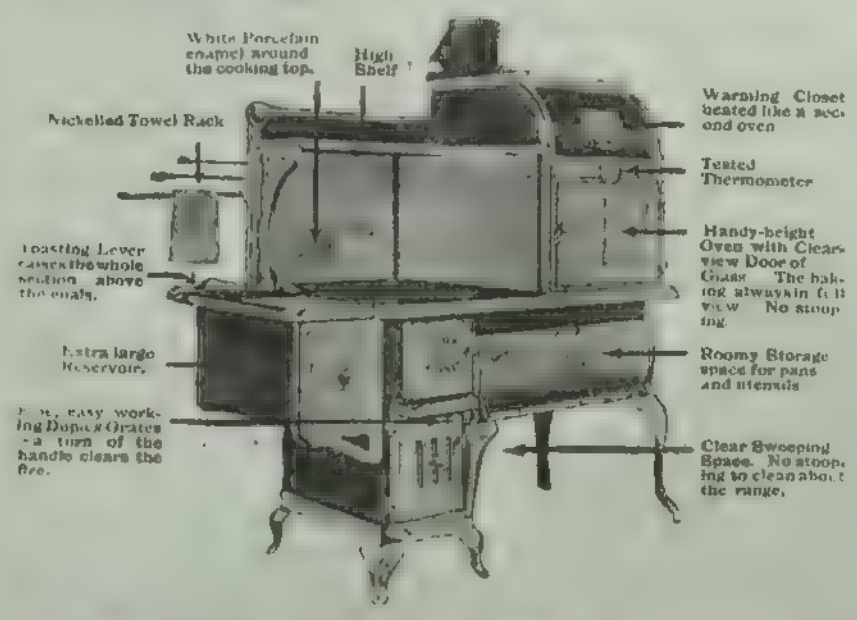
Toronto, Canada

Will You Vote?

Some women think for themselves. These women lead. They are the women who grasp new ideas quickly. Who adopt new labor-saving methods in their housework. Who save time where others waste it. These are the women who investigate new devices and plan to secure those that are real helps. To these women who think, the others who lack imagination must look for guidance. Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, now enfranchise the women who think.

Lighter Day Ideas to Lighten Housework

The Lighter Day Range has taken the drudgery out of housework in hundreds of homes. Its handy height Oven enables you to attend to the oven WITHOUT STOOPING—no tiring back-bending. There is the Clear-view Oven Door through which the baking can be watched—no fear of cakes being spoilt through jarring as with the old way of continually opening and shutting the door. These are but a few of the special features. Many other labor-saving ideas will become apparent to you as you look over the illustration of the Lighter Day Range.


White Porcelain enamel around the cooking top.
High Shelf
Nickelled Towel Rack
Warming Closet heated like a second oven
Tested Thermometer
Handy-height Oven with Clear-view Door of Glass. The baking always in full view. No stooping.
Roomy Storage space for pans and utensils
Clear Swooping Space. No stooping to clean about the range.

When we announced that we would show women a way to Lighter Day in the Kitchen, we were overwhelmed with answers. Our new invention, the Lighter Day Range—the Coal range with a High Oven—was the way we opened up. This new range did away with stooping on Baking Days. It was a reform—the first in half a century—in cooking with coal or wood. It changed baking from drudgery to a pleasant science.

Since the first announcement we have never been able to catch up with our orders for this range. We have always had more demands for Lighter Day Ranges than we could supply. We have been besieged by requests for information. Thousands of the readers of this journal are now benefitting by the many conveniences of this range. Thousands more are planning to secure Lighter Day Ranges in the near future.

But do you know that in spite of our wide-open guarantee some women hesitate to seize this chance to lighten their work. Do you know that there are even some dealers in ranges who hesitate to place this wonderful invention before the women of their community.

Why shouldn't these people see what the thinking women see?

We believe they will see if the women who have studied our advertisements, who have seen the Lighter Day Range (or have actually used one) will cast an enormous vote of approval.

Will you cast a vote to promote Kitchen Reform in Canada? Will you write a letter—a sincere expression of your opinion of the Lighter Day Range?

$25.00 in Prizes for the Best Letters

Any one who will write a letter to send along with the ballot may win a liberal prize in cash. Not a long letter. It should not exceed 150 words. But it should be a sincere expression of opinion. You need not own a Lighter Day Range to enter a letter in this contest. If you have seen one and examined it thoroughly, or if you have studied the booklet of photos which we will send free, your opinion will be valuable to us. Writing to us does not place you under any obligation to buy a range. We merely wish to have a frank expression of opinion from the thinking women of Canada.

For the Best letter $10.00 Cash will be paid. For the second best we will give $5.00 cash. For the third best, $3.00 Seven prizes of $1.00 will be paid for the seven next best letters.

Clip the Proper Ballot

Three classes of women may cast their votes in this contest. Be sure to choose the right one. Clip it out—sign it and put it in the first mail.

CLASS I. (Use Ballot No. 1)

Those who have studied the advertisements—any who have not received a booklet "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen," should write at once for a free copy.

CLASS II. (Use Ballot No. 2)

Those who have actually examined the Lighter Day Range. If your dealer does not carry them in stock we will be glad to inform you where you may see one in your neighborhood.

CLASS III. (Use Ballot No. 3)

Those who own Lighter Day Ranges.

Mail your letter and ballot not later than December 30th, 1916. The proper ballot must accompany each letter. All letters must bear post-mark of December 30th, or earlier date. Address all letters and ballots to the Secretary of the Contest Department,

Clare Bros. & Co. Limited

Preston, Ontario

BALLOT

BALLOT NO. 1

I do not own a Lighter Day Range, but I have studied the advertisements and believe the Lighter Day Range will save drudgery in the Kitchen.

Name .....

Address .....

BALLOT

BALLOT NO. 2

I have seen the Lighter Day Range. I heartily approve of the idea and believe the High Oven a wonderful labor-saver.

Name.....

Address .....

BALLOT

BALLOT NO. 3

I own a Lighter Day Range. It saves labor. I am thoroughly satisfied with it. It does all that your advertisements claim for it.

Name .....

Address.....

CHRISTMAS FAVOURS

By GERALDINE AMES

A Bit of Real Fir with candle at the top.

Little Yellow Canary perched on edge of glass.

Snow Cab-driver, with real hat and whip.

A Real Christmas Tree, snow laden.

EVERY one is anxious that the Christmas table has the proper "atmosphere" or Christmassy effect. Most people prefer to give little favours, or at least to have unique name cards.

A Christmas Chimney Table is especially suitable for a children's party. An ordinary wooden box covered with red crepe paper forms the body of the chimney. The top is cotton to resemble snow, and Santa with his pack is in the chimney. The pack contains a present for each child—a box of candy, bag of nuts or any present desired. A red box of candy is at each place, ornamented with snowballs made from cotton batting. Pretty holly name cards are used. A red ribbon runs to each plate and at the word each child draws out his present from the sack. A band of red crepe paper around a white tablecloth gives a finishing touch.

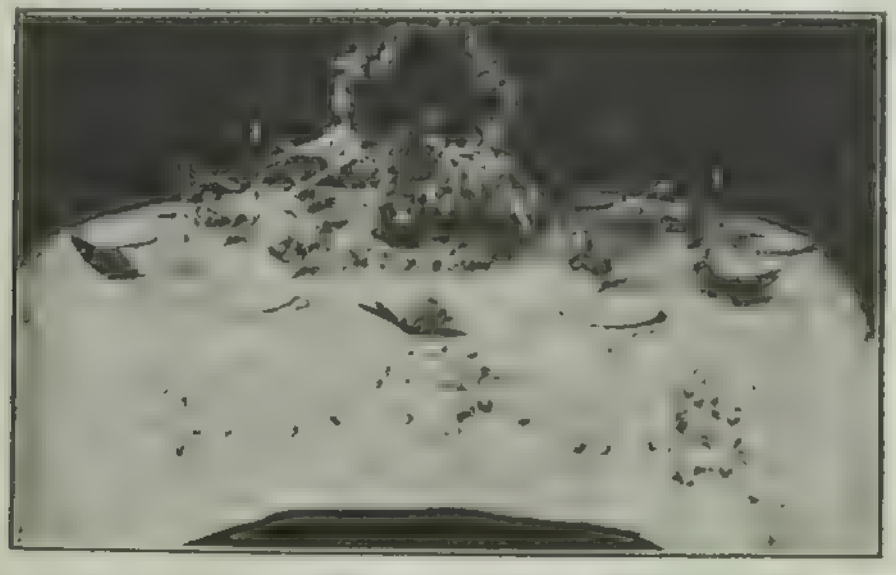
Bonbons, or snappers, as they are called, are now made to represent Santa Claus. Inside they are quite like any others. They snap when pulled and contain paper caps, candy, and some little metal toy.

Any sort of a favour or small present may be hidden inside a white crepe paper snowball. Artificial flowers, a dainty litle doll for the girl or a boy doll for the boy. Inside the big roll is a box, padded out with cotton, and the present or favour is in the box.

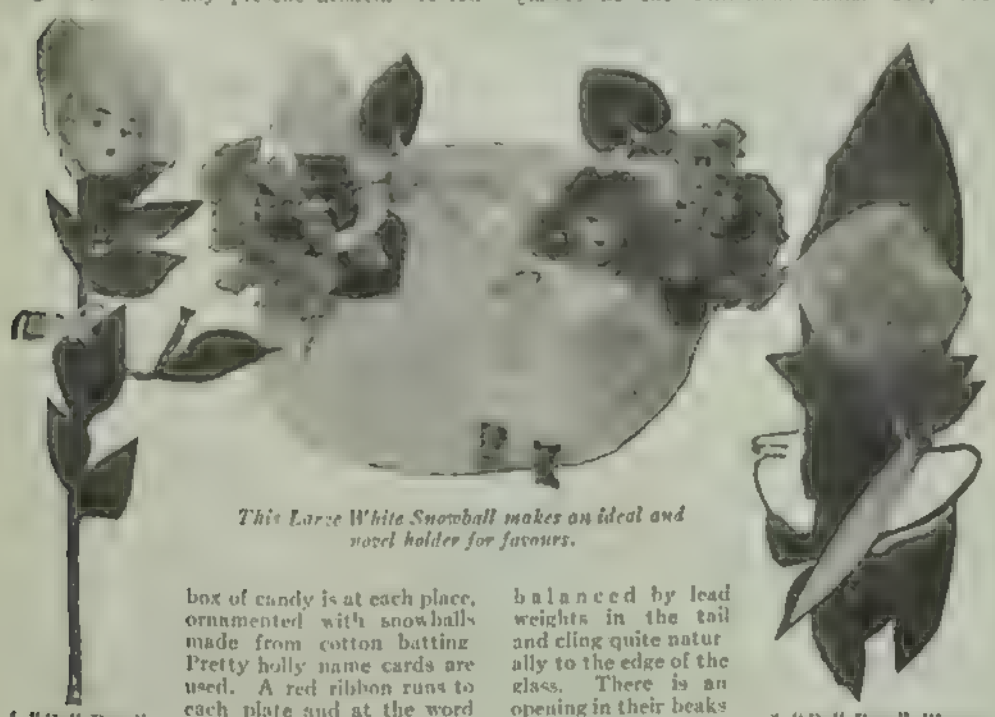
Make little red or green Christmas Bells. Better buy them; they may be had as cheap as three for ten cents. When opened and fastened, they make bright table decorations and are ideal for placing over the favours to hide them until all the guests are seated.

Little yellow canaries made of celluloid, or birds of brighter plumage, for from five to ten cents, are pretty decorations for the drinking glasses at the Christmas table. They are balanced by lead weights in the tail and cling quite naturally to the edge of the glass. There is an opening in their beaks in which to slip name cards.

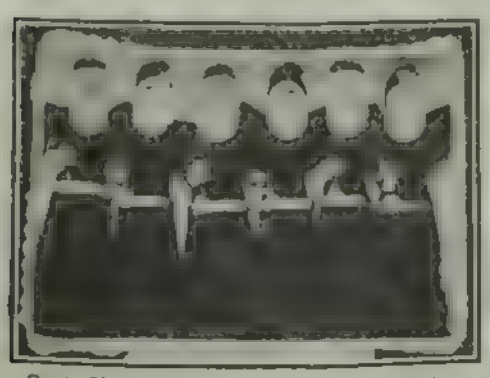
A snow-man "cab-driver" makes a quaint ornament. Ordinary cotton batting can be used. They are easily made. The hat is of writing paper, dipped in ink.



A Beautiful Christmas Table with the favours concealed in a large basket in the centre, and ribbons coming from it to smaller baskets at each place.



This Large White Snowball makes an ideal and novel holder for favours.



A "Doll Rose" Stick.

A "Doll Rose" Place Card.

Santa Claus "Snappers" are a decided novelty.

A "Doll Rose" Bonbon Box is a pretty favour.

Little Christmas Trees, artificial, of course, are pretty ornaments for each cover. But the natural fir twigs are much prettier. These may be set in a paper "pot" or fastened to the top of a box containing sweets. They are inexpensive.

Let The Aladdin Make Your Home Bright and Cheerful

Burning common coal oil, the new Aladdin produces a light that beats gas, electricity and acetylene—that makes old style, round-wick lamps seem feeble as candles in comparison. In **giving** this better light, the Aladdin **uses** less than half as much oil.

Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon Coal Oil No odor, noise or smoke. Gives a white, mellow, restful, steady light. Comes nearest to sunlight of all man-made lights. Leading Universities have tested and endorse the Aladdin. It was awarded the Gold Medal at the Panama Exposition against the world's best. Three million people already are enjoying it.

Banish Eye Strain—Save Children's Eyes Dim lights are responsible for much eye strain, headache and misery. The Aladdin banishes these ills. Encourages study and reading. Cheer and contentment abide in homes made bright by Aladdin.

Make Money During Spare Time

Experience and Capital Not Needed

Every home needs good light. The Aladdin—with its wonderful gift to country homes of the brightest and mellowest of all lights—produced from ordinary coal oil at a big oil saving—needs only to be **shown.**

J. R. Stewart, who has sold over 500 Aladdins, writes **"there are unlimited possibilities in store for the Aladdin Distributor."**

W. T. Grieve, Ontario, with no previous experience, says he sold **7 lamps in a little over two hours.**

Charley Stanley, a paper hanger, puts in his evenings selling Aladdins and **nets $5.00 to $15 for each evening's work.**

Mrs. M. R. Dutton has the Aladdin in her home, has made a lot of money in its distribution, and proudly writes: "I have lighted up the homes in the community for miles around with Aladdin Lamps."

There is no limit to the field. Many distributors have replaced electric lights with Aladdins.

F. A. Sandvall, of B. C., for instance, says he has **placed nearly 300 in a country where electricity is king.**

M. T. Zanke, Manitoba, places lamps out on trial and writes "called at 20 houses, and sold 18—**the lamp will speak for itself.**"

(Addresses furnished on request.)

10 Days' Free Trial. Send No Money—We Pay Charges Will you agree to use the Aladdin lamp in your home ten days if we'll send it prepaid? All right! Just fill out the coupon and we'll send you full particulars about our 10 day free trial offer. You can then see for yourself that our claims for the Aladdin are based on conservative **facts.** You can see how the Aladdin makes your old style lamp look like a candle. You can find out how noiseless, smokeless and odorless it is—how it really does beat gas, electricity, and acetylene for brilliancy, and **how it saves one-half or more** in oil and actually pays for itself. Just send the coupon. We'll do the rest.

Get One Free—Send Coupon

To One User in Each Locality, We Offer the Big Chance to Get the Aladdin Free and Make Big Money

We have thousands of enquiries from our advertising. We want one user in every locality to whom we can refer folks who are interested in the Aladdin. You don't need to be a good talker. Just let people see the Aladdin, lighted up, and IT WILL DO ITS OWN SELLING.

Write quick—send the coupon—be the first to apply in your neighborhood for the chance to get the Aladdin free and to make some big money. Send the coupon. We'll tell you the whole plan. Don't wait. **Be the first.**

Mantle Lamp Co., 540 Aladdin Building, Montreal

Largest Kerosene (Coal-Oil) Mantle Lamp House in the World

Also Offices and Wareroom at Winnipeg

Mantle Lamp Company,
540 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal

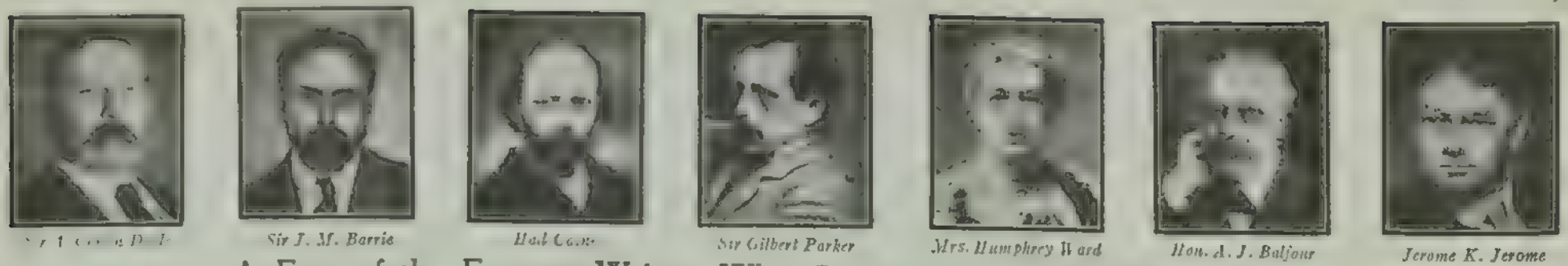
Gentlemen:—I want to know more about

- ☐ the Aladdin Lamp—
- ☐ Your offer to send Aladdin prepaid for 10 days' trial—
- ☐ Your plan whereby I can get my Aladdin free and make a lot of money distributing Aladdins without the need of experience or capital.

(NOTE—If you are interested in this money-making change, write a letter and attach to the coupon, tell us something about yourself, whether or not you have a rig or auto to work in rural districts, give your age, present occupation; say whether you can work full time or just part time, when you can start, and what territory you would prefer. Hurry your letter before territory is taken.)

Name.....

P.O. ..... *Province*



Sir J. M. Barrie *Hall Caine* *Sir Gilbert Parker* *Mrs. Humphrey Ward* *Hon. A. J. Balfour* *Jerome K. Jerome*

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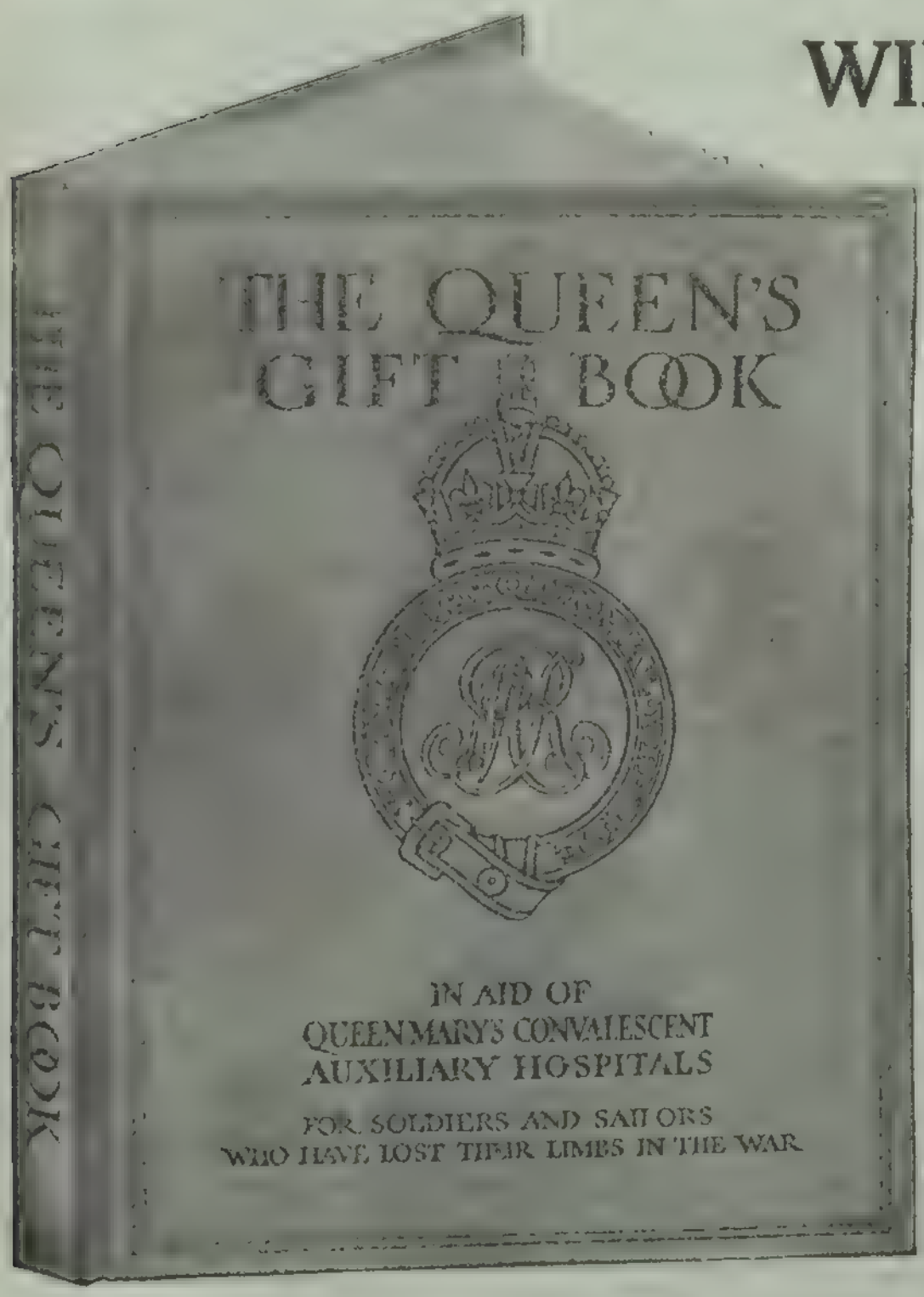
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THE QUEEN'S GIFT BOOK
IN AID OF
QUEEN MARY'S CONVALESCENT
AUXILIARY HOSPITALS
FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
WHO HAVE LOST THEIR LIMBS IN THE WAR

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in every way, since wearing your brace."

Let us send you, free—with helpful pictures—letters like the above, covering almost all ailments and faulty figures

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Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure.

Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Makes You Feel Good and Look Good

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking, replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders, develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache curvatures, nervousness, ruptures. Easy to wear

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense

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You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle of

LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER

Sold Everywhere

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

BABY MARKS.

Was gradually Losing Weight

36, Moundfield Road,
Stamford Hill,
July 27th, 1915.

Dear Sirs,

My baby boy when two months old was gradually decreasing in weight. I was advised to try Virol. Within two or three weeks I noticed a remarkable change in him. He began to sleep better, steadily put on weight; in fact, the result was striking, and far exceeded my expectations. I continued to give him Virol. He is now the bonniest and best developed child you might wish to see.

Yours truly,
(*Signed*) F. H. MARKS.

VIROL

Virolised Milk—a teaspoonful of Virol mixed with half-a-pint of warm (not hot) milk—is an ideal food for nervous exhaustion.

Sold everywhere, 4 oz. tins 40c., 8 oz. 70c., 16 oz. $1.10, or a little higher west of Port Arthur.

Sole Importers: BOVRIL LIMITED
27 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

who send free on request a valuable booklet "BABIES, Their Health and Happiness" which every young mother should have.

LADY ELEANOR: LAWBREAKER

(*Continued from page 29*)

I'll say nothing, trusting your lordship to do the right thing by me and Miles."

"Why did you not give this parchment to Lady Eleanor?"

"Oh, my lord, I could not think of such a thing. I could not cheat your lordship out of your just due."

I see. How came you to find the will?"

"I was rummaging, my lord, and happened on it between the leaves of a big book in the library."

"I daresay you are good at rummaging. You showed it to no one?"

"Oh, no, my lord. I brought it direct to you, for I knew you would do the right thing by me."

"That I will not."

"You will not?"

"The right thing would be to deliver you into custody, but, as you are a woman, I will not do the right thing. You may go."

"Surely you are jesting, my lord."

"I never was more serious."

"Sir, you cannot trifle with me. If you think to cheat me because I was so foolish as to give you the will, I'll proclaim you from one end of the land to the other."

"Do so, hussy. Your proclamation will help me in my profession. It will advertise me."

"You may scoff, but I warn you the solicitors in London know that will was written."

"Naturally, because they wrote it."

Intent on his own thoughts, Lord Brandon did not notice the parting of the curtains, and was unaware of Woodward's entrance until the latter spoke, somewhat uncertainly.

"I say, Charlie, wha' the devil d'ye mean by treating ladies an'—an' gennlemen this fashion? 'S—insult. Deserting festive board, an' all that, Charlie."

"I beg your pardon, Woodward, and also that of the ladies. I have business which will not wait."

"Hang—hang business when festive bowl flowish. Hang—"

MRS. LESSINGHAM pushed him aside without ceremony, and entered, Miss Barsanti following. They stared at Lord Brandon in amazement.

"What's wrong, Charlie? You look as if you had seen a ghost," cried Mrs. Lessingham.

"I've not seen a ghost, Mrs. Lessingham, but one has just dealt me an unexpected blow. I confess the impact has staggered me."

"It has sobered you, Charlie. It must have been a right hander from the shoulder."

"It was," agreed Brandon, laughing. "A right hand that held a pen. Didn't you know that the pen is the sharpest stiletto? But no, I cannot say that in your presence. The stiletto that plays havoc with our hearts is a woman's eyes, Miss Barsanti."

"Thanks, Lord Charlie," said Miss Barsanti, curtseying deeply. "And is this," she indicated Sophia by a gesture, "the woman who has dealt the blow?"

Sophia tossed her head.

"Indeed, I'm better than the likes of you, Miss Impudence, and if I open my mouth, and tell—"

"That is exactly what you shall not do," interrupted Brandon, sharply, "or you will sleep in prison to-night. Stand you there, and keep your tongue quiet."

"Oh, what a cruel penalty for a woman," murmured Mrs. Lessingham.

"If you will all retire to the dining hall for a few minutes," requested Brandon, "I will rejoin you when this business is settled."

"Well, of all the proposals!" ejaculated Miss Barsanti. "Are we your guests, or are we not? Who ever heard of the like? Here are we on the edge of a scandal in high life; I know it; I feel it in the air. There stands a woman threatened with prison. Here stands Lord Charlie frightened sober. Enter the Drury Lane Company, and he asks us to go, if you please!"

"Inhospitable! None — none ovvus go!" stammered Woodward.

"Very well; stay you here, if you wish. I need some witnesses. Miles!" he called peremptorily, and the servant promptly obeyed the summons.

"Tell Sycamore to come to me, and bring his papers with him. Get me pens and ink. Ask Lady Eleanor if she will be good enough to give me five minutes."

"Yes, my lord."

"Charlie," said Mrs. Lessingham, "you make me shiver with your precision. You remind me of Garrick when he is preparing a tragedy for the stage. I hope you are not bringing on actors for some dismal dénouement?"

"No; I'm rehearsing a comedy. Indeed, I'm not sure but it's a farce."

"Good; do we take a part in it?"

"Only as witnesses."

(*Continued on page 53*)

CLASSIFIED ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange. Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Agents Take Notice

MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

Agents Wanted

EVERY HOME on farm, in small town or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal-oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One farmer cleared over $500 in 6 weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month. No capital required; we furnish goods on time to reliable men. Write quick for sample lamp for free trial, distributor's proposition, and secure appointment in exclusive territory. Mantle Lamp Co., 613 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal, or 613 Aladdin Bldg., Winnipeg.

THE LITTLE WITCH Vacuum Broom is absolutely new invention, fills long felt want, can be sold in every home, and offers exceptional money making opportunity to energetic salespeople. It is the only complete satisfactory hand cleaner on the market which does all the work of broom, carpet-sweeper and vacuum cleaner. New sales plan makes sales easy—your profits big. Free demonstrating sample for active workers. Investigate immediately.—The Pelco Producing Company, Toronto, Ont.

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BELL five octave organ, walnut case with 6 stops, knee swell only. A snap at $23

BERLIN six octave piano cased organ, walnut case with 11 stops, grand organ and knee swell, nearly new. A snap at $67.

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ONE ONLY, sample piano, polished mahogany case, Colonial design, full metal frame and overstrung scale, worth $350. Special snap at $275.

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EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 4275 St. Louis, Mo.

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53 MONEY MAKING enterprises, new book, just published, describing schemes which have made many wealthy. Circular free. Bee Publishing Co., Kansas City, Missouri.

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LUXURY LOTION—a delightful preparation for face and hands, purest and best. Write for particulars. Empire Specialties, 61 West Richmond St., Toronto. Agents wanted.

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MORE GIRLS AND WOMEN will be needed in office and other positions on account of so many men enlisting. You can train at home in complete commercial (book-keeping, arithmetic, business correspondence, penmanship, commercial law); shorthand and typewriting, or any other subjects needed. Write Canadian Correspondence College Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

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RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts—Gillette, 35c. dozen; Ever Ready, 25c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

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IS HE CRAZY?—The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 941 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

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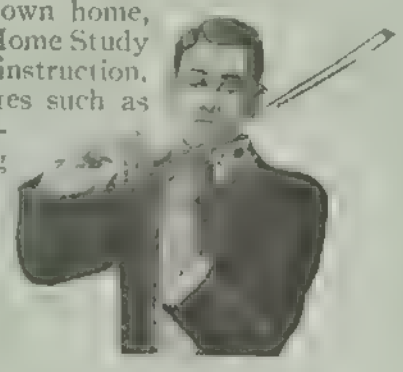

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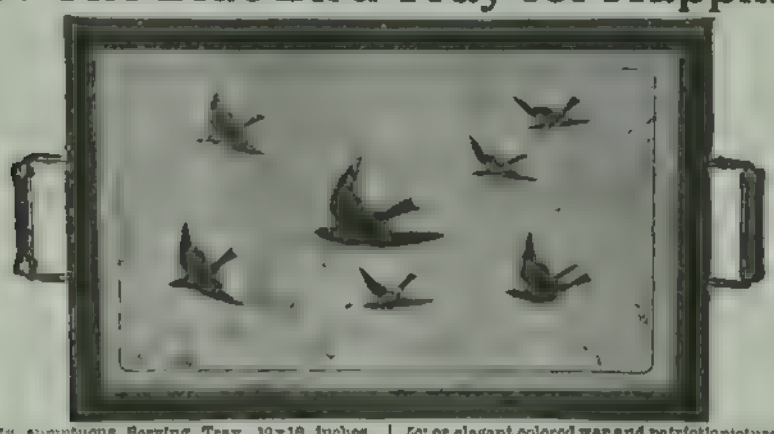

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THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. S. 2, TORONTO, ONTARIO, 4A

LADY ELEANOR: LAWBREAKER

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Hurrah! We're the blessed audience," exclaimed Woodward.

"That's a new part for us," remarked Miss Barsanti, "and saves the bother of study."

Miles returned almost at once, ushering in Lady Eleanor, who was followed by Humble Sycamore. Acting on his master's instructions, Miles brought forward a table, placed on it pens and ink, and set a chair before it.

Woodward bowed low to Lady Eleanor. "Delighted, madam, and your most obedient servant," he said, rather thickly. "May I introduce your ladyship to most distinguished company?"

"Woodward, if you will permit me, I will do the honours of my house," announced Lord Brandon, very quietly. "Lady Eleanor—Miss Barsanti. Miss Barsanti—Lady Eleanor Beaumont, my cousin. It is no small part of the glory of Mr. Garrick, Lady Eleanor, that Miss Barsanti is one of his most capable co-workers. Lady Eleanor—Mrs. Lessingham, also of Drury Lane. My friend Woodward, you have already met. Do not think harshly of us if we seem frivolous. We play our little parts, and vanish, leaving no harm done, satisfied if our acting seems genuine while we occupy the light. I have now to sign an agreement of sale, that this good man, Sycamore, may speed upon his way. I thought it right, Lady Eleanor, that when a man signs away his patrimony his next-of-kin might properly witness the ceremony; therefore I begged the favour of your presence. Sycamore, are the papers ready?"

Sycamore spread them on the table.

"Here they are, my lord. You sign along that pencilled line; the witnesses here."

Brandon seated himself and took up a pen. "Right, good scrivener."

"Lord Brandon, I ask you, for the last time, not to sign." Lady Eleanor put her request very earnestly.

"Much as it distresses me, fair cousin, to displease you, I am bound in honour to sign this document, unless there is some stronger reason to urge against it than that of sentiment."

"I *have* a stronger reason. Do not force me to use it. I am resolved that instrument shall not be signed, or if signed, I am determined to nullify it."

"Your reason must be powerful. Explain it, I beg of you."

Eleanor remained silent, her head bowed, and eyes shaded with one hand. Brandon, his pen poised in midair, awaited her answer.

"If ye know any just cause or im-im-impediment, I charge ye both— Gad, that's the marriage service! Let's marry the culprits!" cried the jovial Woodward, still under the influence of wine. He had received no such shock as had sobered his friend.

Mrs. Lessingham turned on him sharply with a look of stern rebuke that penetrated even his cloudy perceptions.

"Hush! We are playing at cross purposes here," she whispered.

"Well, madam?" prompted Brandon, still watching his cousin.

"Are you resolved to sign?" questioned Eleanor, her voice very low.

"Resolved!" was the decisive answer.

"Then the fate of the stubborn o'ertake you. Sophia, go to my room, get my keys, unlock the lowest drawer in my cabinet, and bring the parchment you will find there."

HURRIEDLY the maid went from the room. Brandon put down his pen, and rose, facing Lady Eleanor.

"Does the parchment you send for checkmate me?"

"Most completely, sir."

"Nothing can do that but a will, legally worded, duly signed and witnessed, leaving this property to some other than me."

"You have described the instrument, Lord Brandon."

"Good, and well played," said Brandon, still quietly, but with a grim smile on his lips. "Miles, draw back this table, and clear it of its useless paraphernalia. And Miles, pursue the flying Sophia, else you are like to miss a wife. She told me you were to marry. After her, man, and don't stand gaping there. She is at this moment footing it down the lane. Speed, or your Atalanta is lost, for your golden apples are gone."

"If gold is going, I follow it," said Miles, and was as good as his word.

"My maid is in my room, gone to do my bidding!" cried Eleanor.

"That she is not, dear cousin. She has taken flight, and you'll never see her again. Glad was she to get your order to go. She is a good servant, and forestalls her orders. What you told her to do a moment since, she did half an hour ago. Here is the will," and he produced the parchment from an inner pocket.

(*Continued on page 53*)

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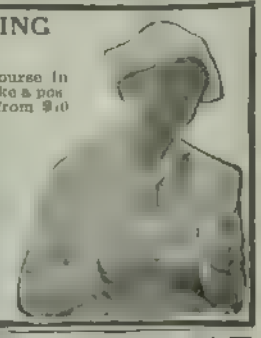

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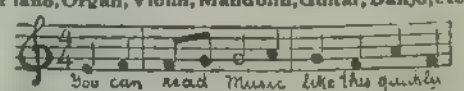

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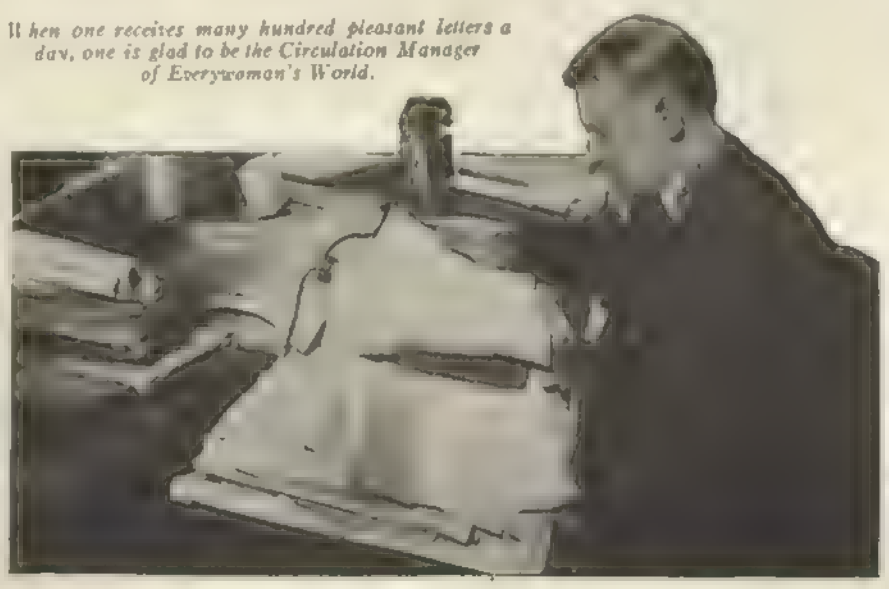
MR. LAWSON TALKS ABOUT HOW HE GOT HIS START IN LIFE

By ERNEST H. LAWSON

HOW would you like to get a hundred letters every day from your friends—sometimes two or three hundred? Wouldn't the work of opening and reading these letters and replying to these friends be most interesting? With all the work in connection with handling the business of the circulation of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, the most interesting part to me has always been the reading of my daily mail from all parts of Canada.

The Editorial Department and its editors and contributors place the magazine in my hands every month and it is my duty to sell and deliver them to our subscribers everywhere So I write advertising to reach new friends and I correspond with old friends who are introducing the magazine to the women of Canada who need and want it, and many times through the letters that come to me I am able to make recommendations to our editors that prove very helpful in keeping EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD live and full of those articles, stories and departments which please and instruct and influence for good over half a million readers everywhere in Canada each month

When one receives many hundred pleasant letters a day, one is glad to be the Circulation Manager of Everywoman's World.



My Old Church Club

About 16 years ago, in 1900, I think it was, I was connected with a Toronto church, and we wanted to form a young men's auxiliary club. We got our organization ideas from Success Magazine, and called ourselves the "Success Club." The club quickly grew to a membership of over 100 and we had for years many fine meetings—we went in for debates and sports and Christian work of all kinds. This club was one of the first young men's church clubs in Toronto, or even in America. The idea grew and was very practical and helpful then and is to day.

As first President of this "Success Club" I spread the Success gospel by taking subscriptions for Success Magazine all over Canada, and especially in Toronto. I earned so many prizes that it was not long before I decided to take up the publishing business as my profession.

My First Orders

A short time later, I joined the Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post Organization and, seeing its possibilities, although they were then not as fully developed as now, I started in to secure new readers for it in Canada My first order for the Saturday Evening Post was for 60 copies every week. I later became Canadian Manager and had the pleasure of watching the sales increase until I was receiving over a carload of copies every week for my customers

In these many years that I have been connected with the circulation work of great magazines, I have travelled widely over Canada and started thousands of boys and girls and men and women on the way toward good earnings through their after-school or spare-time efforts.

Boys Who "Made Good"

I could name hundreds of boys who started in those days, only a few years back, who have made good in every way. Many of them may read these reminiscences and will look back with pleasure to the joy that they had in earning their first [illegible] under Ernie Lawson, the "Post" man or Post man, as I was often called

Filling a Need in Canada

My years of experience with these good publications have served to increase my faith in the future of the great magazine, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. I heartily believe and know that Canadian women want and need this real Canadian publication and that it is being read and appreciated by every member of the family because it is Canadian in point of view and settlement—made by Canadians, sold by Canadians and in every way "all our own." To me it is not any wonder that even now EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is read in one out of every ten Canadian homes from the Atlantic to the Pacific—by half a million Canadians each month. I look forward to the day when its circulation will be even twice as great.

Perhaps now you understand better why I enjoy so much reading my pile of letters every morning and try to so encourage our friends and workers in all parts of Canada that they will be strengthened in their work and encouraged to continue the good and remunerative service that is increasing the scope and power for good of a great Canadian publication.

A Big Surprise

The Puzzle Contest for the Overland Touring Car and 49 other prizes (see page 41), is one of the big surprises to me. I thought when it was planned that the pictures would be so easy to solve, but to my surprise, very few entries have been entirely correct. In a way, this may be a good thing, because the work of the Judges will be easier, and trying to puzzle out the pictures gets every one talking more about the magazine, which is what we want you to do. We could not afford to give an Overland Car or $850.00 in cash as first prize, if we did not get the good-will of thousands of new friends through such a contest.

We have laid aside several thousand dollars for special rewards and prizes, so that every contestant complying with the conditions of the competition is sure of getting a valuable prize.

A Confession

It is a great contest, and the best entry must win. Last year, I suppose that several hundreds of readers entered the contest and did not later qualify according to the simple rules. Many left it until too late, or forgot. One lady who was entered in last year's contest came in the other day and entered the new contest. In referring to her previous entry, she said, "I put off qualifying it and then went away and forgot about it

Out of curiosity, I looked up her last year's entry and it was a dandy—had exceptionally high marks—but, of course, had to be disqualified because she did not render the small service required by the rules.

Note This Point Carefully

Another lady wrote me the other day and asked if she would be required to give any time or service not called for by the rules. I wrote and said "No: but by all means give us all the time you can and we'll pay you well for it. As a contestant it is not required of you by any means, and if you can't—why you will receive a handsome reward as well as our best thanks, and your entry will surely go to Mr. Shaw to be judged for the major prizes. That is guaranteed. It would not make any difference to Mr. Shaw if you gave us a thousand fold service beyond what is required by the rules."

Our Christmas Tree

I can't close this rambling chat without a reference to the "Success Club's Christmas Tree" for our boys and girls (see page 42). Beyond the cash prizes (1st prize $25.00) and the guaranteed gifts, I have in mind what the "Success Club" did for me and my friends years ago, and I want to see the Canadian boys and girls of this generation helped toward manliness and womanliness in their every thought and action.

This new "Success Club" should grow and at least plant many first seeds of success for hundreds Through it the boys and girls may earn their first money "all their own", but beyond that they will, many of them, be stimulated to real independent effort that will have far-reaching results for good.

Parents should encourage their boys and girls. Have them enter the simple contest and then with us, help them in their first early and most difficult steps.

Don't let them fail in what they try to do, and you will see what I have seen thousands of times—your boy or girl will expand and grow until what were formerly impossibilities will become easy.

Children who are tongue-tied or shy will develop freedom of thought. They will learn the value of money. They will learn the real meaning of such words as courtesy, tact, enthusiasm—in a word, their whole character will be developed.

Will You Write to Me?

Now, I shall be very glad to receive the letters of interested readers of this article, whether you are especially interested in the work of our magazine editorially or from any other standpoint. You possibly have suggestions which would be very helpful to us editorially and messages which we could pass on to the thousands of readers throughout Canada.

When writing, perhaps you would like to send in your entry for the Overland Touring Car and the other big prizes, or perhaps you have a boy or girl who would like to try for one of the Success Club Christmas Tree prizes If so, send them along when you are writing, and thus add to your pleasure in reading EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD by that of having a real part in its development

LADY ELEANOR: LAWBREAKER

(*Continued from page 52*)

Eleanor made an impulsive movement forward.

"Give it to me!"

"Not so. I shall put it in safer custody. Sycamore, is your horse fed and saddled?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Are you ready for the road? Then, my bold highwayman, get you toward London. Take this to your master, and tell him the missing will is found. Register it, replevin it, habeas corpus it, or do whatever your knavish trade finds necessary, and don't forget your fees. Mount, legal freebooter, and away. Off with you!"

Lady Eleanor sprang forward to intercept the clerk, but Brandon stood before and stopped her.

"He must not take that to London," she protested.

"Pardon, madam, but he must."

"I will not have it so. The property is yours."

"Not a stiver of it. You said you would stop the signing, and you have done so, but you cannot have everything your own way, Nell."

Lady Eleanor recognized that here at last was the Brandon spirit she had been so anxious to arouse, and knew, too, that she could not prevail against it. She sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. Mrs. Lessingham stepped forward, her face grave but sympathetic.

"Charlie, does it mean that, after all, you have nothing, when you thought a fortune was yours?"

"Admirably and excellently put, dear Mrs. Lessingham," assented Brandon. "That fact has sobered even Will, here. I am without a roof, so let us from under this one. The Brandon Arms will shelter us to-night."

"Are you so utterly bereft?"

"Absolutely. Most excellent audience, you catch the point precisely. Blessings on such an audience, say I. I told you it was a farce—the Farce of Brandon Hall—for one night only. And so for the road. Away! 'Stand not upon the order of thy going, but go at once.'"

The two women accepted their dismissal without speaking, but Woodward approached Brandon quite steadily, and placed his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Charlie, I'm sorry for you, hugely sorry. 'Pon my word, I am."

"For me? Nonsense, Will," laughed Brandon. "I'm a free man, I tell you. Off with you! Sorry for me? No need of that, but—Dick Sheridan! Oh, poor Dick Sheridan! Fortune has hit you below the belt."

He followed Woodward to the door, and there paused, turning with a sweeping bow to Eleanor.

"Heiress of Brandon, I salute you," he said, with a courteous sincerity that removed any suspicion of exaggeration from his words. "Hail, and farewell!"

Then he, too, passed through the doorway, a second time exiled from the home of his ancestors. (*To be continued*)

XMAS FUN FOR THE KIDDIES

(*Continued from page 18*)

trifle is found in the surprise balls, great will be the glee of each small recipient.

Bring the afternoon to a close with a Story Circle. All the children sit in a ring on the carpet while some grown-up person or older child entertains them with stories, preferably of Christmastide.

NOTE.—The Editor will gladly send the names and addresses of stores in Toronto that sell Christmas favours. Enclose three cents in stamps for reply.

"Games and Pastimes for Children," by Grace Lee Davison.—This is a book of some 200 pages containing directions for playing a great many novel games for all occasions, including Christmas. The instructions are easy to understand and any boy or girl would appreciate the book as a Christmas gift. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. The price is $1.75 postpaid. If you wish a copy, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will get it for you.

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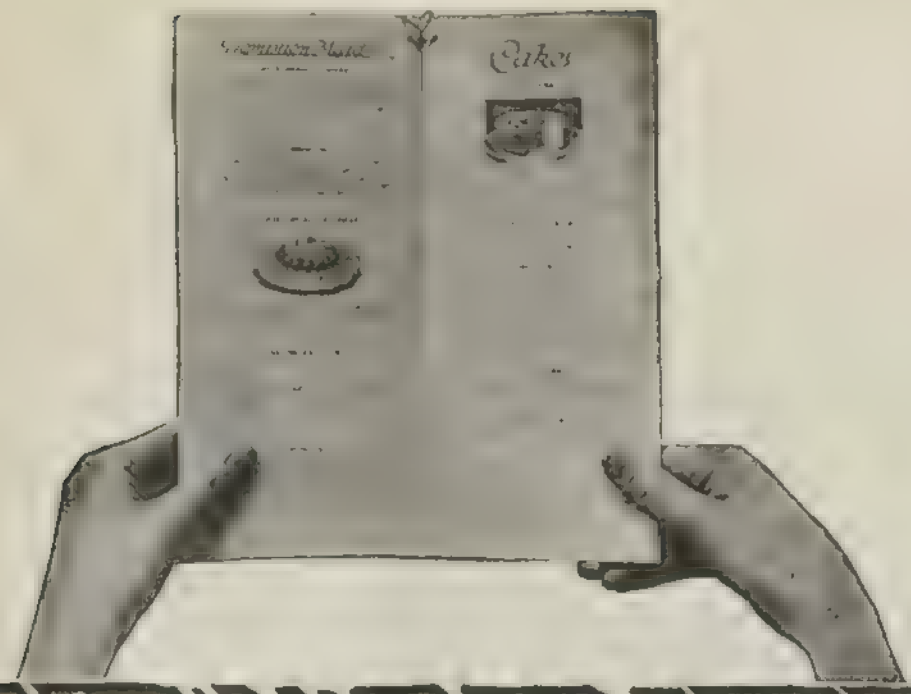

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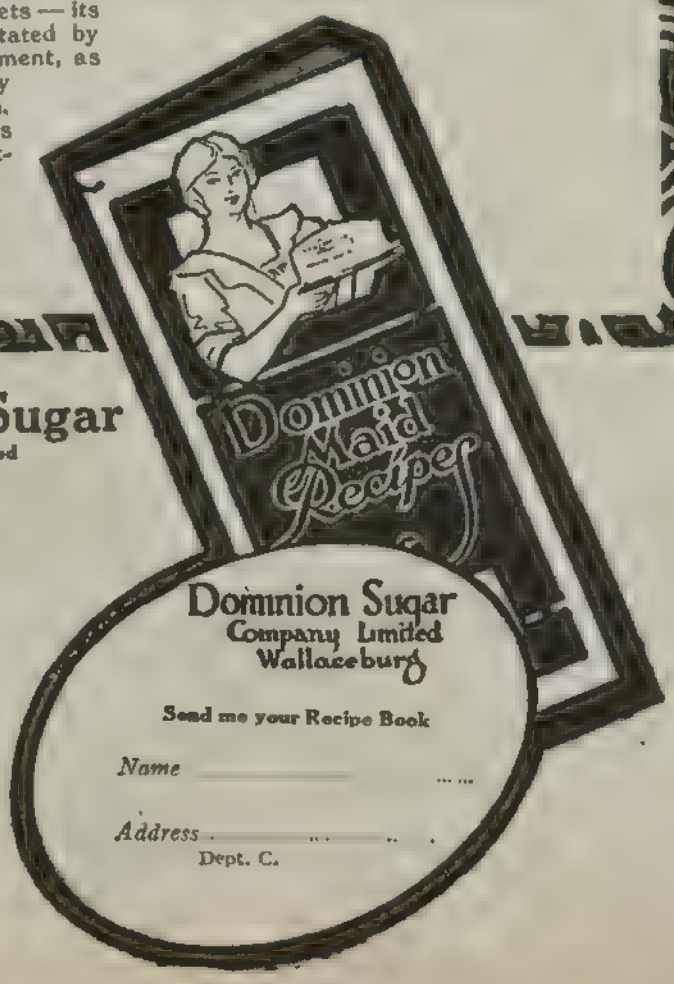

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YOUR BOY'S EYES AND FOREHEAD: HIS CHANCE OF FUTURE SUCCESS

(*Continued from page 32*)

7. Colour of hair; send sample if possible.
8. Colour of skin.
9. Does his skin burn? Freckle? Tan?
10. Colour of eyes.
11. Is the edge of the iris (coloured part of the eye) darker than the rest?
12. Is the iris dark or whitish next the pupil?
13. Are there any spots or peculiar markings in the iris?
14. Is his general health good?
15. Has he good teeth?
16. Does he have headaches?
17. Indigestion?
18. Colds?
19. Fevers?
20. Has he had any serious illnesses?
21. Does he get along well at school?
22. What is his grade?
23. Is he considered quick or slow in classes?
24. What subjects does he like best?
25. What studies does he find most difficult?
26. What does he read?
27. What are his favourite games?
28. Has he any bad habits?
29. What do you consider his worst faults?
30. What do you consider his best qualities?
31. Does he resemble his father or mother?
32. What does he want to be when he grows up?
33. For what do you think he will be best fitted?
34. What would you most like him to be?

Write your answers to these questions on a separate paper, numbering each answer to correspond with the question number. Write your name and address plainly and enclose a three cent stamp, so that Professor Farmer can send you a personal reading of your boy. Address your letter to Professor A. B. Farmer, Psychological Expert, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

MAM'SELLE

(*Continued from page 40*)

across the table to see how Mam'selle was bearing the general excitement, and looking at her face, I knew.

When she slipped from the room a little later, I followed her and put her weary little body to bed.

"And why," I asked roughly, to hide the quivering of my voice, "why are they not to know who the 'relative' is?"

"Silly Muriel," she said, gently. "Would the son of Harvey Stratfield accept the life's savings of a poor little music teacher? Would Honoria, or your parents, allow me to make what they would call an unnecessary sacrifice? From your uncle, on the other hand, the gift is eminently—er—suitable. Let us say no more about it."

"But I can't sit dumbly here without letting them know."

"Then you will deprive both them and me of joy, for you know they would not take it."

"But you have a claim to a place in their lives," I argued, scalding tears falling on the two hands which clasped mine above the coverlet. "It must hurt to have people pass you by. They are beginning to do it to me," I said with passionate resentment, "and although I hate them—there are times when I just can't bear it!"

"Yes, it hurts when one is young, before one has learned that it is not the individual life which counts—it is Living and the Courage one puts into it—the Courage one puts into it," she repeated, and a great light seemed to break over her face. The chimes in the church tower pealed out joyously.

"Listen," whispered Mam'selle. "Another Christmas! I have a gift for you, dear Muriel—my opal. I want you to wear it always, and in its glow, I want you to feel the warmth of my love—wherever I may be. Don't grow bitter because people have passed you by and Life has not given what you expected of it! Look for the wondrous Unexpected—think of the joy this night has brought to me. Now lift me up, my dearest, so that I may see God's chimes—the stars—and say with me 'Peace on earth; good will toward men!'"

. . . . . .

I had sat a long time in the queer, empty silence of the room, when Honoria and Harvey opened her door and called, "Merry Christmas, Mam'selle!" But, although she smiled, she did not hear them!

Please Do This

EACH year in November and December, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD receives complaints from subscribers who, because of having delayed in the sending of their renewals or in the placing of their Christmas Gift orders, do not receive the Christmas or New Year's issues promptly.

At this season of the year, our mails are enormous, and to enter the subscriptions with the same promptness as at other seasons is impossible. Should your subscription expire this month, or should you desire to have the magazine sent as a Christmas Gift to any of your friends, please help us by sending your renewal order or new orders at once.

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Sweeper Vac has an action like a grand piano. Save your muscles, save your dainty things in the rooms save your breathing apparatus!

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BEST BY TEST

GIVEN TO GIRLS

This beautiful stylish muff will keep you lovely and warm this winter and it is so handsome and dressy that you will be the envy of all your friends. It is the very newest pillow shape—extra large in size—lined with fine quality black sateen, and well finished throughout. It is warm and dressy, will give you years of wear and satisfaction and is surely just what you want.

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We are prepared to give away 1000 of these handsome muffs and an equal quantity of these beautiful bags, to quickly introduce "Fairy Berries", the delightful new Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume that every one just loves. Send your name and address and we'll send you **Free** a big sample package, and just 35 big handsome 100 packages to introduce among your friends. Open your sample package and ask all your friends to try a "Fairy Berry." They'll like them so much you'll soon sell them in an hour. Just two or three Fairy Berries will perfume the breath, purify the mouth, and leave a delicious fragrance. They are irresistible.

Return our $3.50 when the breathlets are sold and we'll promptly forward both muff and mesh bag, all charges paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write to-day to

The Fairy Berry Co., Dept. M Toronto. 2a

MY CAREER

(Continued from page 46)

I would need only a summer dress and hat, both of which I had. But since I had persuaded myself that I needed a new hat, I took advantage of this occasion as an excuse to buy one. The cost of this wonderful creation, which I had made to order, very nearly bankrupted my funds. However, the buoyant dreams of Youth, which make it possible to count money before it is earned, easily relieved me by the thought that this outlay would be more than covered by the first two weeks' "salary" from this engagement. This in face of the fact that there had been no definite arrangement either as to the length of the engagement or the amount of salary.

My girl friend, also a student in the Wheatcroft School, had been engaged with me. At the end of the week we were both so completely stranded, temporarily, that for the Saturday matinee we had to walk to the Academy. Also, not having so much as car fare to ride to our boarding house for dinner, we nibbled some dry biscuits to stay our appetites until we should that night receive our "salaries." And if it hadn't been for my saving sense of humour, perhaps I might have cried rather than laughed when we were handed the munificent sum of $5.00 each for the entire week's work, and in addition to that were told that our services no longer were required!

However, that week's wages—we did not attempt even in jest to dignify it as "salary"—was the least of the benefits which accrued to me as the result of that experience. For it was here that Charles Frohman first saw me act, and he immediately offered me a part in a revival of "Shanandoah," which he later put on at the Academy of Music.

I may as well confess that by this time the notion of becoming a dramatic reader had been quite forgotten. Nevertheless—and you may charge it to the innate spirit of perversity in woman if you like—when Mr. Wheatcroft told me that Mr. Frohman had selected me from all the members of my class for an engagement under his management, I replied quite positively, "Why, I have no intention of going on the stage; I am to be a reader!"

During my course at Mr. Wheatcroft's school, he had me attend a performance of the Empire Stock Company at the time they were producing "Liberty Hall." I remember that his comment was that if I should devote my best energies to my work for the next ten years or so, it might be that I should then be sufficiently proficient to become a member of such a company. Fate elected that in less than five years I should be the leading lady in that particular company!

"Number Eighteen"

LET me tell you here of an amusing incident which goes to show how unsophisticated I was at that time to the parlance and even the ways of the stage. A public reading was being given at one of the largest Metropolitan hotels of a play called "Cross Keys." I recall that Mr. Lorimer Stoddard and Mr. Paul Arthur and a number of prominent people were in the cast. So also was I. My part called for an evening dress. I had but one. And, what is more to the point, I had grown inordinately beyond its lithesome limitations. If it were impossible to insert myself within its proper confines, why, then I would have to accomplish the impossible, that was all. And I did. But not without much painstaking, if not painful, contraction of a generously amplified waist-line. Possibly the consummation of this feat did not tend to put me in the sweetest of humours. At any rate, I am certain that I felt considerably vexed when one of a group of actors stage-whispered to his companions, "Number eighteen" as I passed them on my way to the stage. I shall not commit myself as to whether or not that was anything near to being the number of my corset. But I did feel that I was enduring quite enough without having to suffer so indelicate a reference to the uncomfortable degree of my lacing. Also, I was conscious of the fact that my face was quite high coloured enough from the effect of said lacing, without the added flame of red that flushed my cheeks at their remarks. It was not until later that I learned that "number eighteen" was the stage vernacular for rouge.

Then came what may be called my first real appearance in a part of consequence, as *Madeleine West* in "Shanandoah." Possibly the memory of the occasion was made the more vivid by the fact that it was my first meeting with that kindly gentleman and scholar, Bronson Howard, whom I always shall venerate because he was so lovable and so generous. I well recall my feeling of exultation when after a performance he said to me, "We will hear from you some day."

After the season of "Shanandoah" I decided to continue my quest for experience and secured an engagement in a small stock company in Buffalo. It was here that I was dismissed for "incompetence," and then rather enjoyed the experience of being re-engaged, all within the short space of a few hours. Just what this proved I never have quite determined.

It was while playing in repertoire the next year with Mr. William Morris that, although yet in my 'teens, I was cast to play the part of his mother, for which part he himself put on my make-up of dark smudges and heavy lines to portray the hollow cheeks and crow's feet of a face of old age.

Following this, I entered an engagement with the delightful and lovable James O'Neil, during the first season of which I played *Mercedes* in "The Count of Monte Cristo." I have the most pleasing of memories of my professional association with Mr. O'Neil, to which reference will be made in next month's issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. From the first of our acquaintance Mr. O'Neil was most considerate and gentle, and his many kindnesses will be treasured always as a golden heritage of my life upon the stage.

Britain Has Solved The Rubber Riddle

Rubbers and Overshoes Are Cheap as Ever To-day, While Other Necessities, Particularly Shoes, Have Nearly Doubled in Price

Rubber has been one of the most insistent and intensely interesting problems of the twentieth century—and its solution is proving of vital importance to the Empire in this great war.

Until 1910 the world depended for its crude rubber on the forests of South and Central America and Africa. The supply increased slowly, if at all, while consumption, since the advent of the motor car, has grown enormously. From an average of $1.00 a pound in 1908, the price jumped to $3.00 in 1910. Manufacturers of rubber kept pace—no doubt you remember what rubbers cost for a year or two—and the situation looked alarming.

The search for synthetic rubber was redoubled in vigor. German chemists had been working on it, and the world seemed to expect them to come through with some ingenious process for manufacturing rubber from its known ingredients, on a commercial scale and at a low cost. But the world still waits—and so does the Kaiser, judging from his indignation over Britain's refusal to let him import rubber by registered mail.

Relief from a rubber famine came instead from the far-sighted development policy of Britain's Empire builders, who for years, in spite of general ridicule, had been encouraging the growth of plantation rubber on a large scale in Ceylon, Sumatra, Java and the Malay States. Money was advanced to planters to carry them through the seven-year period before the trees started to produce, and hundreds of thousands of acres were planted.

By 1910, when the pinch came, British plantations produced 8,200 tons—11% of the world's output. The next year saw 14,000 tons of plantation rubber—nearly 20%. In 1912 it had grown to 29%—in 1913 to 44%—in 1914 to 59%—last year to 68%—or 107,867 tons. This year's production is estimated at 150,000 tons, or 75% of the world's supply.

With three-quarters of the rubber production thus controlled by Great Britain, and the seas in the grip of her mighty fleet, the Allies are assured of an abundant supply for war purposes, while the Teutons' troubles from lack of it are growing daily more serious.

Having a practical monopoly of the supply, and the power to impose such prices as she chose, Great Britain has made it, except to her enemies, a benevolent monopoly, and has set the price of crude rubber lower than it was before the war.

To Canadians this is doubly important, because the climate makes rubber footwear a necessity. Now, when shoe prices are soaring, while rubbers and overshoes are as cheap as ever, it is clearly economy to protect expensive leather footwear with rubber, and to wear rubber farm boots instead of those made of leather. Besides the big money saving, there is the valuable protection to health. Wet feet and colds go hand in hand, with a ghastly train of ills—easily avoided by wearing rubbers.

Then there is the patriotic side. Vast quantities of leather are absolutely necessary for the army, and the scarcity is growing. Every pair of shoes we save helps to ease the situation, and so serves the Empire to which we owe this welcome cheapness of rubbers.

Save your Shoes and Serve the Empire!

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IT is admitted by all true lovers of birds, that Brock's Bird Seed is the best for Canaries and other cage birds. Brock's contains none but clean, fresh, fully ripened seeds and grains, mixed in just the right proportions to make a perfectly balanced food for songsters in this climate.

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Now we want every Canary in Canada to benefit by the regular feeding of Brock's, and we want every person who possesses a cage bird to know how to properly care for their feathered pets.

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11

Send A Christmas Box of E.D.S. Goodies

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E. D. Smith puts up all your favorite Jams and Jellies—Crab Apple, Black Currant, Cherry, Red Currant, and Grape Jelly—Strawberry, Raspberry, Gooseberry, Green Gage Plum Jam—Orange and Pineapple Marmalade, Pear Conserve and others.

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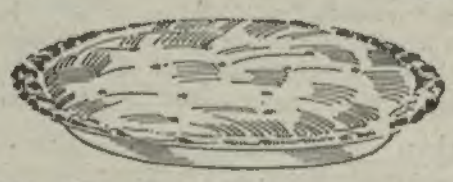

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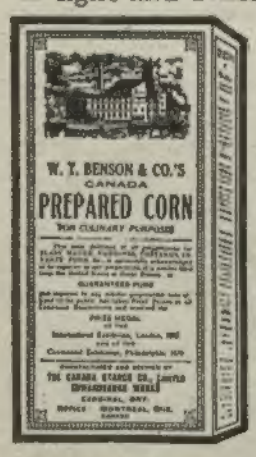

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YARMOUTH NOVA SCOTIA

Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

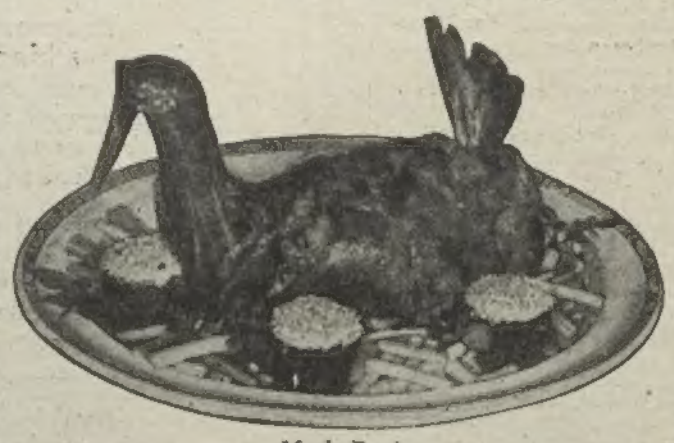
THREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS THAT ARE DIFFERENT

By MARJORY DALE

THE actual preparation of a Christmas dinner and the decoration of the table is, undoubtedly, a pleasure, but it is usually done hurriedly at the last moment, and it is much better management to make as many preparations as possible before the last minute.

Holly is the least expensive table decoration and, combined with red crepe paper, is very effective. Place a large Japanese basket of fruit in the centre of the table, with little sprigs of holly among the fruit, tie a bow of crepe paper to the side of the basket, cut strips of the crepe paper and carry from the basket to the four corners of the table, tying a bow at each corner, and lay sprays of holly here and there on the table.

If place cards are used, very pretty ones can be made as follows: Use plain white cards, glue a holly leaf on each card, and if the housewife is at all nimble with her fingers, she can paint a few red berries here and there on the card.



Mock Duck

Christmas Menus

No. 1

Grape Fruit filled with Tokay Grapes
Soup à la Royal Wafers
Scalloped Oysters Celery
Roast Turkey Dressing Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Cauliflower
Neapolitan Salad
Simple Christmas Pudding Hard Sauce
Cheese Crackers Coffee Bonbons

No. 2

Patte de Fois Gras
Clear Tomato Soup Croutons
Mock Duck Dressing Apple Sauce
Browned Sweet Potatoes
Banana Salad
Vanilla Ice Cream Butter Scotch Sauce
Small Christmas Cake
Nuts Raisins Coffee

No. 3

MEATLESS CHRISTMAS DINNER

Fruit Cocktail
Radishes Celery Salted Almonds
Manhattan Soup Toasted Squares
Rissoles Stuffed Potatoes
Peas Lettuce Salad Cheese
Mince Pie Assorted Fruit

Recipes for Menu No. 1

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Use medium sized oysters, wash and drain through a colander. Butter a dish and put in a layer of oysters, sprinkle with bread crumbs and a very little sauce. Add pepper, a little powdered mace, and some small pieces of butter; then another layer of oysters, etc., repeating until the dish is full. Be sure the top is covered with bread crumbs and pieces of butter. Put in a quick oven to brown.

SIMPLE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One cup chopped suet, 1 cup molasses, 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon allspice, ¼ teaspoon mace, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Steam 3 hours.

HARD SAUCE

One third cup butter, 1 cup powdered sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg.

Cream the butter, add the sugar. Continue beating until smooth and creamy. Add flavouring and stir again. Put on serving dish and set in a cool place.

NEAPOLITAN SALAD

Celery, pimentoes, lettuce, green peppers.

Cut tender stalks of celery into short, thin strips. Scald 2 green peppers in boiling water, remove at once and dry, then cut into shreds. Rinse canned pimentoes in cold water, dry and cut. Take equal parts of each, mix with French dressing and serve on nests of lettuce.

Recipes for Menu No. 2

PATTE DE FOIS GRAS

One to two lbs. lamb or pork liver, 1 to 2 lbs. large onions, salt, pepper, olive oil, small thin buttered toast squares.

Wash liver and put on pie plate in oven to bake. When done, allow to cool. Then remove outer hard crust, run through mincer with onion, add salt and pepper and enough olive oil to mix. Spread thin and serve on toast squares.

MOCK DUCK No. 1

Prepare dressing as for turkey. After pounding round steak, spread dressing over it. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little butter. Lay over the ends, roll steak tightly and tie closely. Spread butter over steak after tying and lay on rack in a bake pan, baking as a turkey or duck. Baste every 15 minutes, and bake ½ hour in a hot oven.

MOCK DUCK No. 2

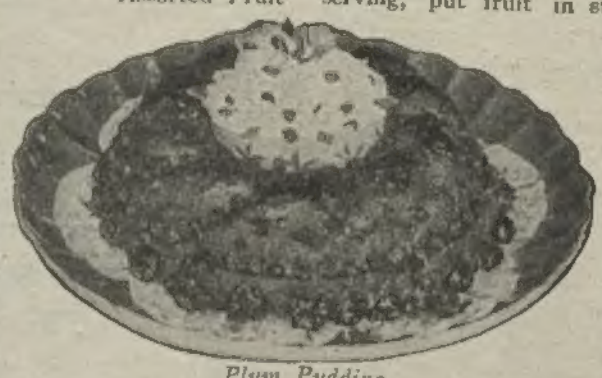
Remove the large bone from a shoulder of mutton, fill the space with seasoned bread crumbs, and tie in the shape of a duck. Make the leg and knuckle bone form the neck and bill, and fasten in blade bone to represent the tail. Cover with oiled brown paper, brown in a quick oven for fifteen minutes, then bake at a moderate temperature for one hour. Make brown sauce and serve.

Recipes for Menu No. 3

FRUIT COCKTAIL

Half pound Tokay grapes, 1 cup diced pineapple, 1 cup diced apple, ½ cup pineapple juice, ⅛ cup lemon juice.

Wash grapes, remove seeds. Cut pineapple into small cubes. Canned pineapple may be used. Peel apples and cut into small cubes and mix immediately with the lemon juice to prevent discolouration. Add the pineapple and juice to other fruits. Let this stand in a cool place for an hour or two. Just before serving, put fruit in stemmed sherbet glasses with a little whipped cream on top.



Plum Pudding

MANHATTAN SOUP

One quart vegetable bouillon, 4 tablespoons flour slightly browned, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ cup cream or milk, ½ cup whipped cream.

Put flour and butter together. Heat the vegetable bouillon and pour slowly over the flour and butter, stirring constantly. Boil five minutes, add the cream and reheat. Serve in bouillon cups. Whip the cream very stiff and season with a few grains of salt and add ¼ teaspoon of sugar. Serve a spoonful of seasoned whipped cream on top of each serving of bouillon.

RISSOLES

Two ounces bread crumbs, 2 oz. grated cheese, 4 oz. mashed potatoes, oil, 4 oz. onion, 1 saltspoon salt and pepper, 1 heaping tablespoon chopped parsley.

Put the bread crumbs, cheese, potatoes, parsley, pepper and salt into a bowl large enough to mix them thoroughly. Peel and slice the onion and throw into cold water. Let it boil up quickly and remain boiling for one minute. Then drain, chop finely and add to other ingredients. Mix all thoroughly and moisten with milk. Cover and let stand at least four hours. Form into any shape preferred and fry in salad oil or butter.

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So fine and uniform do we grind FIVE ROSES that, converted into a thousand toothsome foods, it can rarely disturb the most delicate digestion.

OVER 35 MAGIC COOKY RECIPES

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1917 Art Panel Miss Pickford has granted to the makers of Pompeian toilet preparations the permission to offer the **first** Mary Pickford Art Calendar. Size 28 x 7¼ inches. Art Store value, 50c. Price 10c. For a Christmas present why not frame one of these calendars? Please clip the coupon below.

Neglect Your Hair and Skin and People Will Neglect You

Men and women get so busy that before they know it their hair is thin, scraggly and "dead looking," and their complexion is sallow and aging. A neglected personal appearance is always saying things against you—that you have seen better days; that you don't care what people think. All of that spells failure. People then neglect you.

Be good to your hair and complexion, and things will be lots easier for you, because you will look successful, and that is half the battle in winning friends and promotion.

Beautiful Hair Is Woman's Joy

Soft, brilliant, fluffy hair is what women envy and men adore. If your hair is too oily or if you have Dandruff, good hair cannot long be your fortune. Try sprinkling a little Pompeian HAIR Massage on the head. Then work this clear, beneficial, amber liquid into the scalp. Now dry the hair quickly with a soft towel and fan. One bottle will show you actual results. Delightful to use. Not oily or sticky. Cannot discolor the hair. If your husband has Dandruff and if you value his personal appearance, you will be glad to get him a bottle so that he can get rid of his unsightly and dangerous trouble. Bottles 25c, 50c and $1, at the stores. A substitute will disappoint you. Refuse it if offered. Thousands of good stores have Pompeian HAIR Massage.

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The habit of nightly use of Pompeian NIGHT Cream will make and keep the skin fair, soft and youthful. But you must be faithful. Just a little *every night*. That is all. It is so pure! So white! So soft, smooth and fragrant! Try it tonight. Good for chapped, dry skins. Motorists' tubes 25c; jars 35c and 75c, at the stores.

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